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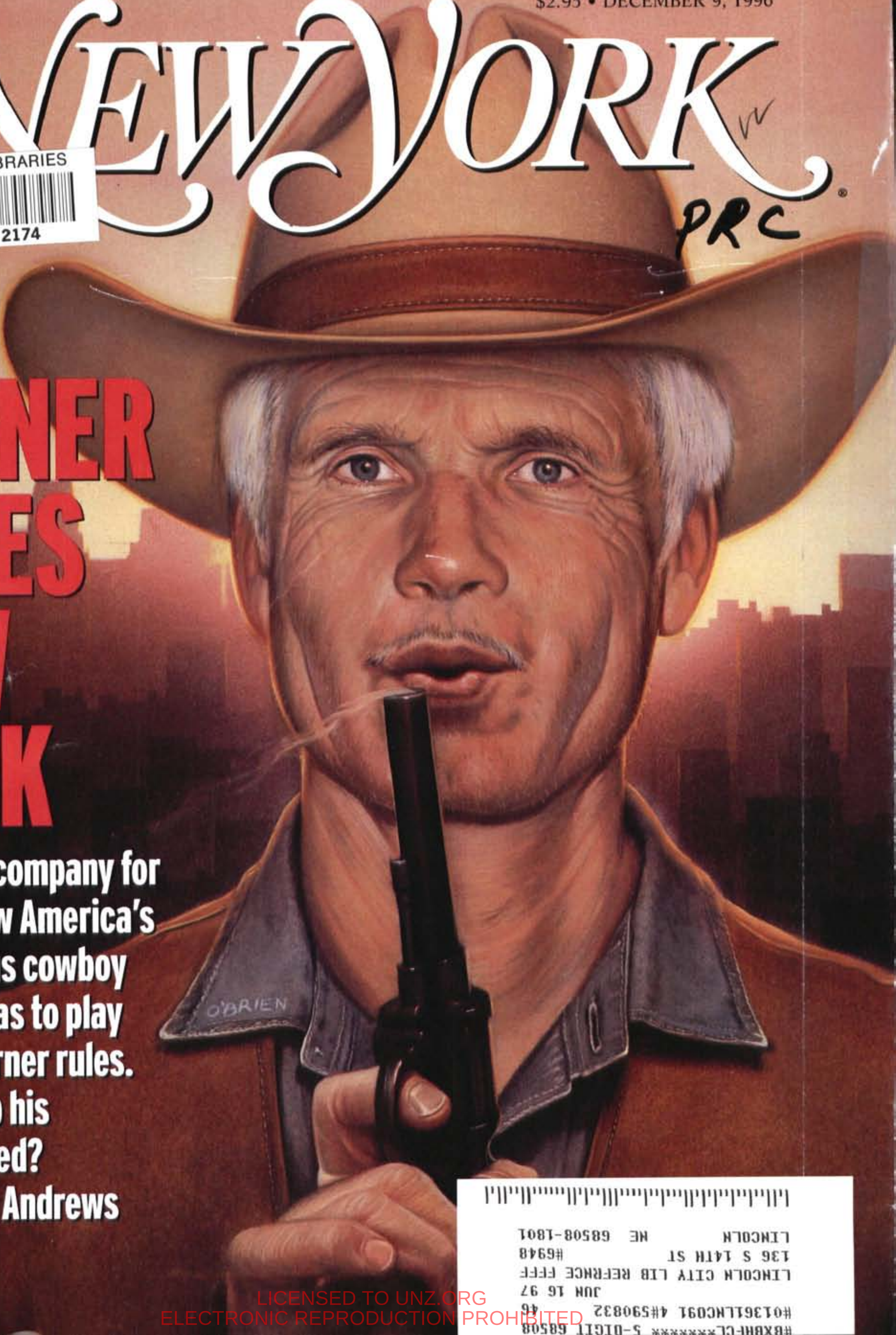

TED TURNER TAKES NEW YORK

He sold his company for billions. Now America's most famous cowboy capitalist has to play by Time Warner rules. Can he keep his gun holstered?

By Suzanna Andrews

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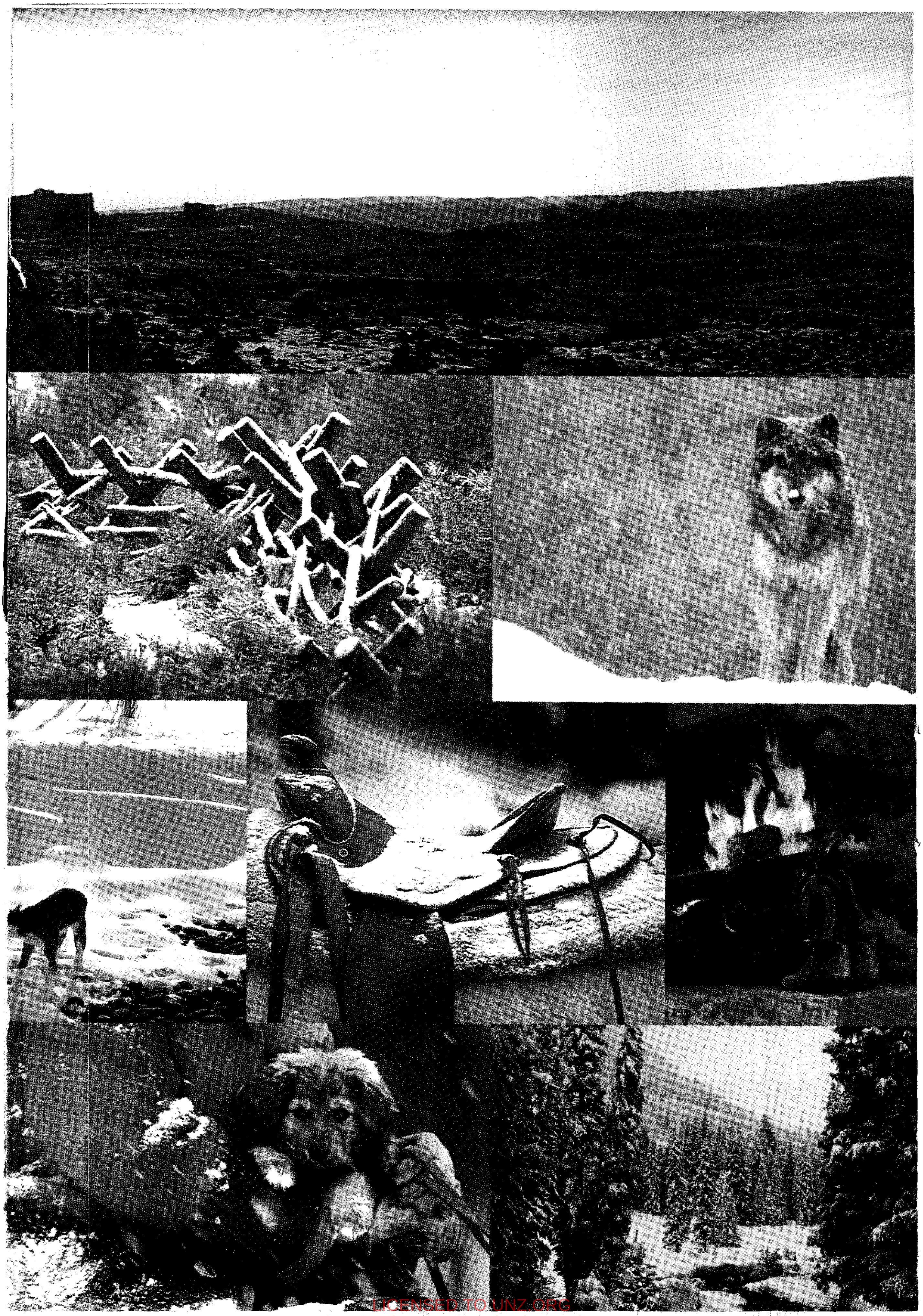

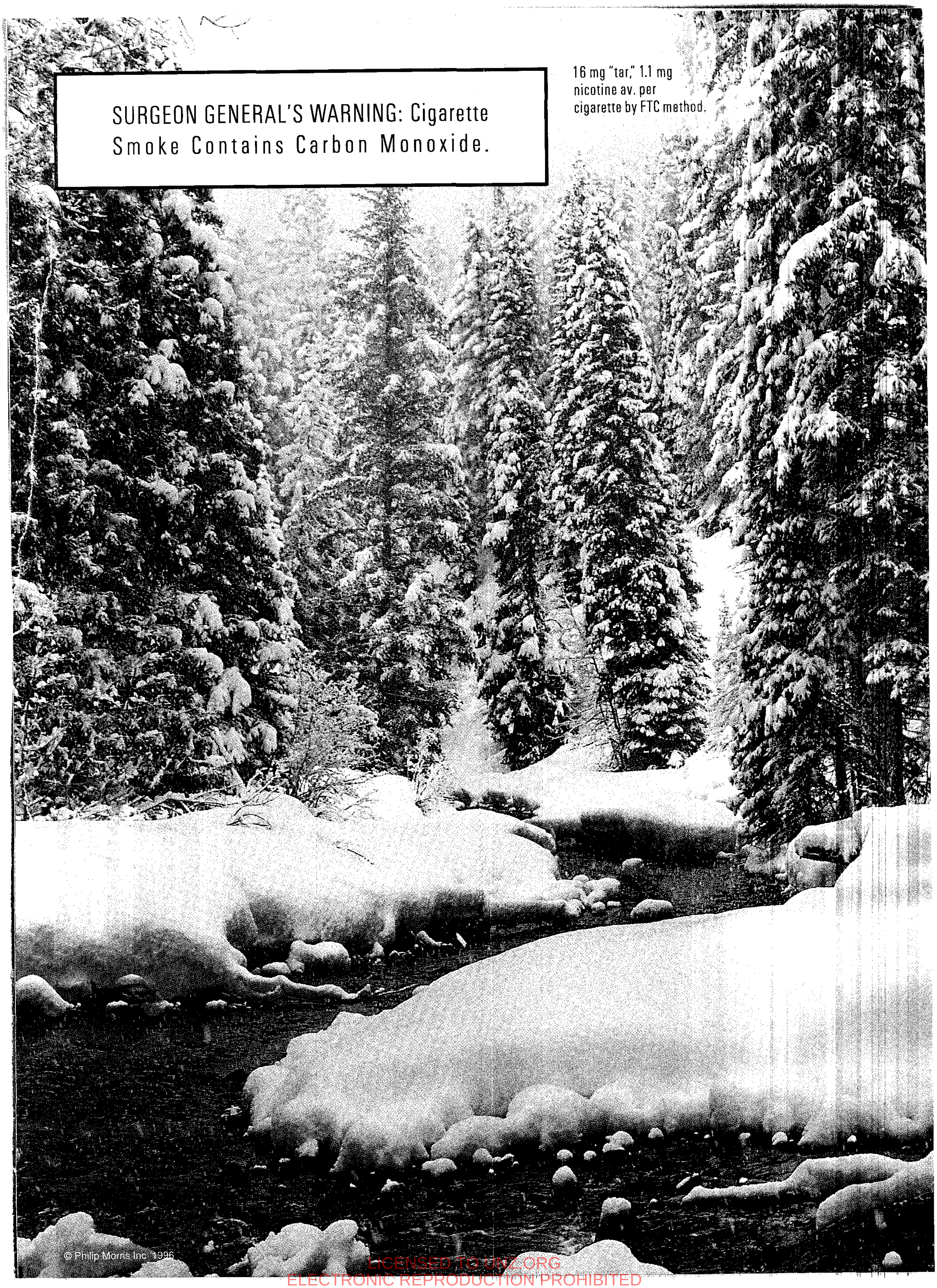

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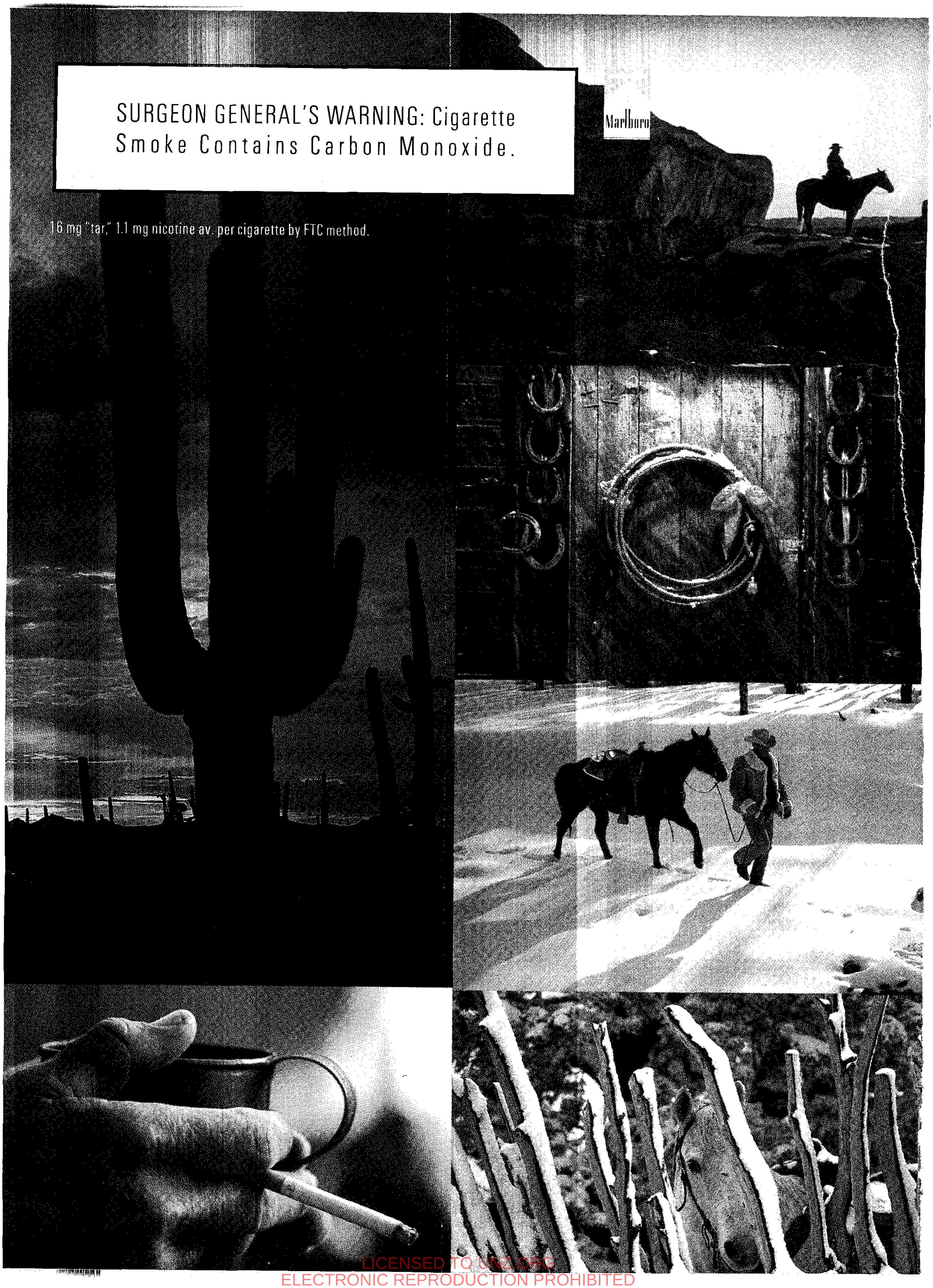

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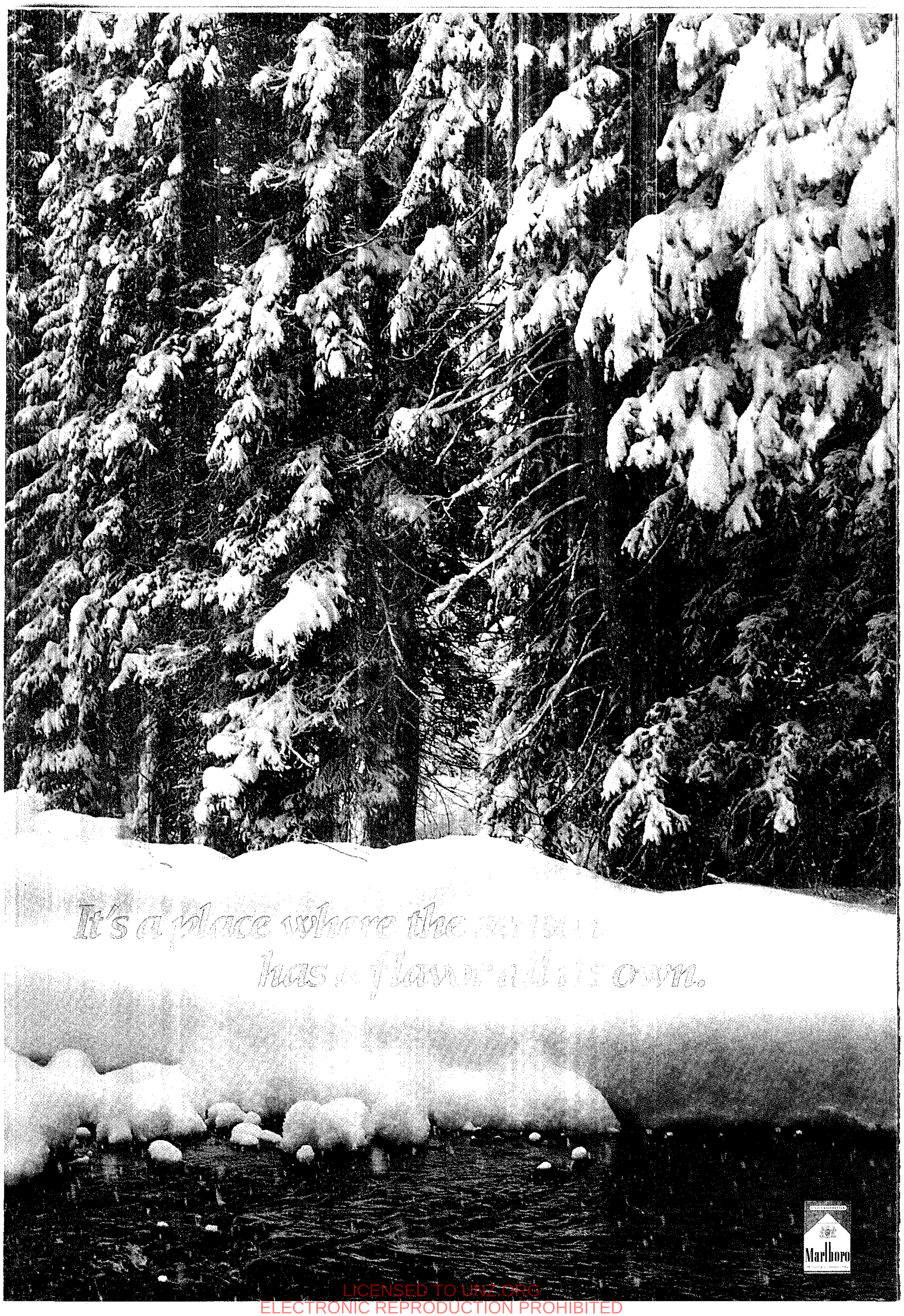
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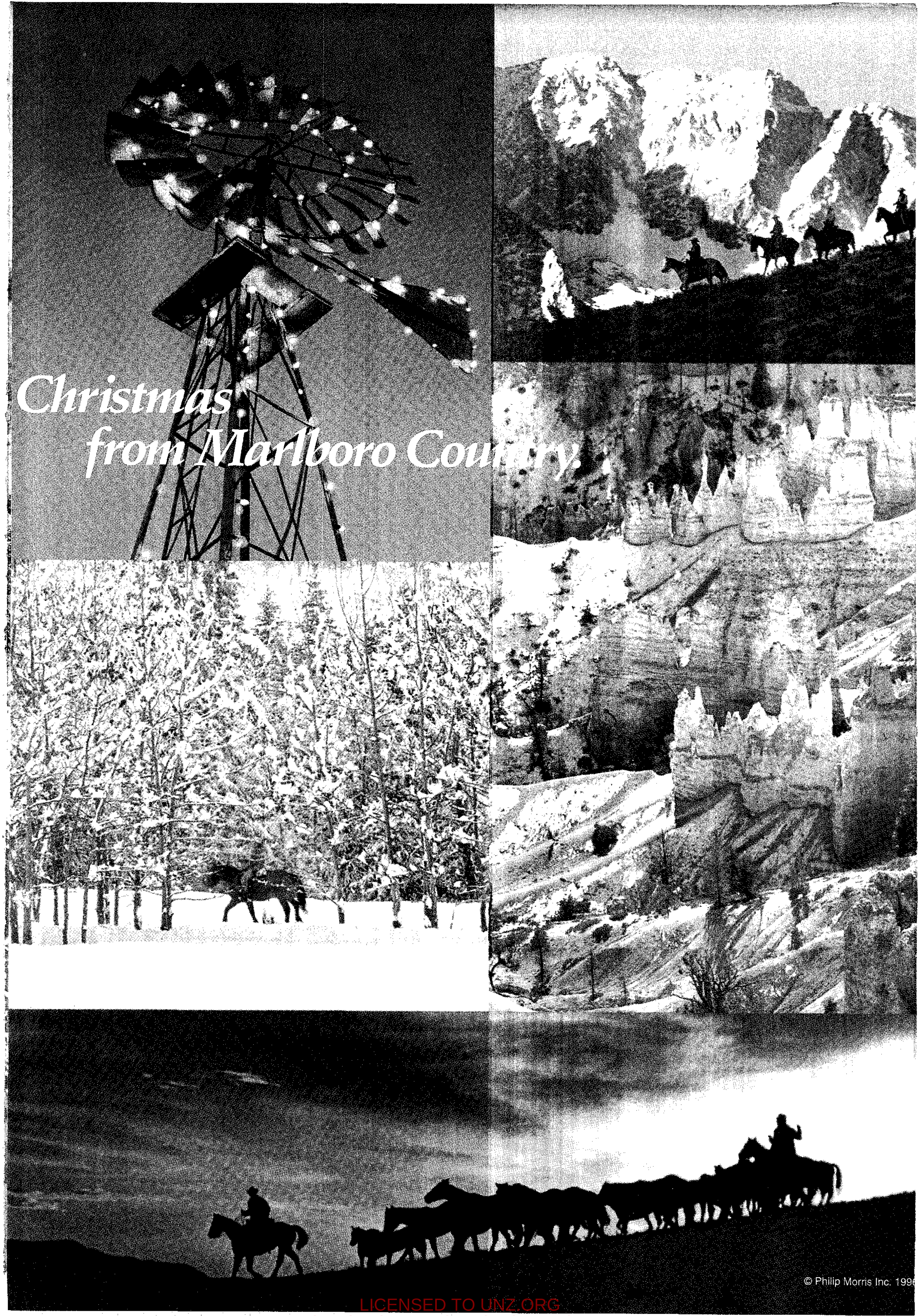
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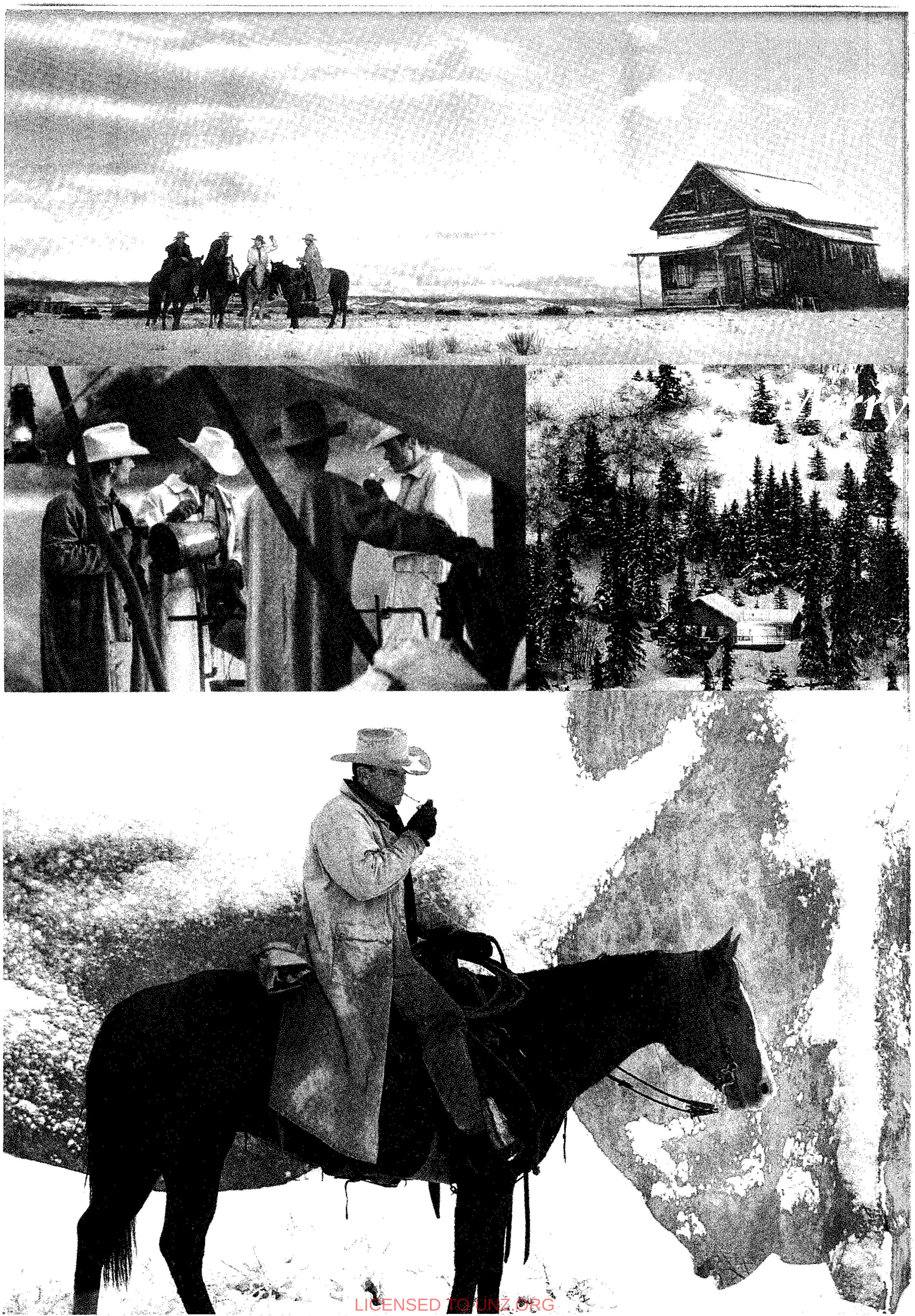

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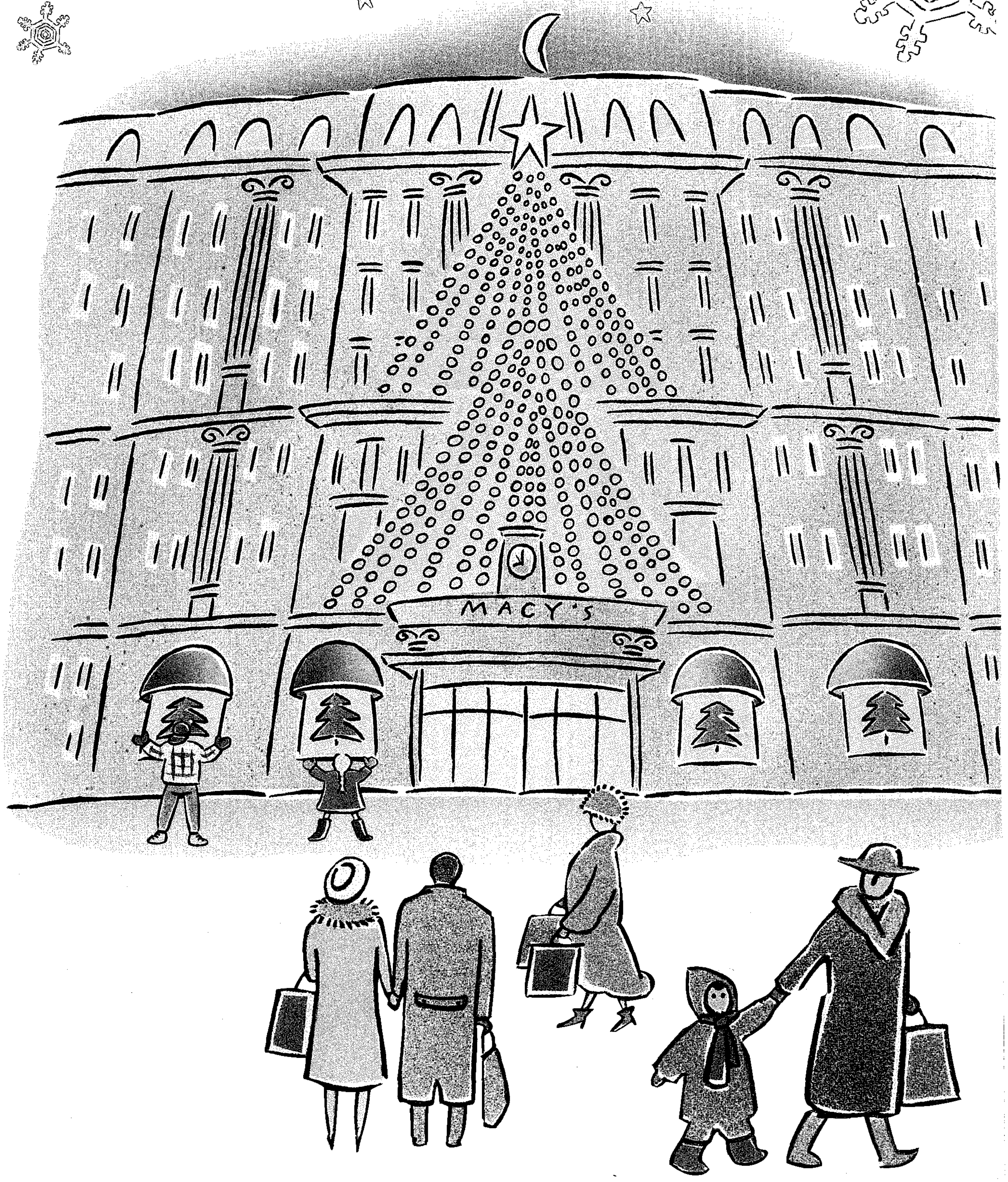

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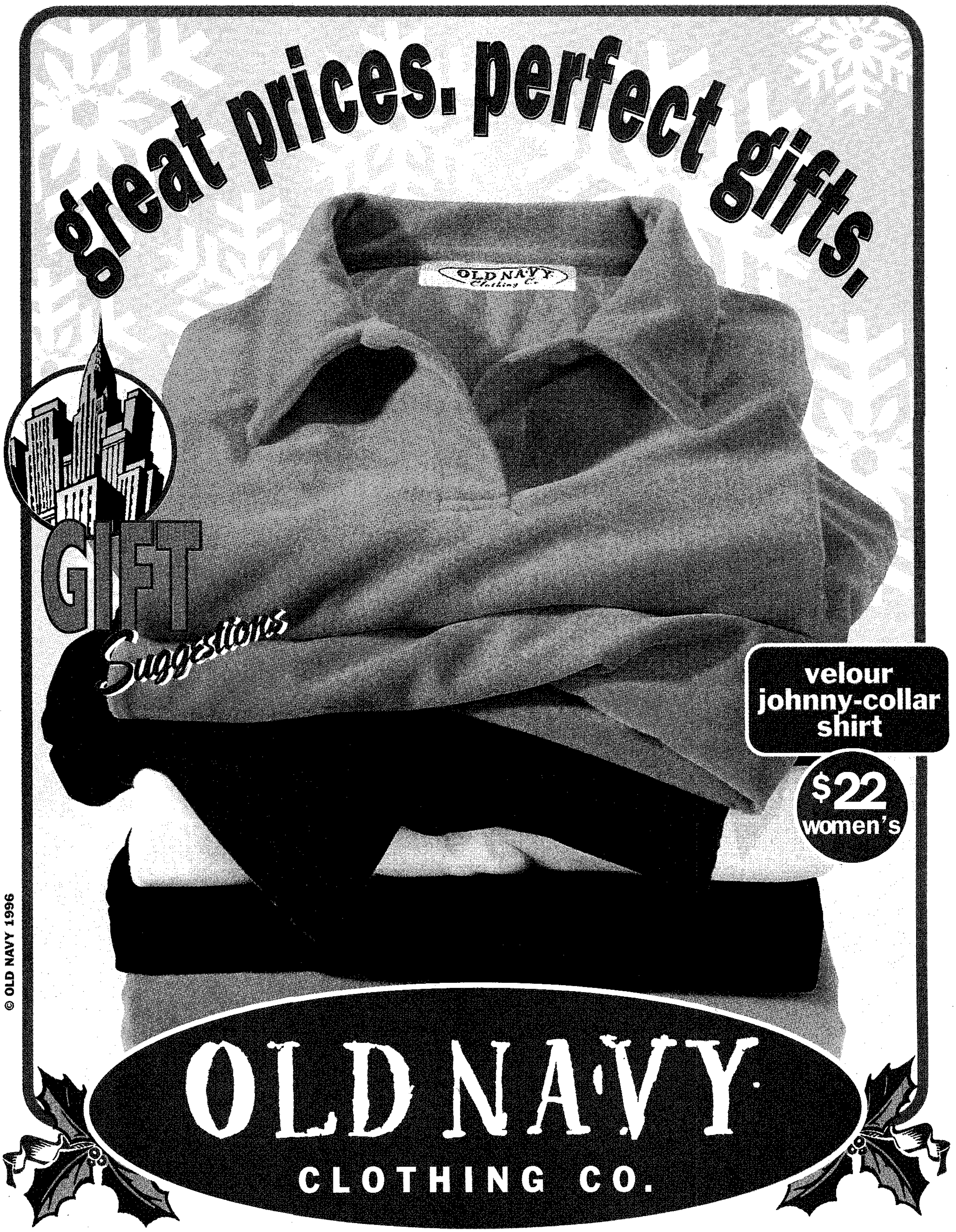
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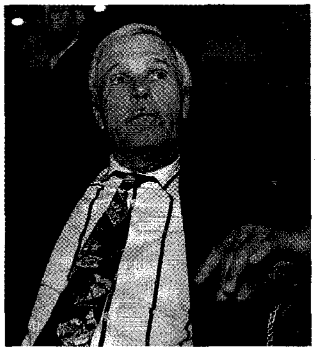

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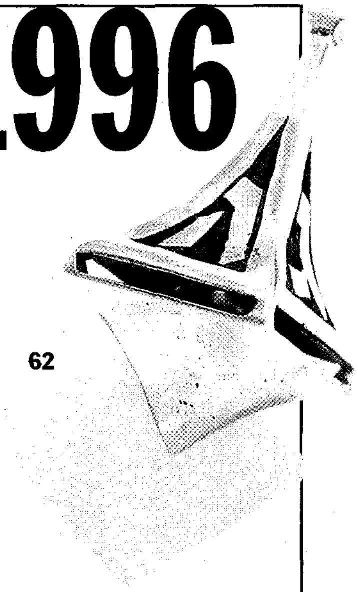

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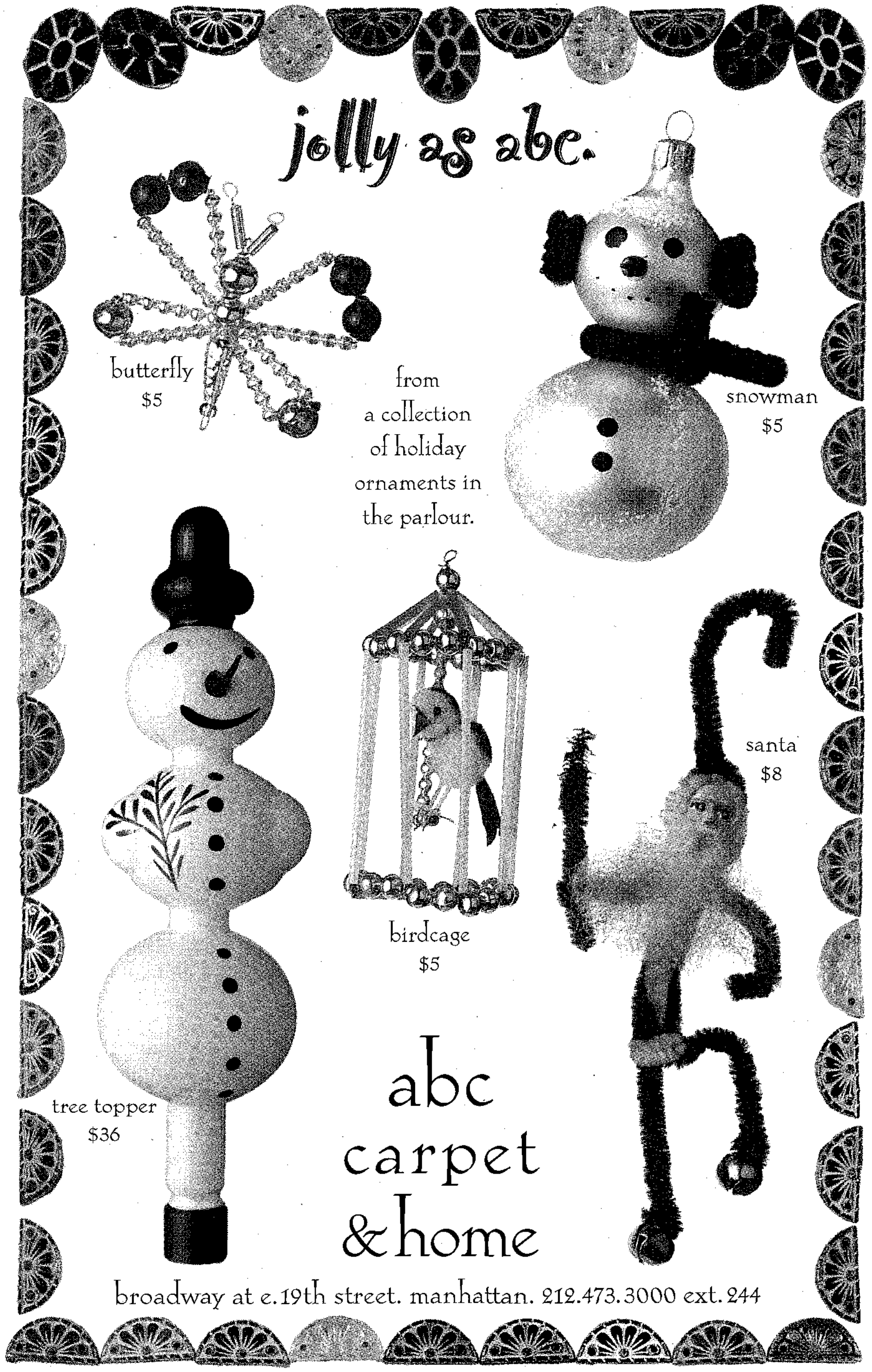
DECEMBER 9, 1996—VOL. 29, NO. 48. Periodicals postage paid at New York, New York, and additional mailing offices. Editorial and business offices: 212-508-0700. **POSTMASTER:** Send address changes to *New York*, Box 54661, Boulder, Colorado 80322-4661. Subscription rates in the U.S. and possessions: 50 issues, $42. **For subscription assistance, write Joseph Oliver, *New York* Magazine, Subscription Department, Box 54661, Boulder, Colorado 80322-4661. Or call (800) 678-0900 or (212) 447-4749.** Printed in the U.S.A.

Cover: Illustration by Tim O'Brien.



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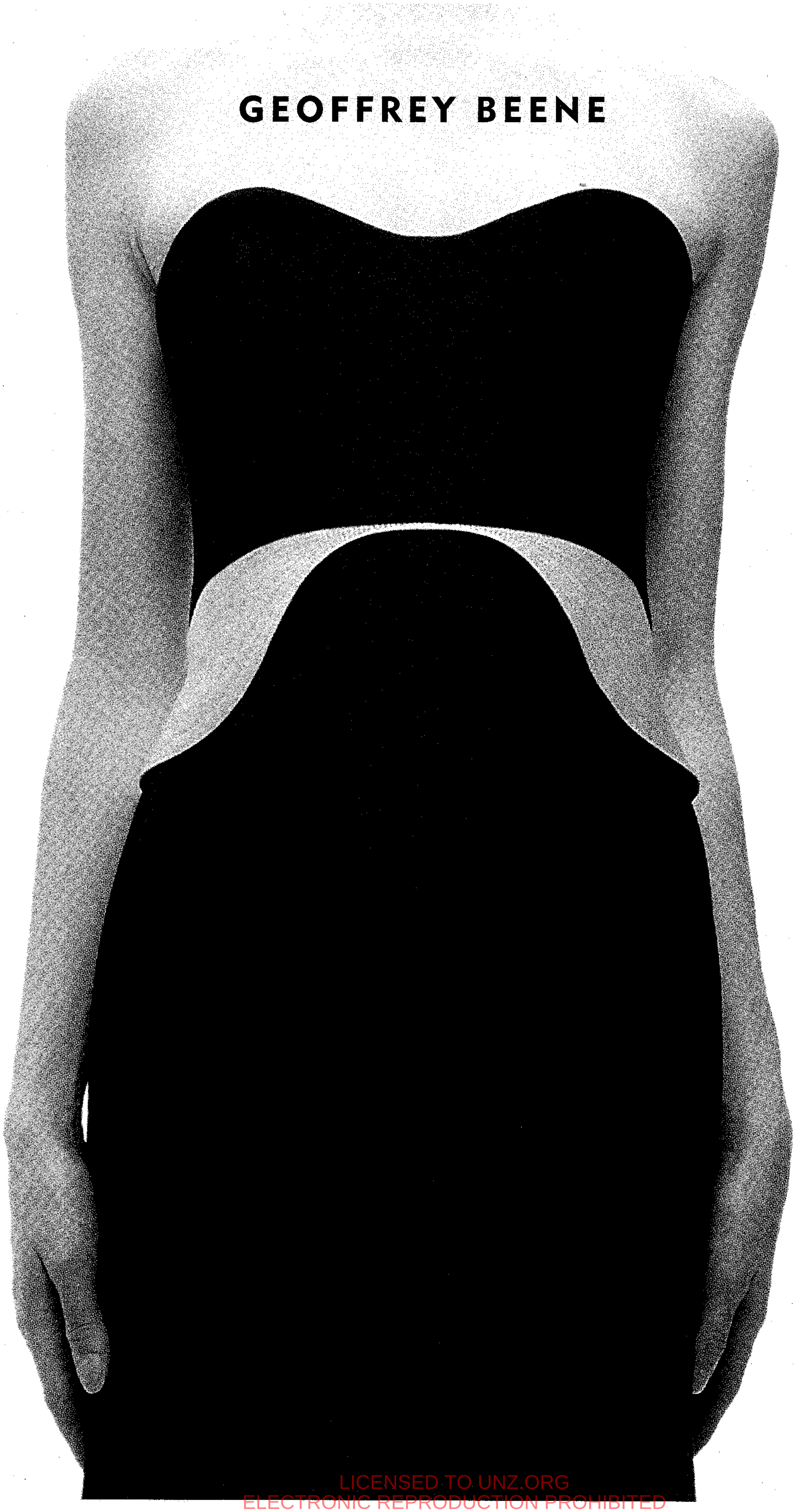
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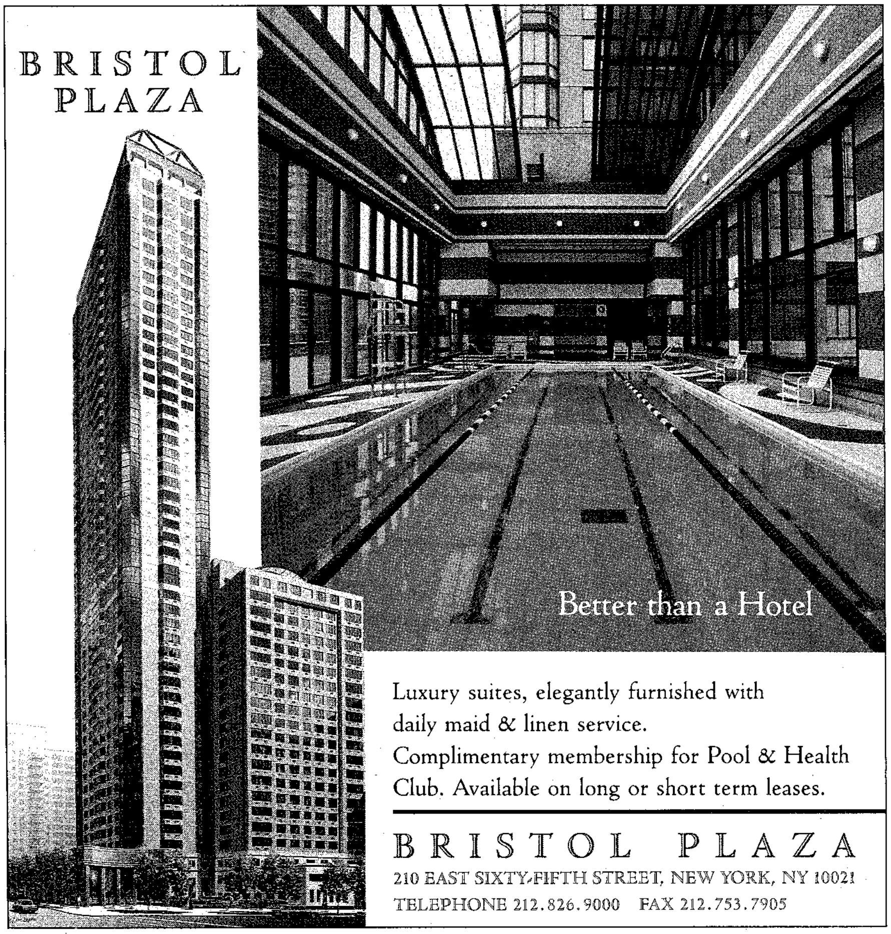

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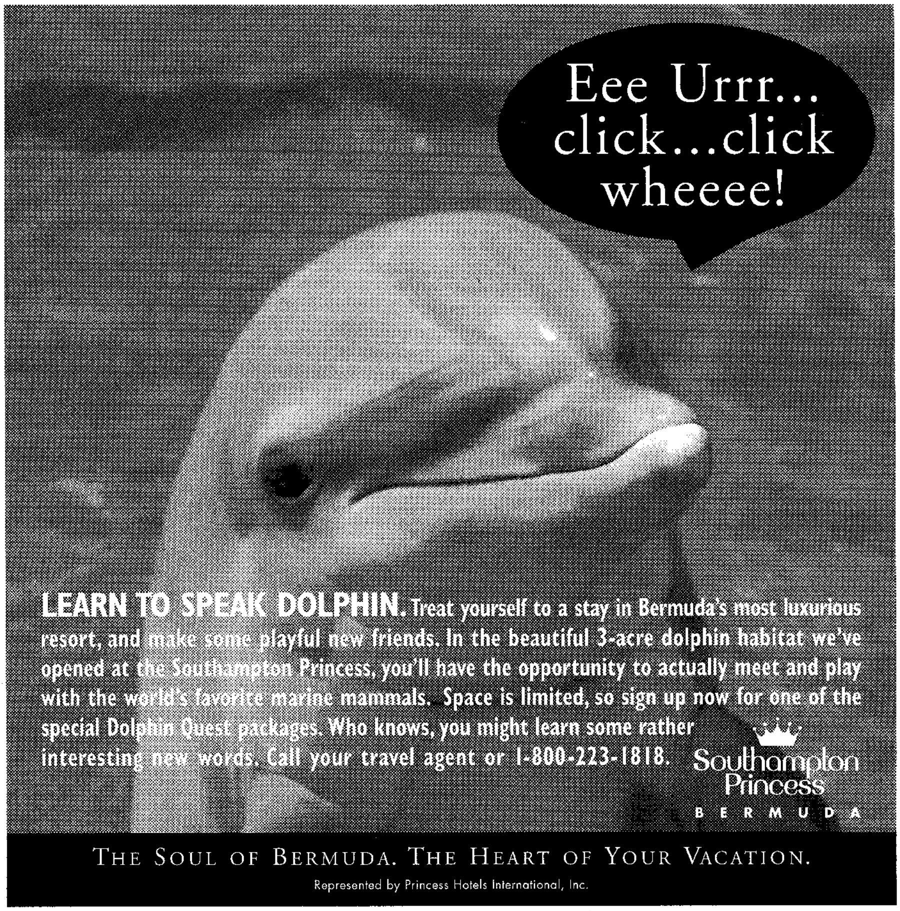

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Winning Streak

Can Rudy ride the Yankees' coattails to another term?; more commentary on the good life outside the city limits; handsome is as handsome does.

I HAVE LOST VIRTUALLY ALL FAITH IN MY fellow New Yorkers' ability to distinguish fact from fiction, and to make a truly informed choice ["Can Anything Beat Rudy?," by Michael Tomasky, November 11]. What in God's name does Rudy Giuliani have to do with the Yankees' winning? I am loath to credit him even for those things he has actually done; I certainly will not credit him for something over which he had not the slightest control.

Mayor Giuliani ran almost exclusively on a law-and-order platform, and delivered law and order—and nothing else. In fact, largely because of Giuliani's budget cuts and confrontational governing style, our education, health-care, and child-welfare systems are a travesty; social services are suffering badly. Even Giuliani's success in law and order is not entirely his doing: At least as much credit must be given to former police commissioner William Bratton, who actually masterminded the strategy that led to the decrease in crime.

Giuliani's in-your-face style may be "cute" to some, but I find it obnoxious and repugnant. Not only did he cast off or betray any number of good people (former schools chancellor Ramon Cortines and Bratton among them), but his continued personal vendetta against "organized crime" displays not only a dictatorial personality but a truly dangerous and unstable psychology.

True, crime is down and the economy is (in some ways) up. But any decent politician with a plan could have achieved that, or could certainly maintain it—if not do even better. What New York needs to do now is thank Giuliani for his service and elect someone with a greater concern about, a better grasp of, and a realistic plan for education, health and human services, child welfare, and other social issues.

Ian Alterman
MANHATTAN

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Last Shot

"STUNNED" IS A MILD WAY TO DESCRIBE MY reaction to Pat Wechsler's article "A Shot in the Dark," about the Salk vaccine [November 11]. Our youngest daughter was one of the second-graders used in the field trial. And not long afterward, my husband and I and our oldest daughter got the Salk vaccine.

I am of the generation that has very vivid memories of the polio epidemics and the quarantines. At the age of 81, I am not inclined to think I have—or am developing—any vaccine-induced cancer. But I have made certain that each of my daughters read this article. All these years I have been so thankful that our children were lucky enough to receive the vaccine. Now I am horrified to find they may be at risk for these cancers.

Lynette B. Rider
WAGONER, OKLA.

YOUR REMARKABLE ARTICLE "A SHOT IN THE Dark" only confirms what parents of vaccine-injured children have known all along: Government health agencies and drug companies cannot be trusted to police themselves. With 200 viral and bacterial vaccines in the research pipeline to prevent everything from AIDS to diarrhea, many being developed for mass, mandatory use by all Americans, we had better fix what is wrong with a system that is out of control before it is too late and more "mystery" diseases are unleashed on the world by tunnel-visioned scientists and zealous public-health officials. We need to be less trusting and ask more questions about what we are being asked to do in the name of disease control.

New York readers who want more information on contaminated polio vaccines and/or childhood diseases and vaccines may contact the nonprofit National Vaccine Information Center at www.909shot.com or by calling 1-800-909-SHOT.

Barbara Loe Fisher
President, NVIC
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Sweet Suburbia

FOR NEW YORKERS WHO WANT URBAN IN the suburbs, try Bloomfield ["The Upper West Side of Suburbia," by Craig Horowitz, November 18]. It's right next door to Montclair, so you can enjoy all the cultural and commercial goodies without the taxes and expensive real estate. Bloomfield has little in the way of attitude, and to native New Yorkers like myself, it more resembles the real city than Montclair. Not everybody has a glitzy résumé; not all the kids are Ivy League–bound; and, best of all, you don't have to talk to your neighbor if you don't feel like it.

Harvey Chipkin
BLOOMFIELD, N.J.

MY QUESTION FOR *NEW YORK* IS, WHAT about those of us who aspire to have children, work, and stay in Manhattan? My husband and I cannot bear to think of leaving "The City" for greener pastures and better schools. Our problem is that we have no role models. We know of no guide books to affordable day care and schooling. Surely there must be Manhattanites in their twenties or thirties with a combined household income of below $150,000 who have children. People not related to the Trumps or Astors. We would love an article of hope that does not involve commuting or quitting. Is it possible?

Mary Erickson-Pavlovcic
MANHATTAN

Reality Check

THE SURGE TOWARD "NEW REALISM" IN model-choosing, as discussed in Alex Williams's article on the promising young scout Ned Ambler, is about rationalizing Ambler's vision of hip as opposed to someone else's ["On Madison Avenue: This Year's Models," November 18]. I shudder to think that the influx of models skinnier and sicklier-looking than most (we always thought models were on appetite suppressants and strict diets, but now we wonder about heroin-and-cigarette meals) is supposed to redefine beauty for us. Seems to me that the "inner soul" Ambler speaks of comes from his presupposition that angst and self-destruction make for a deeper person, or at least a more marketable persona.

Melissa Mentus
MANHATTAN

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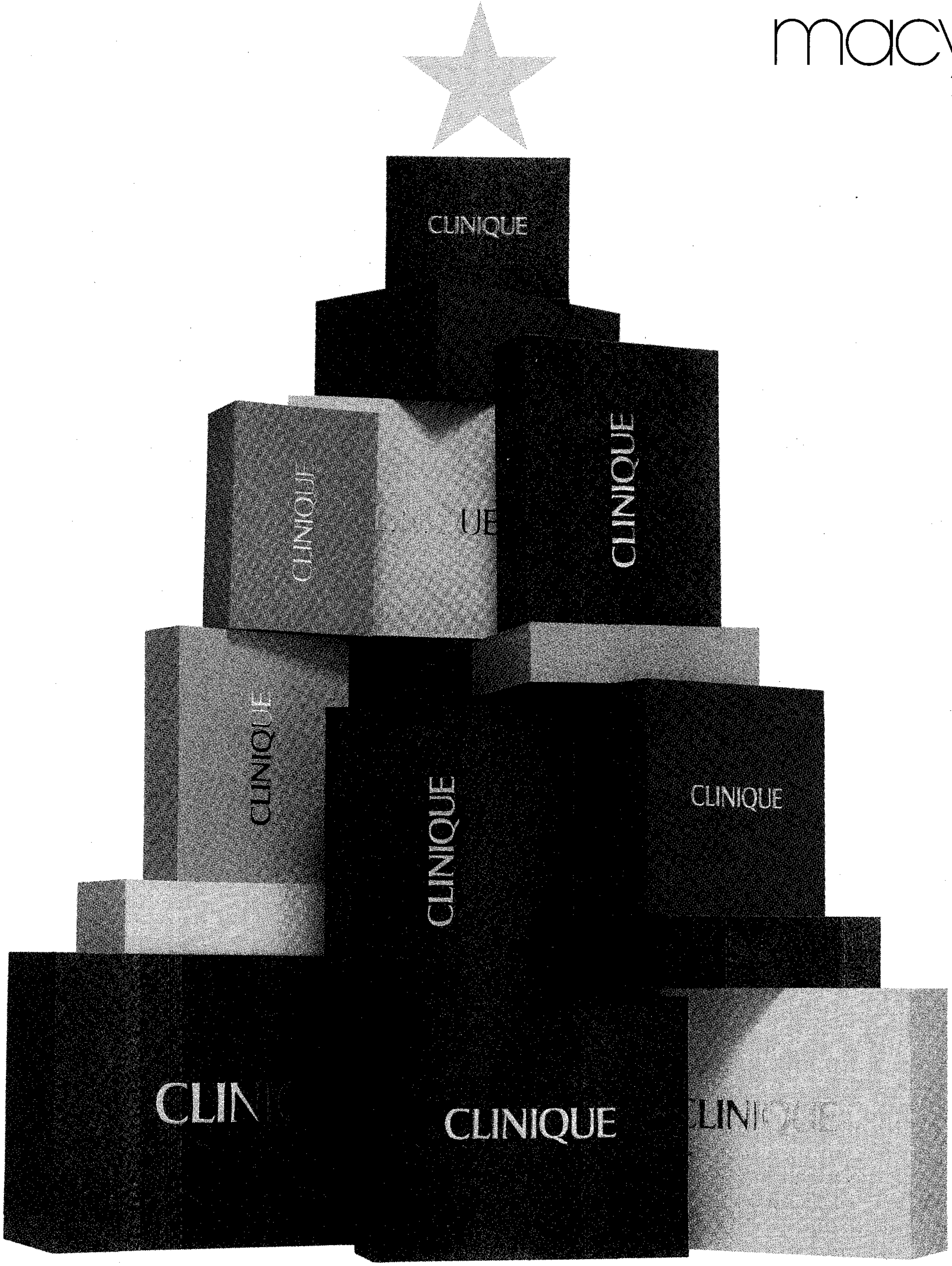
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BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

STATUE OF LIBERTY'S TEXACO SPILLOVER

What's the least likely place in town to face an ugly Texaco-style lawsuit, complete with allegations of blatant and cruel racism? Even the most jaded cynic wouldn't suspect the Statue of Liberty. But according to a lawsuit quietly filed last year by three former employees, "African-American employees have been treated differently and less favorably than Caucasian employees" at the landmark. Court papers charge that black workers were denied promotions, pay raises, and overtime while being subjected to a "racially hostile environment"—such as the time an African-American doll in a noose was hung in the Protection Office on Ellis Island, "thereby simulating a lynching." The three plaintiffs—a maintenance worker, a secretary, and a park ranger—are asking to be reinstated, along with back pay and compensatory damages of at least $900,000. "The Statue of Liberty, a cherished national symbol, has come to represent for [them] racism and bigotry instead of freedom and opportunity," the lawsuit claims. There's no court date yet, but the case is currently going through discovery. During a deposition, one witness quoted a supervisor's explanation as to why certain people weren't hired: "The other two were niggers, and you know what Pete said about hiring niggers." **Lee Bantle,** of Beldock Levine & Hoffman, who is representing the plaintiffs, says, "When we got into the discovery process, we found . . . even more evidence of racism than [our clients] had told us about." The U.S. Attorney's office, which represents the landmark, refused to comment but has denied virtually all the allegations in court papers.

BUDDING BUSH IS THIS YEAR'S MODEL

Used to be all you needed to become a model was a heroin habit and a pretty face. These days, however, it apparently helps to have a pedigree. To the rarefied ranks of British aristocrat **Stella Tennant** and Beaverbrook heiress **Jodie Kidd,** add 13-year-old **Lauren Bush,** the granddaughter of former president **George Bush.** Next Management, the agency that represents sultry supermodel **Yasmeen Ghauri,** just signed the well-connected teen to a contract. The budding Bush has already been out on her first job—a Bruce Weber ad for Abercrombie & Fitch, a company that recently came under fire for a display that featured a young man pulling down the pants of a young woman. But a Next spokeswoman assures us that the granddaughter of the education president won't be doing anything quite so unseemly: "School is still her first priority."

PULLING UP THE ANKA AT *DETAILS*

How long can a perpetually 29-year-old columnist go on advising horny postpubescent boys on the subject of sex? Not *too* long, it seems. After six seamy years, it looks like sex columnist **Anka Radakovich** is finally getting out of bed with *Details.* "She's had a great run," says youthful quatrogenerian **Joe Dolce,** editor of *Details,* where Anka has been plying her trade since 1990. While the magazine will continue to feature a column on the subject of sex, it will now be written by a number of different people. Says Dolce, "I'm not renewing her contract, but I hope she will still write for me. Her column makes me laugh still, but I can't ask a writer to retread the same area. It's a useless exercise, and it doesn't benefit the reader. Besides, Hollywood is calling her." Anka did not return calls.

Anka Radakovich:
Writus interruptus

CHRISTOPHER LYNN BRIDGES THE GAP

Christopher Lynn, the city's transportation commissioner, must be afraid of the dark. Why else would the only gay, openly HIV-positive commissioner appointed by Mayor **Rudy Giuliani** be the first city official in seven years to say no to "Night Without Light," a Visual AIDS project? The idea is to symbolize the darkness of the AIDS crisis by literally turning off the lights on buildings, monuments, and bridges around the world for fifteen minutes every December 1, World AIDS Day. In New York, where the event originated, the Empire State Building, MetLife, and Grand Central Terminal are among the scores of buildings that have turned off their lights for the event, along with the city's bridges. But the event's organizers got a letter from Lynn on November 25 informing them that the city would not darken its bridges this year. Saying that he already heightens the public's awareness of AIDS "by openly discussing my own HIV-positive status," Lynn went on to explain that "it is not feasible for the Department of Transportation to turn off its lights . . . because of the great public safety issue concerning hundreds, if not thousands, of commuters who cross the bridges on any given evening." Two days later, though, after a succession of calls from *New York,* the commissioner reversed his ruling. According to his spokesman,

Christopher Lynn:
A shot in the dark

Photographs: top, Silvia Otte/Outline; bottom, Frances M. Roberts.

David Brock:
In trouble with the law

WASHINGTON PITBULLS' *SPECTATOR* SPORT

When *American Spectator* editor-in-chief **R. Emmett Tyrrell** hosted his monthly off-the-record dinner last month, his magazine's golden boy was notably absent. **David Brock** pointedly boycotted the event, missing his chance to hear the evening's featured speaker, FBI agent–cum–White House whistleblower **Gary Aldrich,** denounce him as "Judas." The feud between the two men dates back to July, when Brock slammed Aldrich's White House expose, *Unlimited Access,* debunking the agent's oft-quoted charge that **Bill Clinton** had gone on frequent sex runs to the Washington Marriott. Aldrich had hinted that Brock was a source for the allegation. Since then, Brock's strangely sympathetic bio, *The Seduction of Hillary Rodham,* has stiffed while Aldrich's tome has topped best-seller lists. But success hasn't assuaged the acidic former agent, who, just before the *Spectator* dinner, fired off a loopy, poison-pen letter to the young scribe. The rant, reprinted in the New York *Press,* slams Brock as "pond scum," warns him not to "get too testy (as in testosterone)," and brags relentlessly about Aldrich's bigger sales. Reminding Brock of his law-enforcement connections, Aldrich counsels him to "always drive within the speed limit" and not to "score any weed, or coke, or anything like that. . . . I can think of just dozens of ways the 'men and women in blue' can think of to hold you to a greater degree of scrutiny." Aldrich refused to comment on his "private correspondences" and insists his book is "substantially true." Brock declined to comment.

David Linley:
Newman in town

Lynn didn't realize that only decorative lights would be dimmed. The reversal, he insisted, came before *New York* made the inquiry.

DAVID LINLEY GETS A NEW CREDIT LINE

Those British royals can't seem to write anything but their memoirs without getting hammered. Princess Margaret's son, **David Linley,** is the latest to be accused of borrowing heavily from uncredited sources when writing his Abrams coffee-table book, *Extraordinary Furniture.* The book is somewhat reminiscent of a 1989 coffee-table tome, *Fantasy Furniture,* written by gallery owner **Bruce Newman,** an expert on the nineteenth-century, which virtually identified a new category of late-nineteenth-century European furniture. Newman is furious, claiming that the royal carpenter has stolen more than his thunder. "This is very disturbing," snaps the outraged antiquarian. The Linley camp concedes that there may have been an oversight when it came time to credit Newman's work. "It was left out of the [first edition's] bibliography," admits the viscount's spokeswoman. "When the book is reprinted, that will be looked into." In a follow-up letter, however, a Linley executive denied any wrongdoing.

A FULL *SLATE;* SHAIN'S NEW *POST*

GORE FEST: New on the slate at *Slate,* Microsoft's on-line political magazine edited by **Michael Kinsley,** is a certain editorial assistant named **Karenna Gore.** Yes, she's the daughter of the veep, and she's been assisting the editors in Redmond, Washington, for the past two weeks. The eldest of the Gore girls is expected to stay on the job for ten months or so.

Karenna Gore:
Intern-net

SHAIN'S REIGN: Ever since **Maureen O'Brien** left the New York *Post* for a lucrative publishing career at Hyperion last September, the paper has been casting about for a new media columnist. The search ended last week with the hiring of **Mike Shain,** who spent fourteen years at the *Post* before leaving in 1992 to take over *Newsday*'s "Inside New York" column. He leaves his current job at *Media Week* to begin writing the *Post*'s influential "Media Ink" on December 16 and seems excited by the prospect. "I feel like Mickey Rooney being let back into Boys Town," he laughs.

Additional reporting by Matt Pincus and Beth McGrath.

HE'S DANCING AS FAST AS HE CAN

At the glittering opening of the New York City Ballet last week, **Damian Woetzel** took some dazzling turns with **Margaret Tracey** in "Stars and Stripes." But according to Woetzel's friends, the real pirouettes are going on behind the scenes, while Woetzel has been contemplating whether or not to go solo. The principal dancer has been doing more guest appearances with other companies, leading some to speculate that he might want to earn real money on the touring circuit instead of staying at the notoriously low-paying New York City Ballet. And, sources say, the dancer's relations with the company's autocratic ruler, **Peter Martins,** has been increasingly strained. Woetzel was touted as Martins's protégé in the New York *Times* last year, but last Tuesday night, Martins thanked only his wife, **Darci Kistler,** with nary a mention of his premier male dancer and choreographer. Woetzel, 29, lives with **Heather Watts,** 42, the ballerina turned editor, known in some circles as the woman who refused to marry Martins during their long romance. Friends report that the friendships between Woetzel, Watts, and Martins are "much more complicated" than we can imagine, but Woetzel denies any plans to leave. "New York City Ballet is my home. I've decided to stay for now, for sure," he says, calling Martins "the best boss I could ever have."

Photographs: clockwise from top left, Claudio Vasquez; AP/Wide World; A.Morrison/Sygma.

NO MAN COULD OVERPOWER HIM. ONE WOMAN DID.

DENNIS HOPPER ELIZABETH HURLEY ERIC THAL

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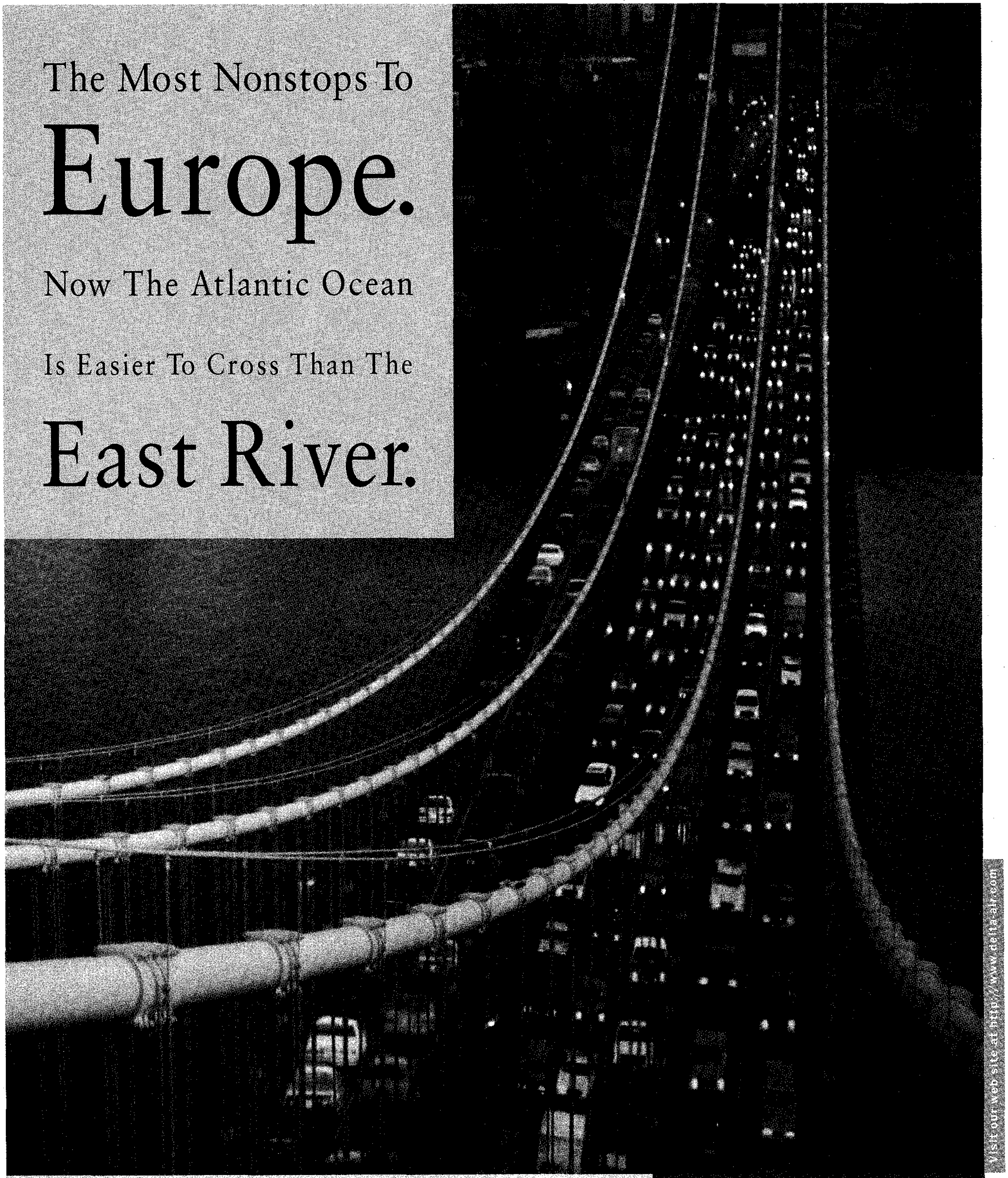

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GOTHAM

The capital of ego—*Rem Koolhaas*

THE FRONT PAGE

Don't Panic

It's too early. Don't panic. Don't panic. Don't panic.

DON'T PANIC. JUST BECAUSE WE PAID $150 million for these three new guys who were going to take us straight to the NBA championships—guaranteed—and now one of them has some kind of gamy leg and the other has got a funky wrist and the three of them combined aren't doing Jordan numbers and they lost *three games in a row,* ruining everybody's Thanksgiving, and the team is actually playing worse than that, playing *like doo-doo,* don't panic.

From the back pages of the *Daily News* last week, Mike Lupica attempted to calm crazed fans: "It is much too early to have the Garden in full panic."

Don't panic *fully*. Faint consolation for the Knicks fan who had been working up a head of panic for thirteen games—fainter even for the serious devotee who entered the season fully pre-panicked. It was hard enough not to panic when the Knicks were winning unconvincingly. Then they actually lost a few.

"While 11 games do not a season make, the Knicks better hope this first month does not make a trend either," the *News*'s Mark Kriegel wrote when the Knicks lost to Charlotte, extending their losing streak to one. "The season's still young, but that's the best thing you can say about it."

"For all the money spent and all the talent that has been assembled," the *Post*'s Steve Popper opined, "it has all been a waste so far."

Larry Johnson wasn't shrugging off that single consecutive loss. "Don't think I don't feel no pressure," the Knicks' $71 million man reassured the city. "I'm feeling pressure."

Then the Knicks lost again—two in a row!

Patrick Ewing more bluntly confessed, "We played like doo-doo." And coach Jeff Van Gundy practically prostrated himself: "I need to take more of the blame than anyone else."

This assuaged no one.

"The Knicks don't have to be a finished product after 12 games, only after 82," Jay Greenberg pointed out in the *Post,* convincing not even himself. "But they have to get better than this, soon."

They got worse, of course, losing yet again, tying the Portland Trail Blazers for the twentieth-worst record in professional basketball.

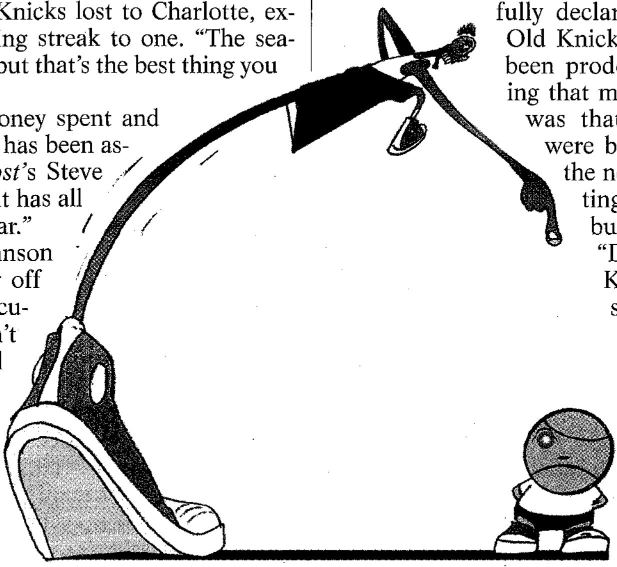
"Sure, the season is only 13 games old," the *Daily News*'s Frank Isola conceded. "But the Knicks are certainly getting old fast."

"The Knicks," the *Post*'s Popper concluded, "can forget all the talk about their dreams of contending for the title."

The only thing left to do, particularly with five down days before the next game, was to get everybody a bit more worked up.

BLAME GAME: SPUTTERING KNICKS START POINTING FINGERS, the *Post*'s back page helpfully declared the next day. Old Knick John Starks had been prodded into suggesting that maybe the problem was that the old guards were being too polite to the new guys, not "getting on each other's butts" enough. "Damn that," New Knick Johnson snapped back. "How about the old guys? How are *they* doing?"

At least they're beginning to sound like the old Knicks. There's some comfort in that.



FASHION STATEMENT Recently appearing on the announcement board outside the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church at West 55th Street: THE POWER OF A TOMMY HILFIGER LABEL. Some sort of cross promotion? "I try to connect my sermons to what's going on in everyday life," explains the Reverend Thomas Tewell. "The models in [Hilfiger] ads all look so happy and vibrant. . . . We wear the label 'Christian,' and yet, for many people, our demeanor is stuffy, boring, dull, irrelevant, and holier-than-thou. So I said, hey, wouldn't it be great if we had the vitality that when people saw us they said, 'Gee, where did you get that label and how can I get it?' "

ONE SNAPPY CABBIE "Probably three quarters of the shots I take are when the cab is moving," says David Bradford, a New York cabdriver whose collection of photographs, *Drive-By Shootings*, opened last week in the lobby of the Empire State Building. "But I don't play around—I make sure that I'm driving with one part of my mind while another part is taking the picture." The Taxi and Limousine Commission maintains a slightly different perspective on the project. "To my knowledge, he's not violating any regulations," says Allan J. Fromberg, a spokesman. "But obviously I would caution him that to be doing anything but concentrate on the road is a risk and that there's plenty of New York life to be captured at stop lights."

City

SCANDAL SHEET

CHARLES MOSKOWITZ APPROACHED THE newsstand at the corner of 49th Street and Thirteenth Avenue in Borough Park, Brooklyn, and scanned the display of papers in vain. "You can't be out already!" Moskowitz complained to the manager, Dinnesh Patel. "Was this week's issue juicier than usual?"

"We don't carry *Ponim Chadoshous* anymore," retorted Patel, who used to sell between 400 and 500 copies of the popular Hebrew tabloid and its Yiddish-language translation each week at a profit of 35 cents a pop. "It's a bad paper made by a bad man."

Actually, Patel's change of heart may be attributed more to pragmatism than to philosophy. His newsstand was one of many that was picketed relentlessly until its owners agreed to stop carrying the paper whose gossip mongering and attacks on Hasidic sages have earned it the nickname Jewish National Enquirer. Last week, sections of Borough Park, Flatbush, and Williamsburg, as well as several suburban Orthodox Jewish enclaves, were plastered with Hebrew, English, and Yiddish signs attacking *Ponim Chadoshous* and its publisher, Israeli émigré Chaim Shaulson, 59.

THIS IS ONE CANCER WE *CAN* ERADICATE! shouts one poster advertising Shaulson's visage and home address from a wall on Thirteenth Avenue, Borough Park's main commercial thoroughfare. Nearby, another calls Shaulson a "depraved and villainous evil-minded snake."

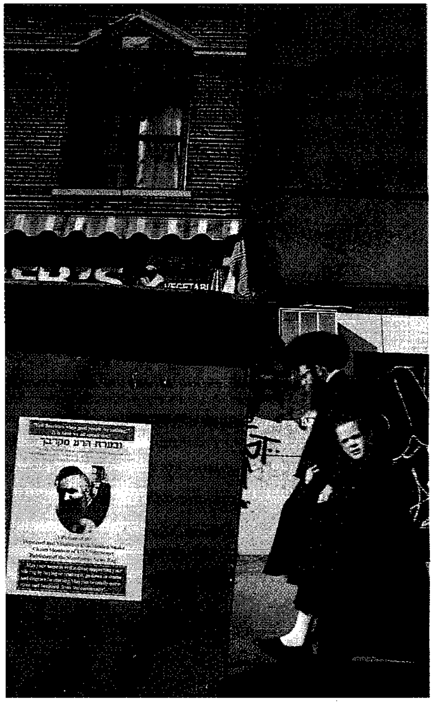
In 1990, Shaulson was indicted and charged with grand larceny when, according to accounts published at the time, he was caught accepting a payoff from the Williamsburg-based Satmar Hasidim to stop the paper's attacks on the sect. "But when the case came to court, the judge dismissed the charges," says a Hasidic leader who played a key role in the case but demanded anonymity. "She considered the incident an internal squabble." A spokesman for Brooklyn D.A. Charles J. Hynes said the case was dismissed when Shaulson agreed to print a retraction in both versions of the paper.

In recent weeks, people have been coming forward claiming that Shaulson was back in the extortion racket, this time stalking people on the street.

On October 25, the paper ran a negative story about local businessman Moshe Weiser. Last month, Weiser claims, Shaulson approached him on an empty street in Borough Park. "Shaulson stopped me, identified himself, showed me his gun," says Weiser. "He told me if I don't pay him $3,000 per week he would do his best to turn me into an outcast. I told him, 'Screw you!' "

Hershey Rubinstein, the co-owner of a used-furniture store in Flatbush and founder of Borough Park's Shomrim Civilian Patrol, says Shaulson spotted him one evening three weeks ago as Rubinstein was responding to a burglary. Shaulson demanded $3,000 or he would write a series of articles claiming that the stock in Rubinstein's store was stolen from impoverished neighbors. "Shaulson told me that I should consider it a business expense," says Rubinstein, who refused to pay.

Rubinstein decided to join forces with Rabbi Eli Teitelbaum, a community activist who had received several calls with new reports of Shaulson's activities. Instead of going to the district attorney's office again, Rubinstein and Teitelbaum have launched their own campaign against Shaulson, organizing the newsstand boycotts and posting flyers denouncing Shaulson throughout the community. "Ceasing or even severely limiting *Ponim Chadoshous*'s distribution is akin to taking away a gun from a hit man," says Teitelbaum. "Our most important concern is to render the criminal harmless. Today, we have one goal and one goal only. Nothing short of running Shaulson and his news rag out of town."



***Wanted* poster for Chaim Shaulson in Borough Park.**

Photograph by Teru Kuwayama.

"What these low-lifes are doing is not letting readers have their First Amendment rights," argues Shaulson, who sources say operated two newspapers in Israel before he immigrated to America. "More than that I will not say."

Rubinstein says that since he and Teitelbaum began their campaign, they have been contacted by several Hasidic sects whose members were paying extortion money to Shaulson. Now they are secretly funneling money to Rubinstein to help defray his costs. "The community once was indifferent and the district attorney's office didn't care. We will work only within the law, and we will succeed at stopping Shaulson this time," Teitelbaum says.

BINYAMIN L. JOLKOVSKY

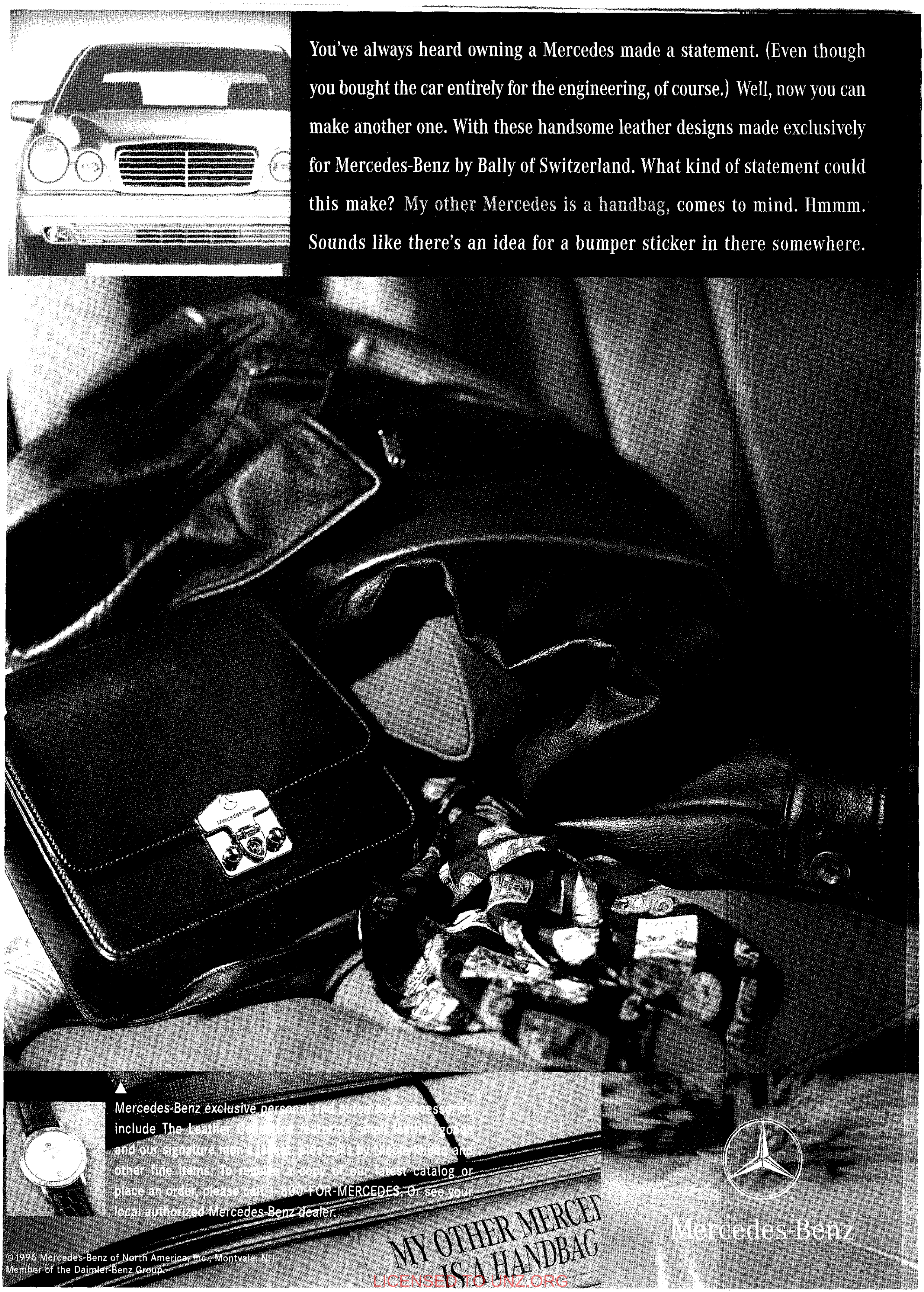
SHOT

Thanksgiving Day Parade rehearsal, Herald Square, November 23rd, *photographed by Greg Miller.*

School

SCREEN GEM

THE AUDITORIUM ON LOWER MADISON AVenue was packed with acting students. Onstage, Gena Rowlands was struggling to break the seal on a bottle of Evian when a



You've always heard owning a Mercedes made a statement. (Even though you bought the car entirely for the engineering, of course.) Well, now you can make another one. With these handsome leather designs made exclusively for Mercedes-Benz by Bally of Switzerland. What kind of statement could this make? My other Mercedes is a handbag, comes to mind. Hmmm. Sounds like there's an idea for a bumper sticker in there somewhere.

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—*Los Angeles Times*

“★★★★”

—*Detroit Free Press*

“★★★★”

—*Detroit News*

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how' is back."

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BLOOMINGDALES, FORTUNOFF, FINESSE JEWELERS scrappy, eager young man bounded from his front-row seat and proudly cracked it for her. Without uttering a word, she held his gaze for a moment and smiled serenely. He lurched back to his seat, clearly flushed.

Long absent from the screen, Rowlands has resurfaced—to much acclaim—as a lovelorn widow and mother in *Unhook the Stars*. The film was adapted and directed by her son Nick from an unfinished screenplay first developed by her late husband, the actor and director John Cassavetes. In their heyday, Rowlands (the subject of a retrospective at Anthology Film Archives) and Cassavetes were iconoclasts willing to mortgage the family home to make groundbreaking films—*Gloria, Faces,* and *A Woman Under the Influence* among them. Rowlands's talk last week at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts marked a sort of homecoming.

"John saw me in a play here—*Dangerous Corners*—when I was a student and he had graduated," she told the neophytes, "and that was that."

"Now," she prompted gently, "you're supposed to ask me questions."

A nervous titter went through the room as hands rose tentatively. How did she pull off her astounding performance as an emotionally disturbed housewife in *A Woman Under the Influence*? "With my friends," she laughed, "you don't have to go too far." Had she enjoyed working with Bette Davis in *Strangers*? "I heard her say to the producer, 'How could you pick a great big awkward girl like that to play my daughter?' " Rowlands recalled with a laugh. "But I didn't care. She'd given me so much pleasure through her movies."

What about the dearth of roles as rich as the one she plays in *Unhook the Stars*? "You know, what middle-aged women go through is not a popular problem," she said. "It's sad, painful. Many women of my generation have no other work, so they really run into a wall of self-doubt and wonder about what their value is in life. I was surprised Nick understood it."

Though Rowlands dispensed advice with maternal concern, she revealed nothing of herself in the process. Still, when a student gushed about her "class and grace," Rowlands paused, then laughed softly. "What you are is the only special thing you have," she said, her tone suddenly grown serious. "Why would you want to have what someone else has? Let them have it! Everybody should go where they want to go."

The Evian boy raised his hand and leaned forward, mouth agape, searching for the right words. He swallowed hard and blurted out, "You are a very beautiful woman!" Again, Rowlands beamed, and for the whole room, it was enough.

MAUREEN CALLAHAN

Under her influence: Gena Rowlands speaking last week with aspiring thespians.

Stage

PUBLIC THEATER

"JOE WOULD HAVE LOVED THE UNSENTIMENTAL, truthful honesty of it," Gail Merrifield Papp was saying. "Emmett meant everything to Joe. Joe loved him."

Opening night of Emmett Foster's solo show, *So . . . It's Come to This,* at the New York Theater Workshop had turned into a reunion of New York Shakespeare Festival alumni, actors, techies and other friends from the trenches. Crowding around a post-performance buffet, they compared notes on Foster's knotty remembrance of producer Joseph Papp, his boss and father surrogate for eighteen years.

"This play is sort of the end of letting it go," said Morgan Jenness, another Festival veteran and the show's dramaturge. Standing with Merrifield Papp, Joe's widow, she added, "It's a sense of completion for me."

Alison Harper, who went to work in the Public Theater box office in 1967, remembered the time Foster lost Papp's passport during a night of prolonged substance abuse just before Papp was leaving for El Salvador. Paul Davis, whose dramatic poster-portraits had stamped Papp's Public Theater in the popular consciousness for decades, wasn't rattled by the revelations, onstage or off. Foster had confided that he, not Papp, picked out the gifts sent to the producer's friends and colleagues. Davis's fiftieth-year birthday present from the producer, a Japanese ming aurelia plant, is still thriving.

"It's true that Joe was very self-centered, but he absolutely made contact with everyone around him," Davis said. "Truly self-centered people don't see other people around them."

Three-year Public alumna Claudia Shear (*Blown Sideways Through Life*) recalled Papp's annoying habit of patting her on the head when he walked by her desk. "I got in trouble a lot," she said. "But Joe paid me compliments and told me I was going to be a star. I was this fat little runaway from Brooklyn, working the switchboards. I was something really uncool. I wasn't trendy, didn't have a nose ring, I wasn't even a lesbian. And Joe looked at me with the same respect that he looked at everyone with."

"I thought I'd work with him for one or two years and become a star," Foster said after toasting the boss. Instead, he'd ended up driving, feeding, and, in the days before his death from cancer in 1991, dressing Papp and keeping an

SHOPPING

The Ten Percent Solution

Barnes & Noble

Late in the night of October 19, as its customers slept, clerks at Barnes & Noble stores across the city began peeling the familiar green-and-white 20 percent–off stickers from every hardcover book. The next morning, a sign at the cash registers announced the policy change: Hardcover discounts had been cut in half, to 10 percent. Just in time for the holiday shopping season—and just as the smaller stores had warned when the bookstore giant began replicating madly throughout the city.

"If they're successful at eliminating the competition, what's their motivation to keep prices down?" David Ravel, manager of the Community Bookstore in Park Slope, wondered last year. Other skeptics chimed in: "Don't be fooled! The discounts that make Barnes & Noble stores so appealing won't last long," they said. But no one really paid attention.

"We just wanted to make our discount policy uniform across the country," says Barnes & Noble spokeswoman Jennifer Wolfertz, denying the price change has anything to do with the holidays. "For people who travel a lot," says Wolfertz, "it caused a lot of confusion." Right. So why were New Yorkers getting a bigger price break in the first place? "I'm not really sure," Wolfertz replied.

Photographs: top to bottom, Mark Wyville, Jason Schmidt.

overnight vigil at the hospital.

"They weren't the worst years," said Foster, his voice gravelly from a cold. Papp's death left him feeling a mixture of grief, relief, and fear about the future without his complicated mentor. "I loved him very much, but I didn't say it." PATRICIA FALVO

THE SCENE

Dern Offensive

At the TriBeCa Film Center for the premiere of Miramax's 'Citizen Ruth.'

By Ariel Kaminer
Photographed by Patrick McMullan

Top, Laura Dern and Kelly Preston at the New York premiere of *Citizen Ruth*. Above, celebrating Faye Wattleton's new book, *Life on the Line*, Bella Abzug, Shirley MacLaine, Wattleton, and Barbara Walters.

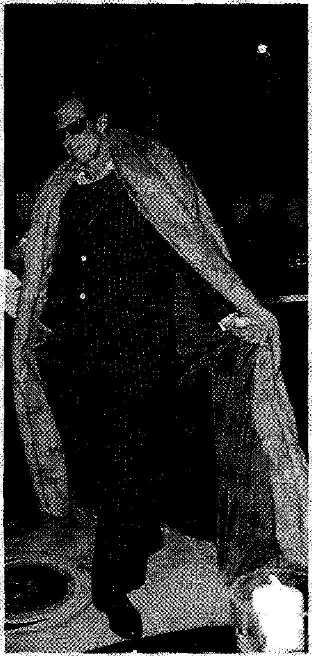
THOSE GLITTERY PREMIERES WITH THEIR SKY-sweeping klieg lights, flash-popping celebrity arrivals, and hand-waving city officials may be swell for big-budget blockbuster wannabes. On the other hand, a film like *Citizen Ruth*—a dark comedy about a pregnant, glue-sniffing vagabond with something to offend almost everyone—requires a little more delicacy.

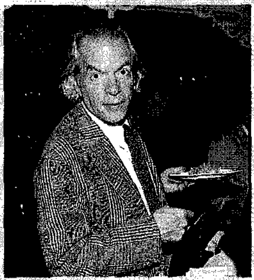
Miramax opted to unveil it at an unusually *intime* downtown party, and Lawrence Bender, who'd gone through something similar with *Pulp Fiction*, had a fair idea of why. "Movies like this especially depend a lot on the publicity factor," he said. "If you show this movie to different crowds, you'll get different reactions."

"The real drag would be to sell it just for big-city people who get excited over the issues," said *Citizen Ruth* star Laura Dern, who seemed more worried about marketing than about the bank of paparazzi pinning her against a brick wall. "It's for people in L.A. and New York but also in Nebraska."

And in just that order, too: Later in the week, the film's principals would be presenting it to the people of Omaha, where it was shot. "Everyone always says, 'Oh, what do you think people will think of it in Nebraska?' " said Alexander Payne, the film's co-writer and director. "But, you know, I've met a lot more interesting and well-read people in Nebraska than I have in New York or L.A."

Even Cary Woods, the film's hyper-urban producer, was getting into the smaller-is-better spirit of the event. "I love these little screenings," he said, somewhat unconvincingly. Of course, he'd also rented out Chaos for a much bigger affair the next night. Just to be on the safe side. "The whole club! I mean, *who wouldn't want to go to a party like that?*"





Clockwise from left, Bill Boggs at the Breakthrough Fashion Design Search to benefit Dishes Project, Inc.; Daniel Day-Lewis and Rebecca Miller at *The Crucible's* premiere; Eugene Grisanti, president of the New York City Ballet's board, with Darci Kistler at the company's opening-night gala; Spalding Gray at Lincoln Center for the opening of *Juan Darién*.

Street

THE UNKINDEST CUT

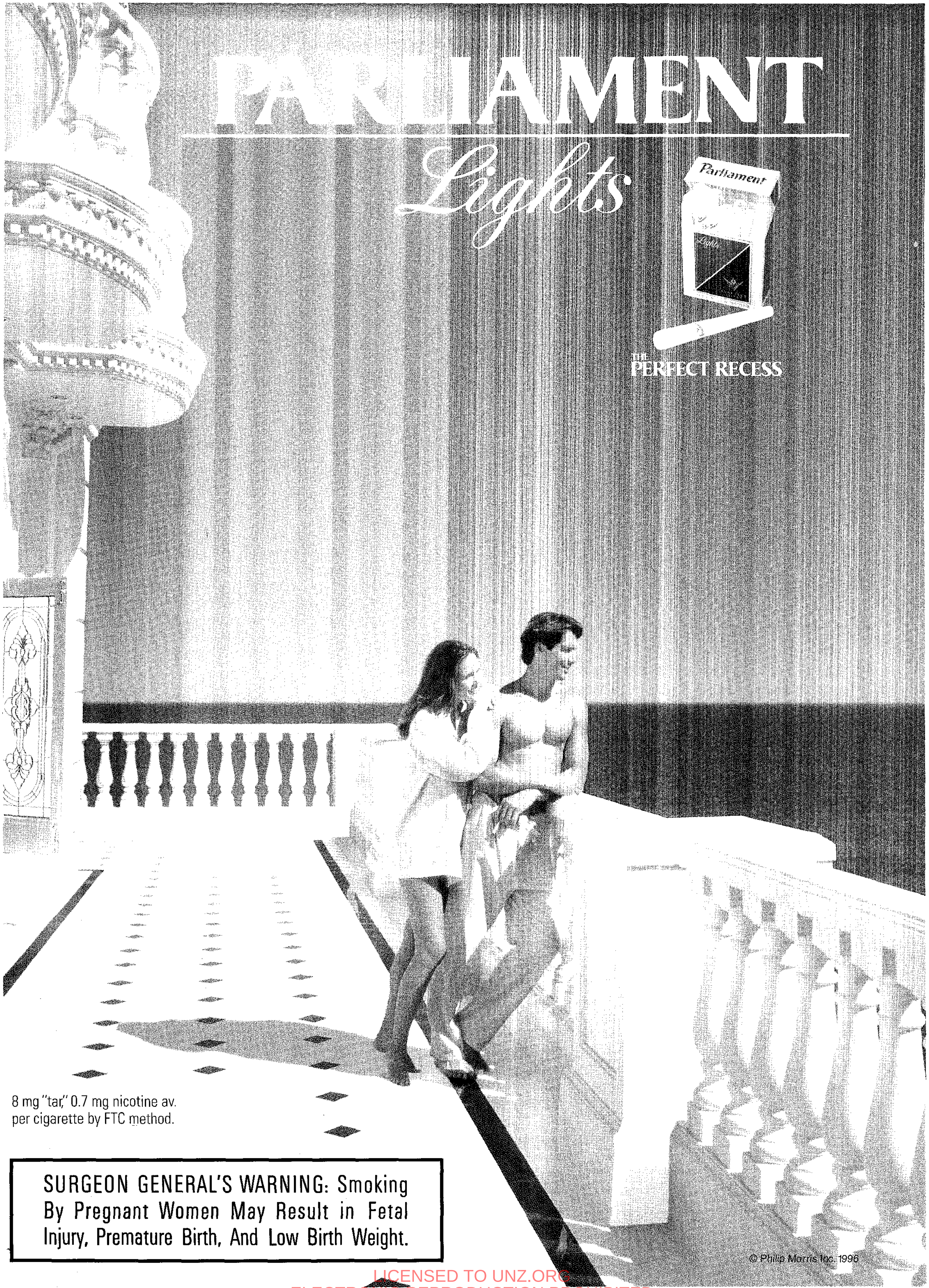
ONE HOUR BEFORE HE WAS SCHEDULED TO testify before the City Council Committee on Youth Services, Claude Brown sat down at a table in Ellen's Cafe across the street from City Hall and ordered a glass of water. "I got into street life when I was 6 years old," he said last Monday morning. "By the time I was 16, I'd already done five years in reform school and little lightweight joints around the city. When I was 20, the only thing I hadn't tried was going to school."

That was more than 40 years ago, when Brown was a teenager growing up in Harlem, an experience documented in his enormously influential *roman à clef*, *Manchild in the Promised Land*. But Brown, now 59, can still get worked up thinking about his youth. "I knew every gangster in the five boroughs," he said between sips of water. "And they were all disappointed when I didn't join them in prison." Even today Brown's childhood seems unimaginably rough: He was robbing drug stores before he was 10; knife fighting before 12; watching friends die of heroin overdoses by his late teens. But then he pulled himself out of that life, and in his twenties he put himself through college.

It was because of his story that the City Council—which just completed a study on how 9-to-12-year-old children in the city are affected by guns—invited Brown to speak at hearings on the issue. Now regarded as an expert on urban violence, he's given more than 400 lectures since *Manchild* was published in 1965.

Leafing through the report, however, Brown hesitated. According to the study, 44 percent of New York City's 12-year-olds are acquainted with a person who was shot. Brown shook his head. "I lived in a different world," he said. "When I was a teenager, we had gang fights, but—incredible as it might sound—we were experts at cutting people in a way that would *not* seriously injure them. Now, when I talk to kids at state prisons, I ask, 'Why did you bother killing somebody after you'd already mugged them for $20?' And they say, 'That's how it's done nowadays.' "

"When I was young, you had the Fagins in the community, you know, like from *Oliver Twist*, and they would mentor people in pulling stick-ups," he said, gathering his things to cross the street to City Hall. "Now kids go around posturing and killing because they think it's a rite of passage." NORMAN VANAMEE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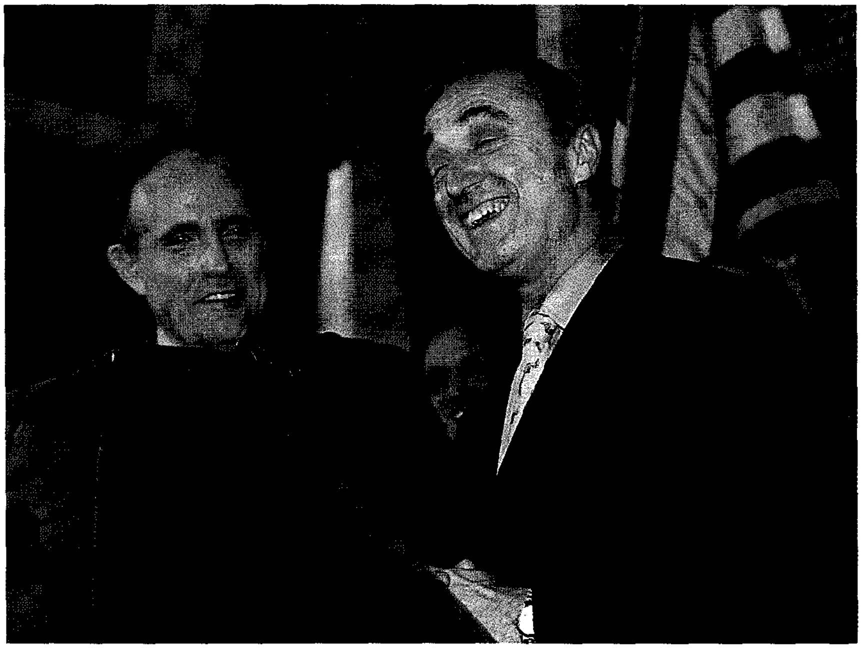
THE CITY POLITIC MICHAEL TOMASKY

He Could Be a Contender

New Yorkers might turn out for William Bratton (the Red Sox could win next year, too), but if the ex-commish wants to be mayor, he has a lot of homework to do.



Smiles all around: The mayor accepts Police Commissioner William Bratton's resignation, March 26.

NEVER BELIEVE ANYTHING UNTIL it's been officially denied, instructed the late British journalist Claude Cockburn. Why did this useful axiom assault my consciousness repeatedly last March, when William Bratton stood at Mayor Rudy Giuliani's side in the City Hall Blue Room as the two announced (a) the former's resignation as police commissioner and (b) their mutual and abiding admiration for each other?

The speculation at the time, as you'll recall, was that Bratton was leaving—being dumped—because even the biggest city in America wasn't big enough for these two. They must have said they bore each other no ill will at least fifteen times, and of course it rang hollower every time they said it, until by the end of the press conference they had in essence confirmed the impression that they despised each other.

Jump now to about three weeks ago, when the folks who produce public-opinion polls at Quinnipiac College in Hamden, Connecticut, decided to toss Bratton's name into a survey on next year's mayoral race. "We put him in," says polling director Maurice Carroll, "because his name had popped up, and we reserve the right, if you will, to make these judgments."

Fair enough. What happens next? Bratton does better than all the professional pols who've been jockeying to challenge Giuliani for months, coming in just nine points behind the mayor, at 45 to 36. Then New York One invites Bratton on the air, which opportunity the commish seizes to announce that, yes, he has been thinking about running for mayor, acknowledging with his customary humility that, among recent mayors and likely candidates, he found himself to be "admirably placed."

So what exactly is going on here? "It can be real, or it can just be *agita* for the mayor," says Ed Koch, chuckling merrily, making no effort whatsoever to conceal his glee over this mischief. "He clearly and with justification dislikes the mayor intensely. And payback time is always just before an election."

Harry K. Thaw shot Stanford White over love; but New York's most famous feud since that one is animated by less-noble impulses. It was all about ego, press notices, credit for the reduction in the crime rate. At the same time, it should be noted that the greater insecurity in the battle of egos was far and away on the mayor's side; what else motivates emptying out a subordinate's press office, as Giuliani did to Bratton not long after the latter made the cover of *Time*?

Giuliani has always been worried about Bratton, and the current mayoral spin, when viewed in light of the Cockburn principle, reflects that worry: "It would be kind of fun if Bill Bratton ran," the mayor said at a press conference last week. And Giuliani adviser Ray Harding, when asked if he thought a run by the thickly accented Boston native was a live possibility, averred, "I hope it is. Because of the curse of the Bambino. Since the Red Sox traded Babe Ruth, they've never been able to beat the Yankees."

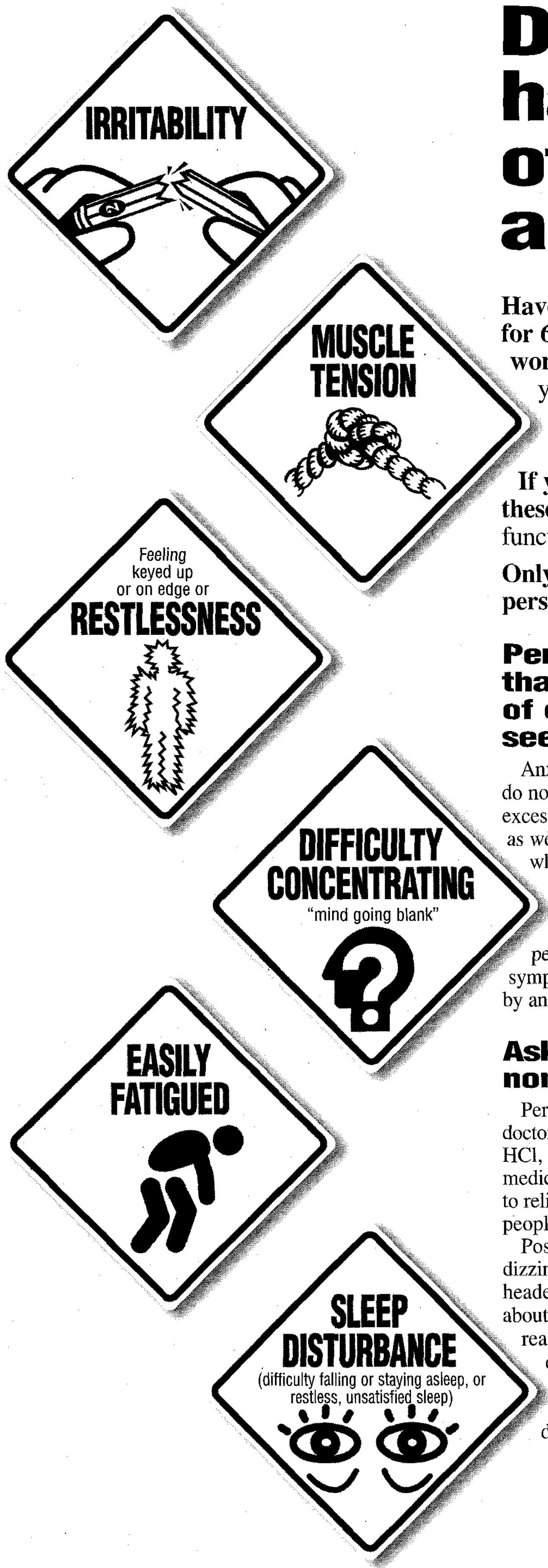
Would this be fun, or what? Most observers seem skeptical that Bratton will actually take the plunge—in the end, he needs the money, the organization, and the supporters, and it just doesn't seem likely that he could pull all that together in time. But suppose he does. What does it tell us about the condition of the local Democratic Party that someone with no public experience outside law enforcement can produce these tremors? And what, exactly, do we know about William Bratton?

BRATTON SAYS HE WILL ANNOUNCE HIS DECISION this week, after he and his wife, attorney Cheryl Fiandaca (now a local TV reporter), have cooked a turkey for the extended family at their Central Park South apartment and passed a weekend of serious contemplation. "Why belabor it?" he adds. He wouldn't give a glimmer last Tuesday afternoon when I visited him in his midtown office—he didn't know himself at that point, he said.

But he didn't sound like a person who was playing games. This didn't start with

Photograph by Frances M. Roberts

Does your life have signs of persistent anxiety?



Have you been bothered, more days than not for 6 months or more, by unrealistic, **excessive worry** that you could not control? If you have, do you also suffer from three or more of the signs and symptoms of persistent anxiety you see to the left?

If you answered yes to three or more of these, and they significantly affect your ability to function normally, see your doctor.

Only your doctor can diagnose and treat persistent anxiety.

Persistent anxiety is more than just the common stress of everyday life. Should you see your doctor?

Anxiety and tension associated with everyday life usually do not require treatment. Persistent anxiety involves excessive, unfounded worry that lasts for 6 months or more, as well as other physical and mental symptoms, some of which are described to the left of this column. If you recognize these symptoms in yourself and your doctor rules out other illnesses, you may be one of the over 10 million Americans suffering from persistent anxiety. Many people who suffer from these symptoms don't realize that these symptoms can be caused by anxiety, and that they can get help to feel better.

Ask your doctor about a nonhabit-forming medicine.

Persistent anxiety can be medically treated. So ask your doctor about anxiety therapies, including BuSpar® (buspirone HCl, USP). BuSpar is a nonhabit-forming anti-anxiety medication that works progressively over a matter of weeks to relieve anxiety symptoms. Shown to be effective for many people, BuSpar may help you feel like yourself again.

Possible side effects associated with BuSpar include dizziness, drowsiness, nausea, headache, nervousness, lightheadedness, and excitement. Your doctor will caution you about driving a car or using complex machinery until you are reasonably sure that BuSpar will not affect alertness or coordination.

Only your doctor can diagnose persistent anxiety and prescribe treatment. So ask your doctor whether BuSpar could be right for you.

Ask your doctor about BuSpar®

(buspirone HCl, USP)

Please see important additional information on next page.

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(buspirone HCl, USP)

Brief Summary of Prescribing Information, 12/94. For complete prescribing information, please consult official package circular.
CONTRAINDICATIONS
Hypersensitivity to buspirone hydrochloride.
WARNINGS
The administration of BuSpar to a patient taking a monoamine oxidase inhibitor (MAOI) may pose a hazard. Since blood pressure has become elevated when BuSpar was administered concomitantly with an MAOI, such concomitant use is not recommended. BuSpar should not be employed in lieu of appropriate antipsychotic treatment.
PRECAUTIONS
General – *Interference with cognitive and motor performance:* Although buspirone is less sedating than other anxiolytics and does not produce significant functional impairment, its CNS effects in a given patient may not be predictable: therefore, patients should be cautioned about operating an automobile or using complex machinery until they are reasonably certain that buspirone does not affect them adversely. Although buspirone has not been shown to increase alcohol-induced impairment in motor and mental performance, it is prudent to avoid concomitant use with alcohol.
Potential for withdrawal reactions in sedative/hypnotic/anxiolytic drug-dependent patients: Because buspirone will not block the withdrawal syndrome often seen with cessation of therapy with benzodiazepines and other common sedative/hypnotic drugs, before starting buspirone withdraw patients gradually from their prior treatment, especially those who used a CNS depressant chronically. Rebound or withdrawal symptoms may occur over varying time periods, depending in part on the type of drug and its elimination half-life. The withdrawal syndrome can appear as any combination of irritability, anxiety, agitation, insomnia, tremor, abdominal cramps, muscle cramps, vomiting, sweating, flu-like symptoms without fever, and occasionally, even as seizures.
Possible concerns related to buspirone's binding to dopamine receptors: Because buspirone can bind to central dopamine receptors, a question has been raised about its potential to cause acute and chronic changes in dopamine mediated neurological function (e.g., dystonia, pseudoparkinsonism, akathisia, and tardive dyskinesia). Clinical experience in controlled trials has failed to identify any significant neuroleptic-like activity; however, a syndrome of restlessness, appearing shortly after initiation of treatment, has been reported: the syndrome may be due to increased central noradrenergic activity or may be attributable to dopaminergic effects (i.e., represent akathisia).
***Information for Patients* –** Patients should be instructed to inform their physician about any medications, prescription or nonprescription, alcohol, or drugs they are now taking or plan to take during treatment with buspirone; to inform their physician if they are pregnant, are planning to become pregnant, or become pregnant while taking buspirone; to inform their physician if they are breast feeding; and not to drive a car or operate potentially dangerous machinery until they experience how medication affects them.
***Drug Interactions* –** Concomitant use with other CNS active drugs should be approached with caution (see **WARNINGS**). Concomitant use with trazodone may have caused 3- to 6-fold elevations on SGPT (ALT) in a few patients. Concomitant administration of BuSpar and haloperidol resulted in increased serum haloperidol concentrations in normal volunteers. The clinical significance is not clear. Buspirone does not displace tightly bound drugs like phenytoin, propranolol, and warfarin from serum proteins, but may displace less firmly bound drugs like digoxin. However, there was one report of prolonged prothrombin time when buspirone was given to a patient also treated with warfarin, phenytoin, phenobarbital, digoxin, and Synthroid.
***Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, Impairment of Fertility* –** No evidence of carcinogenic potential was observed in rats or mice; buspirone did not induce point mutations, nor was DNA damage observed; chromosomal aberrations or abnormalities did not occur.
***Pregnancy: Teratogenic Effects* –** Pregnancy Category B: Should be used during pregnancy only if clearly needed.
***Nursing Mothers* –** Administration to nursing women should be avoided if clinically possible.
***Pediatric Use* –** The safety and effectiveness have not been determined in individuals below 18 years of age.
***Use in the Elderly* –** No unusual, adverse, age-related phenomena have been identified in elderly patients receiving a total, modal daily dose of 15 mg.
***Use in Patients With Impaired Hepatic or Renal Function* –** Since buspirone is metabolized by the liver and excreted by the kidneys, it is not recommended in severe hepatic or renal impairment.
ADVERSE REACTIONS (See also PRECAUTIONS)
***Commonly Observed* –** The more commonly observed untoward events, not seen at an equivalent incidence in placebo-treated patients include dizziness, nausea, headache, nervousness, lightheadedness, and excitement.
***Associated With Discontinuation of Treatment* –** The more common events causing discontinuation included: central nervous system disturbances (3.4%), primarily dizziness, insomnia, nervousness, drowsiness, lightheaded feeling; gastrointestinal disturbances (1.2%), primarily nausea; miscellaneous disturbances (1.1%), primarily headache and fatigue. In addition, 3.4% of patients had multiple complaints, none of which could be characterized as primary.
***Incidence in Controlled Clinical Trials* –** Adverse events reported by 1% or more of 477 patients who received buspirone in four-week, controlled trials: *Cardiovascular:* Tachycardia/palpitations 1%. *CNS:* Dizziness 12%, drowsiness 10%, nervousness 5%, insomnia 3%, lightheadedness 3%, decreased concentration 2%, excitement 2%, anger/hostility 2%, confusion 2%, depression 2%. *EENT:* Blurred vision 2%. *Gastrointestinal:* Nausea 8%, dry mouth 3%, abdominal/gastric distress 2%,diarrhea 2%, constipation 1%, vomiting 1%.*Musculoskeletal:* Musculoskeletal aches/pains 1%. *Neurological:* Numbness 2%, paresthesia 1%, incoordination 1%, tremor 1%. *Skin:* Skin rash 1%. *Miscellaneous:* Headache 6%, fatigue 4%, weakness 2%, sweating/clamminess 1%.
***Other Events Observed During the Entire Premarketing Evaluation* –** The relative frequency of all other undesirable events reasonably associated with the use of buspirone in approximately 3000 subjects who took multiple doses under well-controlled, open, and uncontrolled conditions is defined as follows: Frequent are those occurring in at least 1/100 patients; infrequent are those occurring in 1/100 to 1/1000 patients; and rare are those occurring in less than 1/1000 patients.*Cardiovascular* – frequent: nonspecific chest pain; infrequent: syncope, hypotension, and hypertension; rare: cerebrovascular accident, congestive heart failure, myocardial infarction, cardiomyopathy, bradycardia. *Central Nervous System* – frequent: dream disturbances; infrequent: depersonalization, dysphoria, noise intolerance, euphoria, akathisia, fearfulness, loss of interest, dissociative reaction, hallucinations, suicidal ideation, seizures; rare: feelings of claustrophobia, cold intolerance, stupor, slurred speech, psychosis. *EENT* – frequent: tinnitus, sore throat, nasal congestion; infrequent: redness and itching of the eyes, altered taste, altered smell, conjunctivitis; rare: inner ear abnormality, eye pain, photophobia, pressure on eyes. *Endocrine* – rare: galactorrhea, thyroid abnormality. *Gastrointestinal* – infrequent: flatulence, anorexia, increased appetite, salivation, irritable colon, rectal bleeding; rare: burning of the tongue. *Genitourinary* – infrequent: urinary frequency, urinary hesitancy, menstrual irregularity and spotting, dysuria; rare: amenorrhea, pelvic inflammatory disease, enuresis, nocturia. *Musculoskeletal* – infrequent: muscle cramps, muscle spasms, rigid/stiff muscles, arthralgias. *Neurological* – infrequent: involuntary movements, slowed reaction time; rare: muscle weakness. *Respiratory* – infrequent: hyperventilation, shortness of breath, and chest congestion; rare: epistaxis. *Sexual Function* – infrequent: decreased or increased libido; rare: delayed ejaculation, impotence. *Skin* – infrequent: edema, pruritus, flushing, easy bruising, hair loss, dry skin, facial edema, blisters; rare: acne, thinning of nails. *Clinical Laboratory* – infrequent: increases in hepatic aminotransferases (SGOT, SGPT); rare: eosinophilia, leukopenia, thrombocytopenia. *Miscellaneous* – infrequent: weight gain, fever, roaring sensation in the head, weight loss, malaise; rare: alcohol abuse, bleeding disturbance, loss of voice, and hiccoughs.
POSTINTRODUCTION CLINICAL EXPERIENCE: Rare occurrences of allergic reactions (including urticaria), cogwheel rigidity, dystonic reactions, ataxias, extrapyramidal symptoms, dyskinesias (acute and tardive), ecchymosis, emotional lability, tunnel vision, and urinary retention have been reported. Because of the uncontrolled nature of these spontaneous reports, a causal relationship to BuSpar has not been determined.
DRUG ABUSE AND DEPENDENCE
***Controlled Substance Class* –** Not a controlled substance.
***Physical and Psychological Dependence* –** Buspirone has shown no potential for abuse or diversion and there is no evidence that it causes tolerance, or either physical or psychological dependence. However, since it is difficult to predict from experiments the extent to which a CNS-active drug will be misused, diverted, and/or abused once marketed, physicians should carefully evaluate patients for a history of drug abuse and follow such patients closely, observing them for signs of buspirone misuse or abuse (e.g., development of tolerance, incrementation of dose, drug-seeking behavior).
OVERDOSAGE
***Signs and Symptoms* –** At doses approaching 375 mg/day the following symptoms were observed: nausea, vomiting, dizziness, drowsiness, miosis, and gastric distress. A few cases of overdosage have been reported with complete recovery as the usual outcome. No deaths have been reported following overdosage with BuSpar alone. Rare cases of intentional overdosage with a fatal outcome were invariably associated with ingestion of multiple drugs/or alcohol, and causal relationship to buspirone could not be determined.
***Recommended Overdose Treatment* –** General symptomatic and supportive measures should be used along with immediate gastric lavage. No specific antidote is known and dialyzability of buspirone has not been determined.

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a poll. He began thinking seriously about running this summer, he says, after having a power breakfast with comptroller Alan Hevesi—who bowed out of contention, interestingly enough, last week. Since then, Bratton has been talking to "friends, acquaintances, people who are knowledgeable about politics." And as for giving Rudy *agita*—well, if his goal was simply to do that, wouldn't he string it out? He could ruin the mayor's Christmas if he wanted to. "I'm not a person who needles for the sake of needling," he says.

So, yeah, he's serious. But what makes him think he can be mayor? Being a cop, even a very good one, is one thing. But mayor . . . After he lost to David Dinkins in 1989, Giuliani once told me, he felt looking back at that race that he hadn't really known city government as well as a mayor should. He commenced a two-year crash course of meetings with experts in every imaginable field.

Bratton doesn't seem to have done much of that yet. I asked him about the budget and the city's fiscal problems; he alluded to having had "a few meetings" with the Citizens Budget Commission, a leading budget-watchdog group, but that was it.

He explains that he doesn't really want to talk yet. Beyond describing himself as a "moderate" (usually a registered independent, he recently re-registered as a Democrat and endorsed Bill Clinton for president), Bratton wouldn't discuss his positions on issues. Understandable, perhaps; if he decides not to run and remains a private citizen, he has a right to keep his views to himself. But if he does run, he'll have to drop the privacy act very quickly. "At this juncture, I fully appreciate that I am something of an enigma," he says.

Well, for an enigma, he is a pretty tangible one. In the Quinnipiac poll, he ran strongly even in a potential Democratic primary, scoring 16 percent to Ruth Messinger's winning 18 percent. That says something about voters' dissatisfaction with the likely candidates, and indeed about the frayed and confused condition of the party itself.

But it also says that New Yorkers think enough of the job Bratton did as commissioner to think about promoting him. And for those looking for the anti-Rudy, there is no one who more emphatically fits that description than the man whom the mayor so churlishly demonized. The Red Sox are still long shots, but they're bound to beat the Yankees one of these days. ▬

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The New AIDS Underclass

While protease inhibitors are the most powerful weapons yet against AIDS, they don't work for everyone, and those who aren't getting better are getting forgotten.

No one is more of a cynic than Spencer Cox, a 28-year-old activist who has battled HIV for most of his adult life. But when he began taking protease inhibitors last March, he had no choice but to believe the drugs' advance press. Ever since they became available last winter, they have been hailed as near miraculous. The press has been filled with accounts of back-from-death experiences of AIDS patients who have rebounded on the drugs. The clamor reached a crescendo this past month, with cover stories in both *The New York Times Magazine* and *Newsweek* unbottling the word *cure*. The news has been greeted with such a sense of celebration that even jaded activists have grown slightly giddy. A few doctors have even voiced concern that the compound would gain use as a morning-after pill, an acceptable price to pay for an evening's indiscretion. Suddenly, it became easy to believe that the end of the age of AIDS was in sight.

AIDS activist and sufferer Spencer Cox: The protease miracle was no miracle for him.

But not for Spencer Cox. While protease inhibitors have been remarkably effective in treating many AIDS victims, thousands more have either not been helped or suffered such debilitating and painful side effects that they've wondered whether the "cure" isn't worse than the disease. Cox, who directs the antiviral project of the elite Treatment Action Group, is part of this new AIDS underclass. Since being diagnosed in 1991, he had tried nearly every drug in the armamentarium, watching as their benefits diminished over time. So nobody brought greater expectations to protease inhibitors than did Cox. But in the nine months he has been taking the drugs, the level of the virus in his bloodstream has gone up, not down, and the drugs have brought terrible side effects. Cox has been crushed by the experience not just physically but emotionally. "I've failed," he says.

According to leading AIDS clinicians, between 10 percent and 30 percent of people with HIV do not benefit from the new protease regimen; by some estimates, 10,000 people have become cross-resistant to two or more protease drugs. And it appears that the longer people have been infected, the less likely they are to muster the dramatic physical rally that has won protease inhibitors such high praise.

Despite these failures, the euphoria over protease continues unabated, fueled not by pharmaceutical marketers but by the media. In recent weeks, reporters have besieged researchers and doctors associated with the disease. Howard Grossman, an AIDS specialist with 400 HIV-positive patients, says he has received calls from NBC, CNBC, and ABC. "They all want to know, is it a cure? And I keep saying, 'Why are you even asking me that?' "

The answer is simple. After a decade of unremitting despair, everybody is eager to imagine a cure for AIDS. But declaring the epidemic at an end is not only premature, it has a dangerous side effect: It marginalizes those who are sickest, reversing the strides activists have made in bringing the disease into the public eye and removing the stigma from those who suffer from it.

James Learned, deputy director of the People With AIDS Health Group, says he got a call from a network last week seeking a person with HIV to profile. "They were looking for somebody who was about to die who is suddenly dancing in the streets," he says. "And I said, 'What about somebody who it *isn't* working for?' And they said, 'No, thanks.' "

As the drugs become more prevalent, the HIV-positive community has begun to be divided in a kind of viral apartheid, separating those for whom the drug has succeeded from those for whom it has failed; those who now expect to live from those who don't. It is like the sensation that soldiers experience in a war when a cease-fire is declared, but they're still under fire, says clinical psychologist Walt Odets. "The feeling is, everybody else will survive and you are going to be the last one to die of this thing and that makes it feel meaningless."

"For people who are getting sicker it's horrible," adds Dr. Grossman. "I think they're feeling like there's something wrong with them, because they're sup-

Photograph by Catherine McGann.

posed to get better. And people don't want to see them still out there in the community. This is supposed to be over. The feeling of isolation has got to be immense."

A new joke making the rounds suggests that with the end of AIDS the gay community can channel the impressive resources it has poured into AIDS into finding a cure for male pattern baldness. Those still facing death can't be blamed for thinking the joke is on them.

THERE IS NO QUESTION THAT PROTEASE INhibitors—taken in cocktails that include older drugs like AZT—are an enormously powerful weapon against AIDS. A huge number of people have literally risen from their death beds, gone off disability, and called off the business of calling off their lives. An early study found the drugs worked on 80 percent of those who try them. Viral load often drops below detectable levels and stays there. However, nobody believes that a drop in viral load entails a cure in itself. The immune system remains in tatters, and nobody knows what it will take to repair the damage, or how long it will continue to function. "Few have taken these drugs for longer than three years," cautions Thaddeus Grimes-Gruczka, the program director at Cornell Clinical Trials Unit; therefore, nobody knows how long they can be tolerated. "Many people are getting better," he says, "but there are still tremendous problems with these drugs."

One major problem is lack of access. Protease pills are extremely expensive. The triple-drug combinations that have been most effective cost $55 *a day*. Undoubtedly, that's partly why fewer than 200,000 of the million or more Americans with HIV have begun protease therapy. But even for those who can afford them, the drugs may prove daunting. The most common trouble comes in the form of intolerable side effects, ranging from nausea and diarrhea to shooting pains, tremors, and worse.

Many patients happily endure these traumas for a new chance at life. "I'm amazed how much I can put up with," says a corporate lawyer from the Upper East Side. His simplest side effects are dry mouth, recurring nausea, and the constant taste of metal. They're entirely endurable. But not the neuropathic pangs in his limbs: His hands are numb, and there is an unbearable shooting pain in his heels, a pain he is at a loss to describe. Carpets feel like broken glass on his feet. "At night, the gates of pain open up. That's when you say, 'Okay, I'll deal with *this* monster now,' " he says.

Powerful narcotics mask the pain and allow him a shuffling mobility but slur his speech and leave him sluggish. The pain has been so bad that he has gone on disability, at 30—the drugs managed to do what his illness had not. Doctors have said he would likely recover by halting the medications. But he presses on, because lab tests prove the protease inhibitors are working. "I've resigned myself to the thought that I'm going to feel medicated for the rest of my life," he says. "It beats AIDS."

That sort of trade-off has been questioned by some activists, who worry that by pursuing the uncertain promise of longevity, some people may be wrongly leveraging their quality of life. "A lot of people tend to minimize the side effects they're experiencing because of the hype," says Becky Trotter, the editor of the People With AIDS Coalition's newsletter. Trotter is not one of them. Her pain threshold was already breached by the antiviral drugs that are key to the combination cocktail. A drug called d4T has given her excruciating neuropathy in her legs and hands, and she went off the medication. Still, friends are encouraging her to try the cycle one more time—and add the proteases. "I tell them, 'Get off my back, this is my life!' I should be on it because all my friends are on it? Excuse me if I don't want to live like that."

JULES LEVIN COULD NOT HAVE IGNORED HIS side effects—percolating toxins in his liver were doing serious damage. Levin, founder of the National AIDS Treatment Advocacy Project, was an early and enthusiastic proponent of protease therapy. But weeks into his first cycle, his skin turned splotchy and peeled off his head and face, and his liver produced huge quantities of dangerous enzymes. Soon after, he started on a second brand of protease, with similar liver trouble. "I felt a special pain," he says. "Having worked so hard for others, I felt like I couldn't benefit myself. That was tremendously difficult to handle."

Recently, Levin's condition has begun to improve. He has finally managed to stay on a protease inhibitor long enough to manage his side effects and experience some benefit. But there are no guarantees. For certain people, the impact of the drugs can drop off suddenly, after which HIV resumes its destructive course.

For Spencer Cox, protease has had no impact at all. His first-choice drug made him dizzy and disoriented, and set his skin on fire. "It hurt to comb my hair," he says. "The elastic on my underwear was painful." Then *(continued on page 116)*

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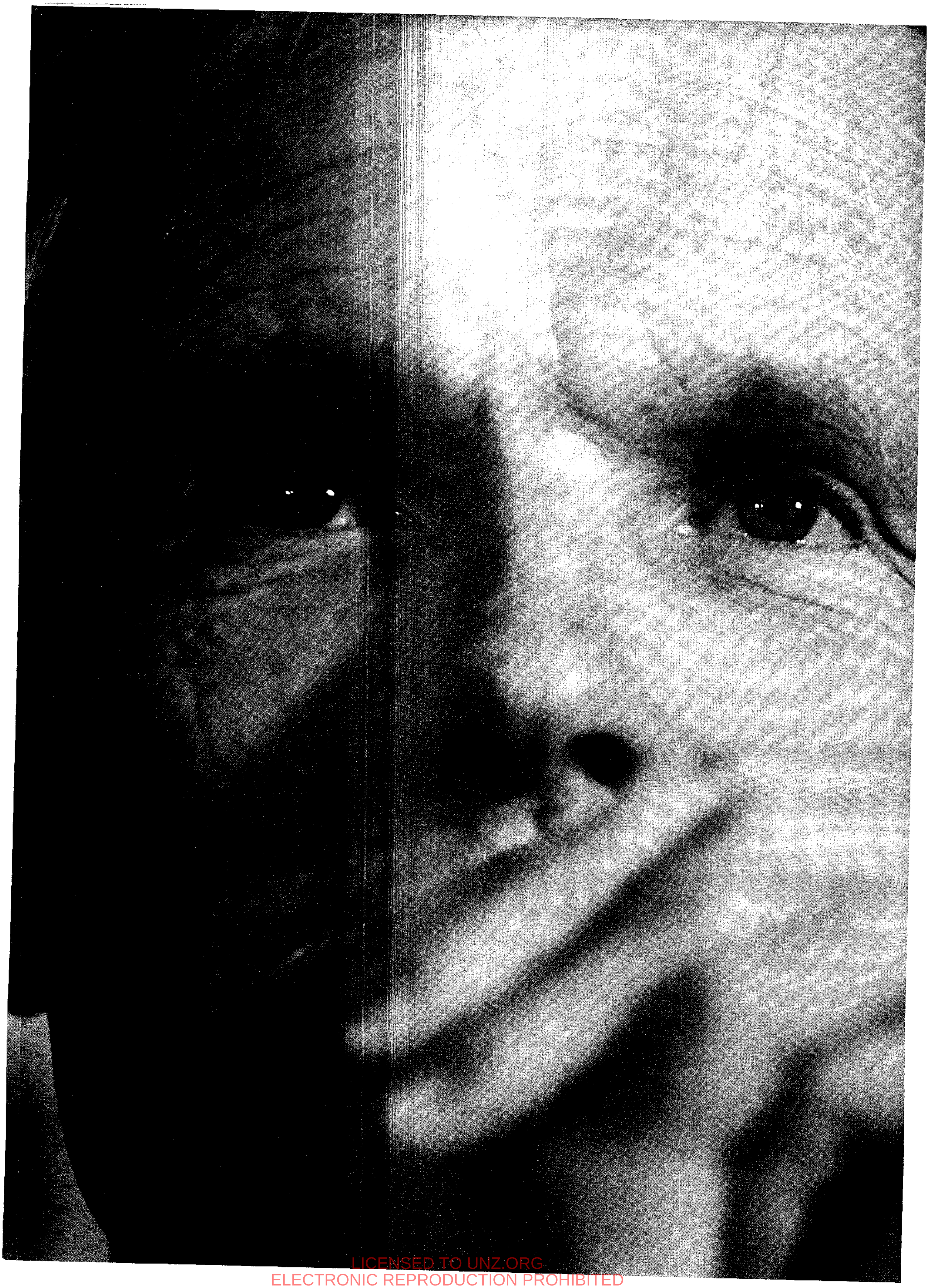
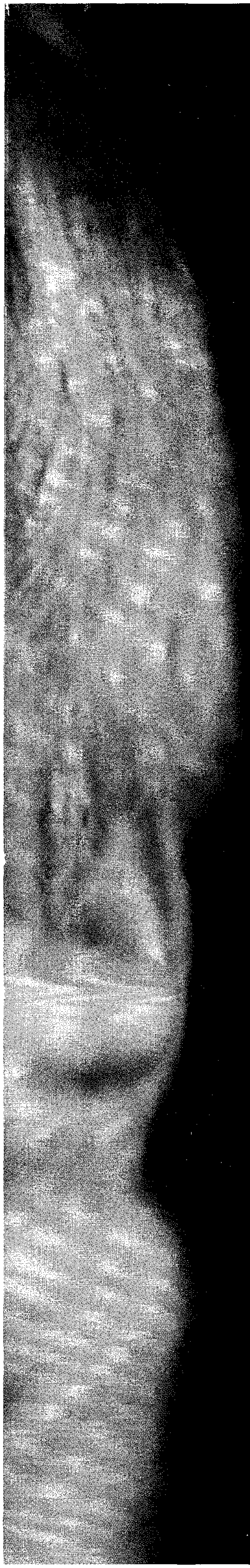
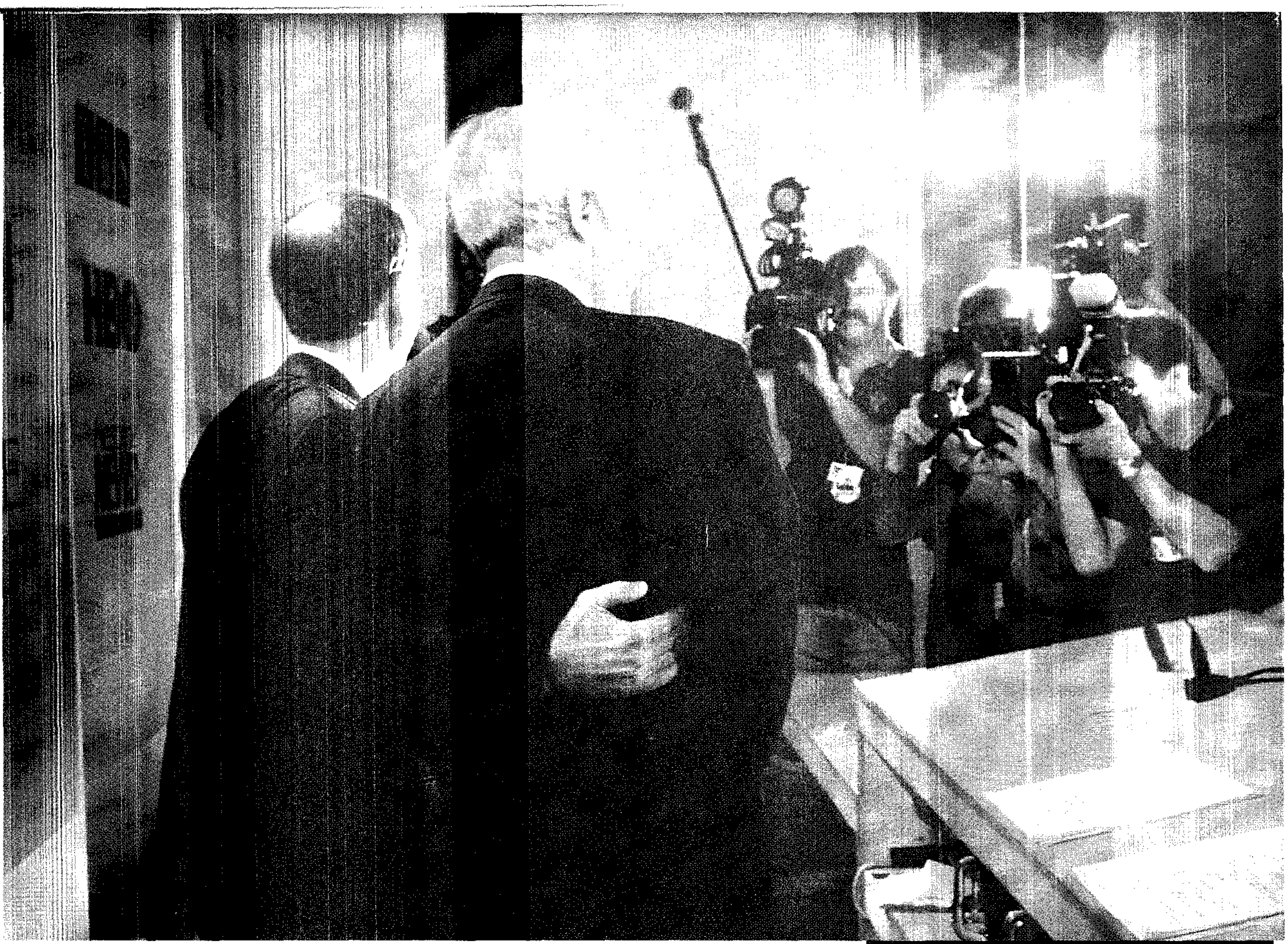




TED TURNER AMONG THE SUITS

HAVING SOLD HIS COMPANY AND HIS FREEDOM TO TIME WARNER FOR BILLIONS, THE COWBOY CAPITALIST FINDS HIMSELF IN AN UNUSUAL SPOT: WORKING FOR SOMEONE ELSE. CAN A FIRST-CLASS EGO PLAY SECOND FIDDLE? BY SUZANNA ANDREWS



BUDDY SYSTEM: Turner and Levin last year announcing Time Warner's purchase of Turner Broadcasting.

AS SPEAKER AFTER SPEAKER STEPPED TO THE PODIUM IN the Plaza's Grand Ballroom to pay him tribute last month, Ted Turner fidgeted and fiddled with the bow tie on his tuxedo. He whispered to Jane Fonda, who tried valiantly to maintain the fixed, adoring gaze of a dutiful corporate wife. By the time former mayor Abe Beame presented Turner with the Friars Foundation "lifetime achievement" award for courage and vision and contributions and so forth to the media world, Turner was slouched in his seat, yawning. ■ The gala, given by the philanthropic arm of the national comedians' club, was another in a string of honorary lunches and black-tie dinners that New York's Establishment has thrown in Turner's honor since his official arrival on the New York scene in October, when the Atlantan became vice-chairman of Time Warner. As he rose to speak, though, Turner seemed thrilled at being the center of attention, grinning and waving as the crowd applauded him, but not so moved as to have bothered preparing remarks. "I don't know all of what the Friars Club does, but you have a lot of fun and everybody dances," he began. He rambled on about the music business and Time Warner being "No. 1 in everything" and then, sensing that his audience was beginning to lose interest, he paused. "In everything, except, you know," he said, a huge grin on his face, "*bullshit*." Turner beamed as the audience laughed and applauded. But once back in his seat, he tuned out completely. When the lights were dimmed in preparation for the evening's entertainment in his honor—a show by the comedian Alan King—Turner took Fonda by the arm and walked out, leaving the comedian embarrassed and angry. "Fuck Ted Turner," King screamed as the crowd applauded loudly. "Rupert Murdoch was right," King continued, referring to a New York *Post* headline. "You are nuts." A *Daily News* writer rushed out to phone the story in for the next morning's paper, and a wan Time Warner executive turned to a fellow guest. "We're not No. 1 in bullshit," he said, . . . "yet."

Yes, Ted Turner is here, and it has been almost impossible to miss him. From his suite at the Waldorf-Astoria, Turner has repeatedly emerged, with Fonda almost always at his side, to share himself with the city—free-associating on a range of topics, from Adolf Hitler and killing Murdoch, with whom he continues to feud famously, to his outrage at the U.S. government's opposition to the re-election of U.N. secretary-general Boutros Boutros-Ghali. As they did that night at the Friars Club dinner, people who have encountered Turner have reacted with a combination of amusement at Turner's outrageousness and surprise that a man who has recently ascended to new heights of wealth and influence would appear so restless, so angry, so unsatisfied.

Turner is now second in command at the largest media conglomerate in the world. When he sold his company, Turner Broadcasting Systems, to Time Warner on October 10, he also became a vastly richer man. Of the $7.5 billion Time Warner paid for the 88 percent of TBS it didn't al-

Photographs: previous page, Lisa Quinones/Black Star; this page, John Mantel/Sipa, opposite page, Patrick McMullan.

"WAS IT BETTER TO HAVE JERRY LEVIN IN HIS SHORTS, OR JACK WELCH? OR MICHAEL EISNER?" ASKS ONE BOARD MEMBER.

ready own, Turner got about $2.3 billion–worth of Time Warner stock. All in all, it would appear that Turner cut a fabulous deal for himself—one that was not only a testament to the enormous value of the company he built, but also one that has made him, with 11 percent of Time Warner's stock, the company's largest shareholder, a position that gives him possibly more power to shape Time Warner than even the No. 2 title suggests.

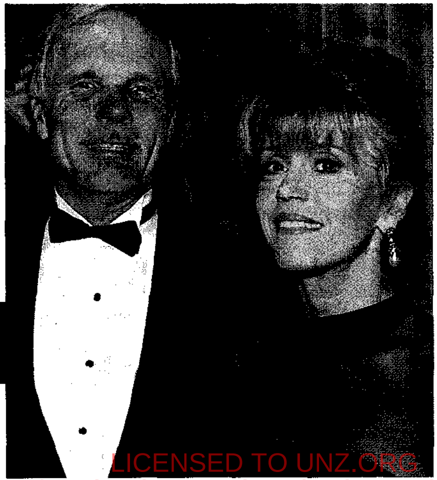
At moments, Turner has seemed to relish his new status. "I like being on the inside looking out," he told a group of media executives recently. But his friends say that far from being at peace, Turner is confused, deeply ambivalent about the deal. "I don't think that Ted knows what he wants to do now," says one friend. Pity Ted Turner: He is almost incomprehensibly wealthy, but he is no longer his own man.

Rude, raw, and often outrageous, Turner has been enormously successful in business and is almost unanimously regarded by his peers as having real vision. But Turner has also come to be defined by his years of weird public behavior. This is, after all, the man who slid under the table, drunk, at a nationally televised press conference after he won the America's Cup in 1977; who put a *Playboy* model he was sleeping with on CNN as the host of a news show; who rolled a baseball with his nose across Atlanta's Fulton County Stadium, home of Turner's Braves. What all this has camouflaged is the Turner who has taken enormous risks to build a company that was a pioneer in cable TV, that virtually invented the concept of 24-hour news. But the wildness is a genuine expression of Turner's driving impulse: his lifelong struggle for personal freedom.

There were tears in Turner's eyes as he addressed the final Turner Broadcasting Systems shareholders meeting, held at the Time-Life building this past October. For its money, Time Warner got the keys to CNN, TNT, Turner Classics, the Cartoon Network, New Line Cinema, the Atlanta Braves, and the Atlanta Hawks. It also got the keys to Ted Turner. The man who had never worked for anyone else had agreed to be subordinate, to turn the company he had spent his life building over to a group of corporate executives who, starting with Time Warner's chairman, Gerald Levin, and moving on down, have a reputation for being among the most personally ambitious, cutthroat, and controlling executives in the business. Ted Turner, as Rupert Murdoch snarkily put it, "seems to have sold out to the Establishment in his declining years."

TED TURNER WAS IN A TIGHT SPOT WHEN Jerry Levin showed up at Turner's Montana ranch last August to propose corporate marriage. Two months earlier, Turner had met Michael Milken in Los Angeles for breakfast. "Ted called me up and asked me if I could help him try to figure out what direction his company should go in," Milken recalled in an interview last May. What Milken had to tell him, and what Turner probably already knew, was not encouraging. "I thought the world was changing," Milken said, "and that he was going to face enormous competition in his basic cable-network business." CNN had never before faced any challenges, but, Milken told him, the days of easy money and dominant market share were ending. Turner had to protect the "brand name" of CNN and his other cable properties.

There were other things bothering Turner as well. His biggest shareholders, Time Warner and Tele-Communications, Inc., had wide-ranging veto power over his decisions, and they frequently used it. When Turner went to see Milken, he was considering several options. One was to buy back Time Warner's share of TBS. Under pressure from investors to lighten Time Warner's massive debt, Levin had been toying with the idea of getting out of Turner's company. The other option Turner had in mind was a bold if slightly desperate plan to raise the billions necessary to buy CBS. Turner had long wanted to purchase a network to expand distribution for his programs, and he had been in talks over the years with all the networks. Milken says he objected to Turner's plan to bid for the network—"I felt it wasn't something that Turner was prepared to do or could do," he says. But sources close to Turner say that Milken nevertheless—in return for the promise of a large fee—raised much of the money to finance that bid. (That Milken has repeatedly denied this is not surprising. If he did do it, he may have been in violation of his parole. The issue is currently under investigation by the SEC.)



OVERLY TOASTED: With Fonda at last month's Friars Club roast.

It is very doubtful, however, that Turner would have gotten approval from his own board to buy CBS. Levin had objected to Turner's previous feints at a network, but this time, other board members as well had serious doubts about the feasibility of piling so much debt onto TBS's fragile frame. Robert Shaye, a TBS board member and chairman of New Line Cinema, says Turner "got corporate advice from people he respected that if he had gone ahead with CBS, it would have put a huge damper on the market value of the company." Another board member says more bluntly: "CBS would have put him in the same kind of peril he was in in 1986," referring to Turner's purchase of MGM, which nearly lost him his own company.

But Turner knew that TBS needed "bulk, strength, and financial clout to be able to meet the competition," as Shaye puts it. And he needed it fast. Murdoch had just shored up his American television operation with an investment in Ronald Perelman's New World; NBC was well capitalized; CBS was likely to go to a buyer with deep pockets. The real "corporate writing on the wall," says Shaye, was Disney's purchase of ABC, which had been announced the previous month. So when Levin appeared on Turner's Montana doorstep last summer, Turner saw him as a potential savior. "Was it better to have Jerry Levin in his shorts, or Jack Welch? Or Michael Eisner?" asks one TBS board member. By the time the TBS board met the following Monday, Turner had become convinced that merging with Time Warner was his best option. "Ted *had* to sell the company," the board member says.

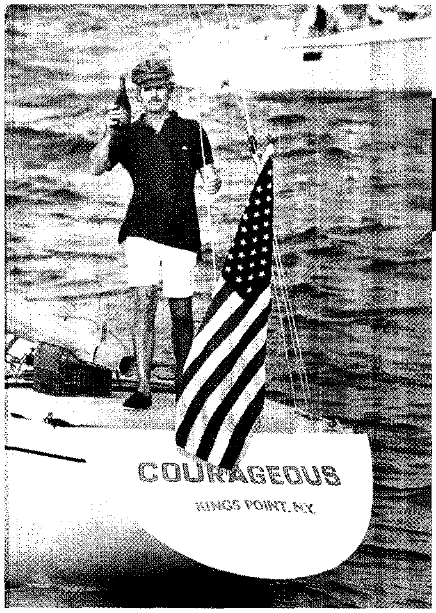
"I think what Ted has done is, he's made a calculated gamble, as he's done all his life," says Time Warner's president, Richard Parsons. "This is a guy who is a real entrepreneur. He understands risks and rewards. Time Warner is the best place for him to find what he needs to breathe new life into those cable networks. Here, he's traded off some level of control for some level of certainty of a source of supply." Parsons, the respected former chairman of the Dime Savings Bank, is right about one thing: Turner's business life has been filled with gambles. He's always won before. But Time Warner is a different matter entirely.

TED TURNER INHERITED THE FAMILY BILLboard company upon his father's death in 1963. At least he inherited part of it; as if to force his son to show his mettle, Edward Turner II sold the most profitable part of the company to another Atlanta businessman shortly before he died. Most people expected Turner simply to sell off the remainder of the company and live easily off the windfall. Enraged at what his father had done to him, Turner did the opposite. He browbeat the businessman into selling him back the Atlanta business, cashing in several family homes and going into debt to pay for it.

It was the first of many such acts of brinkmanship. As Turner built his company, he always seemed half willing to destroy it. From billboards, he made the risky move of buying several financially troubled radio stations, using his billboards to advertise the stations into profitability. In 1970, with no experience in television, just a hunch that it might turn out to be profitable, he bought a nearly bankrupt independent UHF television station. The purchase almost bankrupted him. The next year, over the objections of his board, he bought another UHF station. Six years later, Turner pioneered the concept of a "superstation," transmitting his local station's signal to cable systems around the country via satellite.

What Turner had created was not just a profitable new business but a whole new way of thinking about television. Turner was among the first of today's media tycoons to understand how valuable programming content would become as new cable, satellite, and telephony technologies multiplied the ways in which it could be distributed into people's homes. This is why he bought the Atlanta Braves in 1976—broadcasting their games on his TBS network—and the Hawks in 1977, and Hanna-Barbera in 1991, using the latter to create the Cartoon Network, and why he bought New Line Cinema in 1993. And why in 1980 he started CNN.

CNN chewed up about $35 million of Turner's money in its first year of operation. Although it later became a virtual cash machine for Turner Broadcasting, it was a venture that was by no means guaranteed to succeed. Turner was seduced, in part, by the fat profits television news operations were kicking off in the late seventies. And he saw that cable-systems operators were starved for new content to expand their burgeoning business. There was big money, he believed, in providing it for them.



PARTY ON: In 1977 celebrating his victory in the America's Cup. Turner often seemed distracted by leisure pursuits, but he was always in control.

As former executives recall, Turner was hardly in the office at all the year that CNN was getting off the ground. Refusing even at this critical juncture in his business to be hemmed in, he spent much of his time in sailing races, trying to qualify to defend the America's Cup. In the midst of key negotiations on CNN, one of Turner's executives looked up at a nearby television to see the news that a monster storm had hit, killing 23 of Turner's competitors. There was a moment of shock when it seemed Turner had died. Actually, he won the race. (Later, he exulted: "We're not talking about the other people who died, but to be able to face it all and come through, that is exhilarating.")

Of his many risky moves, the riskiest came in 1985, when Turner shelled out nearly $1.6 billion to buy MGM, the troubled film studio. Today, MGM's library of 4,000 movies, the backbone of three TBS channels, generates nice profits for TBS. But the 1985 deal almost destroyed him. Unable to borrow the necessary money from banks, Turner turned to Milken, who raised it through his junk-bond operation. But the terms of the financing were so onerous, it appeared almost inevitable that Milken's old client Kirk Kerkorian—the tough deal-maker who sold MGM to Turner—would not only repossess the studio but seize control of TBS as well. Turner saved TBS by selling off big chunks of MGM and accepting what was in essence a bailout by several cable operators—including Time Warner and TCI—who took control of 40 percent of TBS and several board seats.

Turner's modus operandi has seemed borderline crazy to some people, but that may be due to his success at hiding a highly controlling management style. Turner may show up in his office only six days a month, but his presence is widely felt. He phones in every day to all his executives; he reads volumes of documents and memos, returning them daily with comment. "He has a photographic memory," says one former colleague. "He can glance at a five-page memo and tell you what he doesn't like about paragraph 20, line 4." But Turner's chief method of control is through the people he has gathered around him. A sharply intuitive judge of character, Turner has surrounded himself over the years with "men who understood him and who he knew well," says a former colleague. So well that when Turner started to see a therapist, he made his top executives go to his sessions to help the therapist understand him better.

WHEN PEERS DESCRIBE TURNER, THEY USE words like *emotional, unpredictable,* and *intuitive* as if to mask their confusion about what drives him. Amassing wealth has not seemed to be a motivator for Turner (in fact, he has urged billionaires to give away more of their money), nor have conventional measures of importance or power appeared to mean much, either. More than most other American businessmen, Turner has allowed the issues in his personal life to echo in his business dealings. Both seem to be marked by struggles for control and dominance.

In 1981, the year after he had established CNN and three years after he had first made it onto the *Forbes* 400, Turner was in the middle of giving a speech when he suddenly stopped talking and picked up a copy of *Success* magazine that featured him on its cover. He held the magazine overhead, looking up at the ceiling beseechingly. "Is this enough for you, Dad?" he whispered as his surprised audience looked on.

Ted Turner's father killed himself when Turner was 25. By the time he died, Ed Turner was frequently drunk and afflicted with manic-depression. A rough, hard-liv-

HE HAD REHEARSED WHAT HE WOULD SAY TO HIS ASSASSIN: "'THANKS FOR NOT COMING SOONER.' PRETTY GOOD, HUH?"

Photographs: this page, UPI/Corbis-Bettmann opposite page, Linda Best.

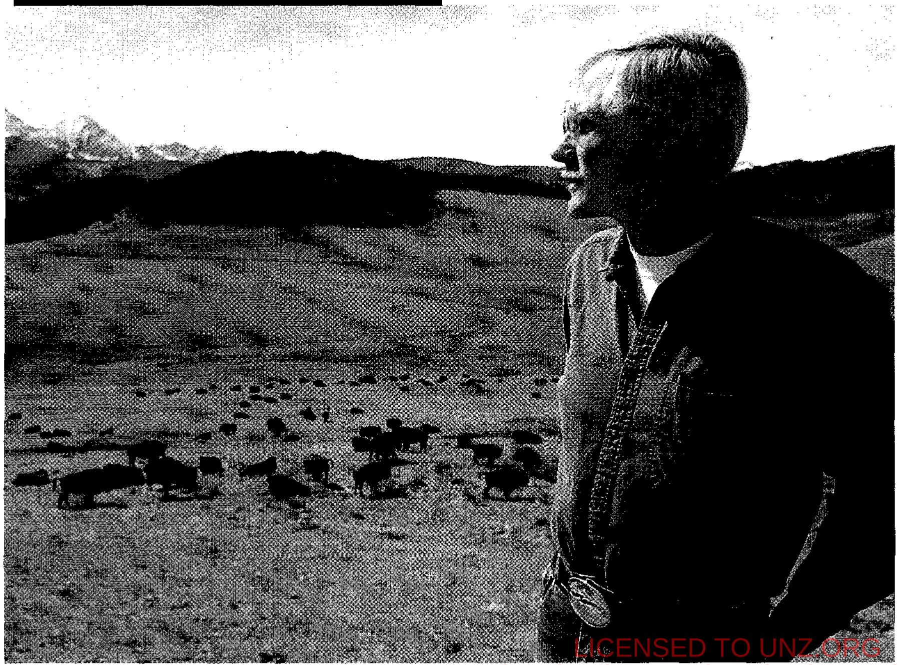
ing man, he believed that men did better in life if they grew up without affection. "He believed insecurity bred greatness," Ted Turner's first wife, Judy Nye, once said. And Ed Turner worked hard to make his son a great man.

Ted Turner was sent away from home at the age of 3 to live with his grandparents. At 6, he was shipped off to a military boarding school. His father, who doted on Turner's younger sister, abused his son in equal proportion. Turner's mother eventually left her husband in part because of how he treated his son, but for years she looked the other way as Ted was beaten with belts and wire coat hangers. "Ted's parents did very little to raise him," says his biographer, the media-investment banker Porter Bibb. "He was essentially raised by his father's black chauffeur, Jimmy Brown. Jimmy took him to school, met his teachers, and taught him to sail."

At school, Turner was, not surprisingly, a loner with serious behavioral problems. By the time he was 10, he had developed an ability to endure any punishment and mock it, once forcing the teachers to change the favored punishment of running laps because Turner could run forever and still laugh about it. By the time he entered Brown in 1956, he had developed into a young man who seemed to seek out conflict, partly for the attention it got him and partly to prove that he could do what he wanted to. This included painting swastikas on the doors of the Jewish students and KKK "warnings" on the doors of black students.

He was voracious reader and could quote entire passages from the Bible and from the great poets. He majored in the classics, which infuriated his father, prompting a letter from the elder Turner that oozed scorn for his son. "I almost puked on the way home today," his father wrote, disgusted that his son would do something that would "set you apart from the doers of the world . . . I think you are rapidly becoming a jackass." Ted Turner tossed the humiliation back in his father's face: He had the letter printed in its entirety in the Brown *Daily Herald*. Turner was eventually thrown out of Brown in his junior year for the comparatively mild infraction of having a woman in his dorm room, which delighted his father, who in an about-face welcomed him home and into the family business.

BIG PICTURE: In Montana with his bison in 1991. Turner watchers doubt he will be able to leave the fray and retire to the life of a gentleman rancher.



Shortly after the MGM fiasco, Ted Turner was diagnosed as manic-depressive and put on lithium. He had talked about suicide and at times appeared convinced he would be murdered before he turned 50. He had rehearsed what he would say to his assassin: "Thanks for not coming sooner." "Pretty good, huh?" he said of his parting line. "He might laugh so hard he'd decide not to shoot me."

Turner had been urged to see a therapist by his second wife, Jane Smith, in an effort to save their marriage. As a family man, Turner had turned out like his father: He was physically rough with his wife; he humiliated her with his open philandering, and on the rare occasions when he was home, he was rough with his sons. Two of his five children were from his first marriage. That wife, Judy Nye, left him after an incident during a yacht race. Nye, pregnant with their second child, was in the lead when Turner, refusing to be beaten by a woman, rammed her boat. After their divorce, Turner took their children from her, simply refusing to return them after a court-ordered visitation. She didn't see her children again for twelve years.

Therapy and lithium helped create a kinder, gentler Turner. He financed and inaugurated the Goodwill Games, he began to fund environmental programs and to worry about population control, and he became mildly obsessed with the idea that he could orchestrate world peace, once writing a movie treatment that would star Turner as himself brokering negotiations between Reagan and Gorbachev. "Ted really wants to be needed," says a man who worked with him. "On a big scale. Like the president of the United States coming to him and saying: 'Ted, the country needs you to do this or that.' "

In his striving to be important, to be taken seriously, to do something good with his life, Turner could probably have found no more perfect a soulmate than Jane Fonda. "I am happy I have finally met a woman who is my equal," Turner has said. He takes Fonda virtually everywhere he goes and when she isn't there manages to get in a plug for her, even during the recent road show he and Jerry Levin made to persuade Wall Street analysts and investors to support the merger of their two companies. "He is clearly very proud of her," says one media analyst who attended one of the meetings. On a personal level, Fonda has put Turner on an exercise regimen and a diet and gotten him to stop drinking. She also persuaded him to stop using the tomahawk chop in cheering for the Braves on the grounds that it was insensitive to Native Americans—he now uses the "palmahawk wave," a Native American peace gesture.

Fonda has also had a significant influence on Turner professionally. She was present when Levin proposed that Turner sell his company to Time Warner and is said to have urged Turner to accept the offer. "Look, now you've got two bosses, so you can't go left or right," Fonda reportedly told her husband, referring to Levin and TCI's John Malone. "And here you're not really selling but merging. You can work with Jerry."

TED TURNER AND JERRY LEVIN ARE A STUDY in contrasts, a fact strikingly apparent to people who have seen the two men together. There is an almost comical element to their pairing. Levin, the agonist, is buttoned-up, serious, slow to get the joke; Turner, grinning his shit-eating grin, prowls around the podium, whispering witty asides. Turner has seemed to delight in throwing out little hints that all is not as it seems—his most startling, and revealing, expostulation came at the press conference last year in which he and Levin announced their merger. "I'm kind of a white knight," Turner blurted out, suggesting that he was rescuing Levin, not vice versa. "Okay," Levin said, sounding a bit like a desperate teacher trying to regain control of his class.

"If you look closely at Levin's face, you can see that he's a little scared of Ted," says a TBS executive. "They're all scared to death of him."

There is good reason for the uneasiness. In his four years at the helm of Time Warner, Levin has proved his talents as a ruthless corporate infighter who has repeatedly, and at great cost to Time Warner, moved to consolidate his power. For Levin, buying Turner was part of his personal manifest destiny, intended as a coup that would cement his company's dominance in the global media business and stamp his own signature on Time Warner. But that may not happen. Time Warner is a powerful company, with a vast array of valuable businesses, but it is vulnerable. When Steve Ross died, he left Levin with a debt load that is now close to $16 billion, a complicated capital structure, and a set of hard-to-manage subsidiaries.

Levin has not improved things. Last year, he loaded another $3 billion of debt onto Time Warner, buying two cable companies; he got rid of six top executives in a bloodbath that cost the company more than $100 million in severance. Levin has seemed passive in the face of a stock price that "has done nothing in four years, absolutely nothing," as Merrill Lynch media analyst Jessica Reif puts it. Time Warner shareholders are furious, and their ire is directed at Levin. The chairman has committed himself to a plan to boost the company's stock, which includes selling off cable assets and simplifying its debt structure, but he is under heavy pressure.

"It's very clear that the most generous thing you can say to Jerry Levin is, 'This is a good program and you better execute it in six to eight months.' Otherwise, it's over," says Larry Haverty, an executive at State Street, which owns a large block of Time Warner. And Haverty is not alone. Several powerful shareholders, who together hold 30 percent of Time Warner's stock, are also watching Levin closely: Edgar Bronfman Jr., the chairman of Seagram's; Gordon Crawford, the powerful media investor at Capital Research and Management; and TCI's Malone. Crawford and Malone are both close friends of Turner's and are said by a source close to them to be more than willing to push Turner as their candidate for chairman of Time Warner if Levin stumbles—that is, if Turner wants the job.

The two men have done some bonding, watching the World Series together in Ted Turner's box, hanging out at Turner's ranch in Montana. For Levin, Turner is attractive as the visionary and creative that Levin aspires to be. And Turner, says a friend, "actually likes Jerry. I think he thinks Jerry is basically a decent, hardworking guy." But Turner's *respect* for Levin is not so clear. "They have had bad times when Jerry tried to block Ted. I mean, after all, he's accused Jerry of trying to 'clitorize' him—this is not a totally smooth relationship," says a source close to Turner. In a 1994 speech, Turner had accused Time Warner, then a minority shareholder, of trying to hold him back by performing a clitoridectomy on him. He added, somewhat randomly: "If Egyptians think it's bad for women to want sex, then why don't they cut off the heads of the little whackers of the 10-year-old boys over there, too, and make it an even-steven deal?"

So far, Levin is said to have gone out of his way to make Turner happy. Time Warner, for example, recently renamed Olympic Stadium in Atlanta, which it now owns, after Turner, angering Atlantans who favored giving Hank Aaron the honor. Levin also insisted that Time Warner executives back off their determination to sell New Line Cinema because Turner didn't want to sell it. Turner has spent his first weeks as vice-chairman focusing on how to integrate his company into its new parent and figuring out ways to cut staff. One of the first people he fired was his son, Edward Turner IV. "You're toast," he told his child in the middle of a family dinner.

Right now, Time Warner executives say, Turner has a lot of catching up to do. "Ted understands that a lot of that is going to be a learning process on his part," says Time Warner's Parsons. Parsons, not surprisingly, does not believe that Turner has any ambitions to run Time Warner. "At the end of the day, I think that what Ted wants to do, as he would say on the road show to our investors, is he wants to catch up with Rupert and Sumner [Redstone]," Parsons says. "He's got $2.1 billion and they've got $3.5 billion, according to the latest *Forbes* thing. And this is the best way for him to catch them. I don't think he made this play because he somehow secretly covets running Time Warner. Ted will tell you he doesn't want to work that hard."

People who know Turner well have trouble with this analysis. "Ted doesn't care about money," says one colleague. As for the suggestion that Turner no longer wants to work "that hard," Tom Johnson, president of CNN, is taken aback. "Just wait," he says, somewhat portentously. "Ted is going to probably help to mobilize that company as never before, as a *real* team." Says CNN executive Eason Jordon, "I have never seen Ted so fired up, with the merger, with Rupert Murdoch. His dander is up and he's out to kick ass." A CEO who has discussed mergers with Turner in recent years recalls that Turner "always wanted to know how long it would be before he was the CEO" of the combined company. "He is just going to wait until he's ready and then he's going to create a scene," this CEO says. "Ted," says a friend, "is going to be the next chairman of Time Warner."

Working against Turner is his own erratic attention span. At Time Warner, he is surrounded by workaholic, determined executives, practiced at corporate infighting ("If you turned out the lights in a room with these guys and wanted to survive, you'd have to kill them," says one media mogul). The other foreseeable obstacle is Time Warner's board—a remarkably weak one, made up almost entirely of Levin appointees. Whether the board would support Turner as CEO, or any challenge to Levin, is hard to predict; in May, the board seemed to signal some uneasiness when it

WIFELY DUTIES: Fonda busses Levin, while Turner looks on, during this past fall's World Series showdown between the Yankees and Turner's Braves.

Photograph by John Kuntz/Sipa.

“IF YOU LOOK CLOSELY AT LEVIN’S FACE,” SAYS AN EXECUTIVE. “YOU CAN SEE THAT HE’S A LITTLE SCARED OF TED.”

appointed a group of board members to help Levin figure out corporate strategy.

The board may no longer be much of a bulwark around Levin if he fails to raise the price of Time Warner’s stock over the next few months. “This is a company that historically has not been run for the benefit of shareholders,” says Peter Barton, the CEO of Liberty Media, whose parent company, Malone’s TCI, owns 9 percent of Time Warner’s shares, albeit in nonvoting form. “There are strong blockholders who share our point of view and are in a position to take action on our point of view. The shareholders are not going to let management screw up,” says Barton. Asked whether he believes that Turner would eventually take Levin’s job, Barton very carefully says: “I can see probabilities going in every direction, including it working out very well [between Turner and Levin]. I cannot give you any handicapping right now. Let me say this: We have bet on the *structure* of Time Warner. We think Jerry is pro-shareholder. We *know* Ted is pro-shareholder.”

Gordon Crawford, whose mutual-fund company owns 10 percent of Time Warner’s shares, is said to believe that the purchase of TBS bought Levin some time, but that the clock is running down for the Time Warner CEO. Edgar Bronfman Jr., whose Seagram’s also owns 10 percent of Time Warner, has already signaled his dissatisfaction with Levin’s performance, most publicly in 1994, when he tried to force Levin to give him a seat on the board and was rebuffed. Malone completes the triad, whose potential unity is sharply illustrated in a photograph taken at Herb Allen’s annual mediafest in Sun Valley. It shows Malone, Crawford, and Bronfman mugging for the camera in their Patagonia-wear. Malone’s shares may be nonvoting, but his views carry enormous clout. In fact, Turner two weeks ago appointed as his Time Warner board member banker J. Carter Bacot, who is much closer to Malone than he is to Turner. Turner, who admires Malone to the point of worship, has long been perceived as being used by Malone “as a sort of surrogate,” says one media mogul. “John has always been hanging over Ted’s shoulder when he was in negotiations or trying to sell his company,” says one tycoon. “It makes you wonder, will we see Ted Turner and John Malone running Time Warner?” There’s another possibility. Stuck at Time Warner, he might break free by leaving the work to Levin and spending more time tending to his bison and his philanthropies. “Could it be that we are all wrong and Ted opts out?” asks a media baron. “He’d die.”

DID TED TURNER OR DID HE NOT INTERFERE with Time Warner’s negotiations with Rupert Murdoch to carry Fox News on its New York cable systems? Murdoch’s allegation that he did sets forth a scenario in which Ted Turner not only has enormous power at Time Warner but also has used it to make Jerry Levin change his mind. Murdoch’s News Corp. has filed a $1.8 billion suit against Time Warner and Ted Turner personally, asking the court to review the whole Time Warner–Turner deal on antitrust grounds, and alleging that Time Warner reneged on an agreement to carry Fox News because Ted Turner did not want any serious competition for CNN.

(continued on page 116)

CARRIE PROPHETT PHOTOGRAPHY

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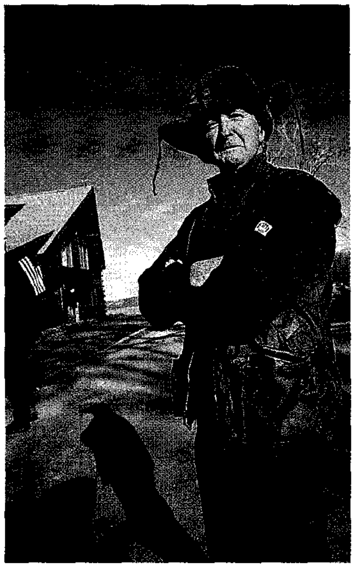
THE RICH ARE DIFFERENT FROM YOU AND ME: THEY HAVE DESIGNER GUNS. TODAY'S GENTRY ARE BUYING 20-GAUGES AND MATCHING TWEEDS AT HOLLAND & HOLLAND AND BERETTA FOR OH-SO-SOCIAL COUNTRY WEEKENDS.

BY GUY MARTIN

'WOULD YOU LIKE TO TAKE a crack at a few pheasant, Guy?" asks Dr. Phillip Casson in his dry Aussie brogue as he hands me his 12-gauge. "It's a *simple gun,"* he drawls, with just the barest whiff of challenge, "so let's see what you can *do . . ."*

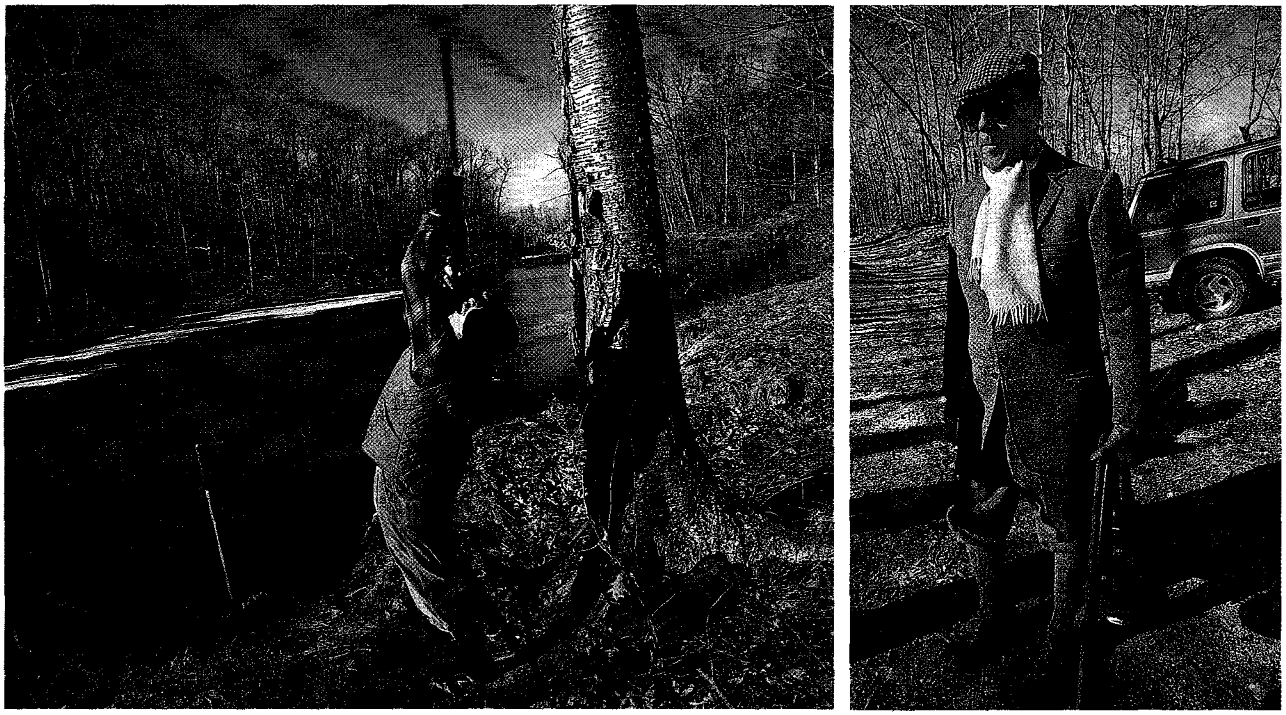
I develop some fellow-feeling for the New York University Medical Center subalterns who tie off their sutures under Dr. Casson's gaze. With the doctor dissecting my field posture, I must now kill a lot of pheasant, and do it well, which is to say with squeaky-clean shooting. This is the last of four drives on a sunny November morning at the Pawling Mountain Club in Dutchess County. I think Dr. Casson, a Pawling founding owner, relishes his Faustian torture of me. I don't mind, not just because I grew up shooting birds and would forsake my—in this case, threadbare—journalistic objectivity for the chance to kill and eat some pheasant, but also because I think my wing shot can stand up to his inspection.

A driven-pheasant shoot works like this: A line of beaters walks toward a line of guns, rattling the undergrowth with walking sticks. The pheasant flush up and away from



Latter-day country squires: Plastic surgeon Phillip Casson at the Pawling Mountain Club. Opposite, top, a beater signals the start of a drive; bottom right and left, the thrill of the hunt.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BASTIENNE SCHMIDT
FOR NEW YORK



Blast from the past: Left, Pawling Mountain Club members like to say the shooting there is in the same league as England's. Right, Cosmair CEO Guy Peyrelongue in traditional breeches and fringed kneesocks on a $925-per-person driven-pheasant shoot.

the beaters and over the guns. On this drive, the beaters will be working through a sorghum field behind a ridge. By the time the birds reach gun range, or about 40 yards, they are at speed. One shoots the high birds only. Each peg, or gun, is attended by a dog and his handler, who collect the birds. With two and sometimes three staff per peg, this is the most mannered English field dance that there is in shooting. The hundred-plus members of Pawling—some of whom, including Dr. Casson, shoot regularly in England—take it seriously, down to the tassels on their kneesocks and the sherry between drives.

Five pheasant spring into the air from the ridge in front of us. It's an exceedingly pretty rise, like a bouquet of fireworks blasting straight up about 30 yards out. The lead bird rises to speed and almost gains the trees, not quite out of range. I swing through and shoot him just before he reaches cover. He falls out of the sky like a football and strikes the forest floor with a thud.

BERETTA SPENT $5.5 MILLION TO BUY AND RENOVATE A MADISON AVENUE TOWNHOUSE. "NEW YORK," SAYS BERETTA'S GENERAL MANAGER AND EX-WHITE HUNTER PETER HORN, "WAS SIMPLY UNDERSERVED."

The British have no patent on shooting birds, but these men—a few doctors, an oil distributor, a cosmetics executive, an Idaho rancher, the fifteen beaters and handlers, the head gamekeeper, the club's general manager in his sumptuous tweeds—are here because an idea struck Americans in the eighties, along with the beginning of the great rise in the Dow. The idea was simple: If truly old money, defined as money made between the Norman Conquest and Cromwell, did this sort of thing—order shot cuffs on a Jermyn Street shirt or hang six brace of pheasant feet-up and unplucked in the larder—then it would be in the interest of the new American overclass to do this sort of thing, too.

There are half a dozen major shooting establishments within two hours of New York. On the top shelf is Mashomack, one of the toniest; Sandanona, which has just this year was bought by Orvis, that outdoorsy purveyor of Barbour coats and fishing lures, to become its flagship shooting school; and Pawling, whose entry fees run to five figures and whose membership rolls—including Colgate-Palmolive CEO Reuben Mark, French cosmetics magnate Guy Peyrelongue, and Dominican Republic sugar king Pepe Fanjul—are filled. In fact, although the club has physically expanded, there are precisely six places left on Pawling's wait list.

In May, the London gun-maker Holland & Holland opened for business at 50 East 57th Street, giving midtown its second high-end European gun room within a year. At this extreme of craftsmanship, the guns reconcile seemingly impossible mechanical and aesthetic concerns. They are bespoke in every sense—Holland & Holland machines its own 2-mm. screws at its North London factory. These weapons are then engraved to the taste of the client, which can be dicey. Larry Hagman had a commemorative 20-gauge made at the end of *Dallas's* final season; the plates are engraved with busts of the grinning actor *and the entire cast.* That gun is a fully realized piece of kitsch. Having it made is the moral equivalent of asking the Bentley factory to build a bespoke Trans Am. The tab for a *fin de siècle* city sportsman to get fitted for one of Holland & Holland's more conventional "Royal"-grade 12-gauge side-by-sides starts at $57,500. The delivery time on such a gun averages a year and a half. The line forms to the left, please.

Fabbrica d'Armi Pietro Beretta, known here as Beretta U.S.A., had the year before become the first gun-maker to hang out its shingle in New York City in a century and a half, and the first European maker to open a shop here, ever.

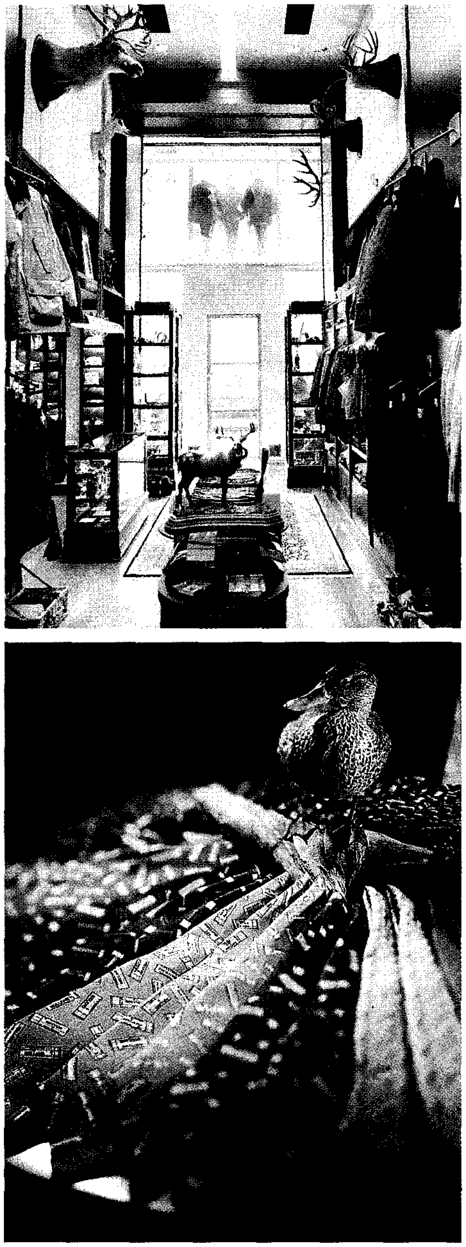
Beretta spent $5.5 million to buy and renovate a townhouse on Madison Avenue at 64th Street, two doors up from Laura Ashley Home. "New York," says Beretta's general manager, the ex–white hunter Peter Horn, a stocky, blond Ivy Leaguer who exudes a slippery satisfaction, "was simply underserved."

Fine arms have long been closeted in the first, second, and third homes of the city's sporting and arms-collecting elite—publishing grandee Michael Korda, Tiffany chairman Bill Chaney, erstwhile mayoral candidate Ronald Lauder, former Revlon CEO Michel Bergerac, genetically preprogrammed scion Theodore Roosevelt IV, Edgar Bronfman Sr., Dan Rather, assorted Wall Streeters, a few sockless arrivistes off the Bijan and Nello mailing lists, and, last but by no means least, displaced Southerners and Westerners pathologically attached to their gun-filled redneck childhoods. It's a clubby, misshapen little society of long-gun refugees lying low in a town of nonhunting liberals, cops, gangstas, and Goetz-like pistol nuts.

There are a couple of important social distinctions here: The pistol-packing crowd in New York—Clarissa Bronfman, William F. Buckley Jr., Tommy Mottola, Jack Cafferty, Arthur Sulzberger Jr., Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, and, of course, Donald Trump—have little to do with the long-gun customers sought by these stores. The difference between the groups is that the shotgunners have access to a lot of land and a serious commitment to use it for hunting, part of the entry fee to blood sports. Pat Kluge (John Kluge's ex-wife), Lynn Wyatt, Mary Lou Whitney, the Phippses, and the Basses are the serious hunters.

On the theory that all seriously moneyed Americans wash up sooner or later within a triangle defined by the Carlyle, Sulka, and Tiffany, Holland & Holland and Beretta aren't expecting a purely local clientele. Of the 70 percent of Holland & Holland's business that is non-English, 50 percent has always been American, largely from the part of the country in which blood sports are actually celebrated, which is to say the Deep South, Texas, and the West. But both gun-makers are now making their debuts in New York for reasons not having entirely to do with guns. Basically, like everybody else in this town, they want to sell clothes.

In 1989, Holland & Holland was bought by the house of Chanel, or, more precisely, by Alain Wertheimer, the passionate shotgunner who owns Chanel. The idea of piggybacking a line of country-weekend clothes ($90 kneesocks, $500 shooting boots, $1,000 nubuck jackets) on Holland & Holland guns seemed, to Wertheimer and to the gun-maker's new chairman, Alain Drach (pronounced *Drash*), obvious.



Manhattan in their sights: Beretta's Madison Avenue townhouse, down the street from Ralph's two storefronts. Bottom, twee cartridges instead of twee ducks on Holland & Holland neckties.

"The thing is to connect the clothes to something real in our world," says Drach in his cozy, hunting-print-spackled office over the London store. "We make a silk scarf with the label from our gun case, for example. Why not, when we have had this label for 160 years? Look at Hermès. He was a saddle-maker."

Under the Chanel umbrella, Holland & Holland doubled its London retail space on Bruton Street in Mayfair. In 1994, a branch was opened on the Avenue Victor Hugo in the 16th Arrondissement, the company's first-ever gun room outside England. The 57th Street shop is the final panel in the retail triptych of Paris, London, and New York. One could debate whether the vast, hippolike herds of Nebraskans and Alabamians who inspired the fries-'n'-popcorn stretch of 57th Street are destined to be Holland & Holland customers. The cream-colored, seven-story Holland & Holland brownstone is, for the moment, safe between Park and Madison, but Victoria's Secret is a few doors west, and the bombast of Nike Town is just a block away.

The 470-year-old firm Beretta got here under a more industrial sort of steam. While Holland & Holland makes only luxury sporting weapons, Beretta is an arms manufacturer of governmental dimension. It supplies some 1,600 American law-enforcement agencies as well as the entire U.S. military and the Italian *carabinieri* with sidearms. As Mercedes did in Alabama and BMW did in South Carolina, Beretta built its own stateside factory to fulfill American contracts.

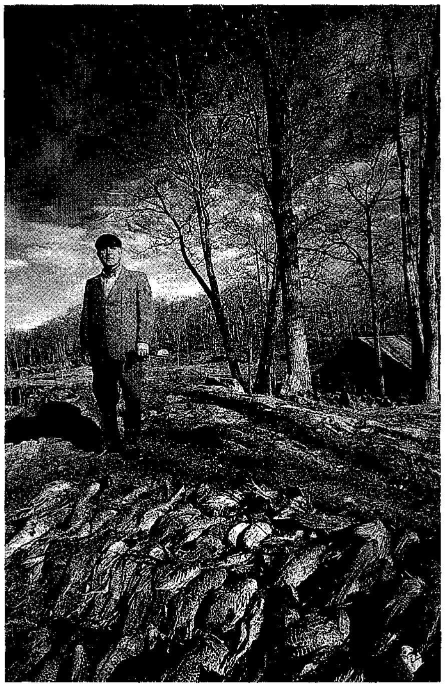
Coincidentally, the year Chanel bought Holland & Holland, Beretta opened its first "Gallery," a clothing store and high-end-gun room, on one of the flashier retail blocks of Alexandria, Virginia—a half-hour's drive from the Maryland factory. The clothes were appropriately tweedy and had the exotic *mitteleuropaeische* silk-and-loden quality that one sees in the big boar- and stag-hunting houses of Austria, Hungary, and Northern Italy. The stuff sold well to gun-toting policy freaks and latter-day young Republicans who couldn't hit the side of a barn with a rock but wanted to look like they shot a lot of animals.

As Henry James, Edith Wharton, and Thorstein Veblen never tired of pointing out, Americans exhibit a deep thirst for the trappings of nobility. The notion of an American with money as a dangerous, culture-strangling naïf has been around at least since the end of the last century. Our quest for social gravitas has devolved slightly—it no longer fuels the writing of strive-*iste* classics like *Daisy Miller* and *The Great Gatsby* so much as the writing of the J. Peterman catalogue, which engages in much heavy breathing about bum-

Photographs: top, Luca Trovato; bottom, Andew Garn.

bershoots, polo, and howdah seats as part of its mission to teach Americans how to fake a connection with other, more feudal places.

By the mid-eighties, Holland & Holland shooting instructors had started touring the States, like Savile Row tailors with their trunk shows. Barbour jackets, Land Rovers, and Holland & Holland shell bags washed over the American shooting landscape, and, subsequently, the streets of high-end exurbs like Pound Ridge and Santa Barbara. Land Rover opened its national distributor in Maryland in 1987. With the introduction of its Discovery model two years ago, national sales jumped 80 percent. Land Rover has now launched a line of high-end, presumably road-tested boots, described by the manufacturer as carrying "the same image of adventure, guts, and supremacy that the vehicles carry."



The morning's bag: Pawling's members take these birds home packaged like poultry at Grand Union.

IN 1991, AS BERETTA OPENED ITS gallery in Alexandria and Chanel bought Holland & Holland, and as the Caucasus, the Balkans, and the Kremlin self-immolated before George Bush's unbelieving eyes, the pale majority of our nation grappled with a burning musical question: *You down wit O.P.P.?*

The ebullient video made clear that Treach, linebacker-slick frontman for Naughty by Nature, was not just telling us how the kids in his neighborhood felt about getting some on the side. He was wearing a diagonally quilted microfiber jacket while he did it. That would be the same corduroy-collared, insouciantly green windbreaker that Queen Elizabeth II wears—albeit with an Hermès do-rag—when she walks her sausagelike Corgies at Balmoral. For the moment, in tribute to the rare intersection of taste between the royal family and the students of East Orange High School in New Jersey, home of Naughty by Nature, let's just say that Treach was *down* with the Windsors.

IN THE TWISTED NARRATIVE OF LUXURY—FROM TUTANKHAMEN TO PRADA—THESE GUNS ARE A POTSHERD OF EMPIRE. TO POSSESS SUCH THINGS STILL IMPLIES LAND, AND LAND STILL IMPLIES MONEY.

We'll never know who was responsible for the crossover—some ecstasy-addled stylist recovering from a club crawl, probably—but it must be noted that a critical cultural relay was provided by Ralph Lauren and his apostle Tommy Hilfiger. Together, they ratcheted the price down and took the basic pukka-country-life message directly to the heart of East New York and Compton. When the *objets* in Ralph's eighties window displays—the wooden tennis rackets, steamer trunks, walking sticks, and framed daguerreotypes of dead relatives—were actually *used* by the families to whom they once belonged, there seemed to be, for the uninitiated and unclubbable, a deep and terrifying code to it all. A forbidding whiteness, if you will. In Ralph's magical hands, it all became—presto!—code-free, instantaneously classless, and, above all, *buyable*. It was a wondrous act of revenge from Mosholu Parkway.

"Oh, we used to see Ralph Lauren in here all the time," says Diana Bourne, Holland & Holland's chief spokesperson, as she walks me through the company's Mayfair buildings. "He used to buy all of our old luggage."

"Ralph Lauren is a brilliant marketer," says Drach, dyspeptically working the ash off his Cuban as if it were an impertinence, "but his world is not my world."

Is it not, I ask Alain Drach in his office above Bruton Street, weirdly complimentary that designers' minions sometimes snoop around? "Someone will come here and buy a jacket. Then after a couple of weeks we will get it back—they say it didn't fit, or whatever—and you can see the pinholes in it from where they took the pattern. It happens all the time."

The Holland & Holland clothes themselves—mackintoshes, Norfolk jackets, shooting breeches, pebble-grain field shoes, and, yes, quilted microfiber jackets—are too precious for roughing it in the American field. The clothes do get worn hunting in Europe, but a tight, chest-high Vermont grouse bramble would rip that thousand-dollar tweed Norfolk from your back. The clothes are certainly not inappropriate to wear as you're throwing the children into the Rover Discovery in front of Dalton for the Friday-afternoon dash to (1) Columbia County, (2) Washington, Connecticut, or (3) Quogue.

Holland & Holland's vice-president in North America is Jan Roosenburg, a plain-spoken, fiftyish collector who can eyeball a European gun made in the past two centuries and place it within a year of its manufacture. "The tradition in America has always been to shoot for the pot," says Roosenburg, affably using the euphemism for people who had to hunt to survive. "So there was room for guns to go upmarket over the last couple of hundred years."

In the twisted narrative of luxury—from Tutankhamen to Prada—bespoke English guns have established a peculiar but devoted market. The trade began in the nineteenth century among the entitled within Britain. It grew to include the wealthy of the Continent and, as the British empire accreted colonies, the "new" rich of Africa and the subcontinent. The guns then acquired a following in the Middle East, as the needs of the internal-combustion engine consolidated vast wealth there. After World War II, a preponderance of buyers developed in this country, which was only logical, since America had not been bombed flat and had profited industrially from the war.

The guns are a potsherd of Empire: The heyday of their manufacture spanned the late-Victorian and Edwardian reigns—in other words, before World War I sent Britain into the grand spiral of decay. To possess such things still implies land, and land still implies money. That is the guns' narrative. For those ersatz colonials along 57th Street who wouldn't know the barrels from the stock, the foulard-silk ties and the tweed breeches will just have to do. ▬

Sherry-Lehmann

"One of the finest wine shops in the world" - Zagat Survey

"One of the finest wine shops in the world,' and top-rated for quality in NYC, this 'classy' establishment has been run by the Aaron family since shortly after Prohibition, providing 'exquisite old-world service' to a clientele who claim, 'if you know more than they do, you own a vineyard in France'; known for 'extraordinary variety,' only a portion of its vast inventory is on display, so seekers page through the big book on the counter or use its lavish seasonal catalogs."

– Zagat Marketplace Survey

"The Most Beautiful Nouveau That I Can Recall" - Georges Duboeuf

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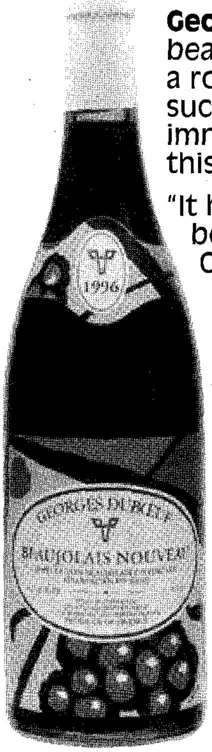

Georges Duboeuf reports: "1996 is the most beautiful Nouveau that I can recall. We have a rounder, more full bodied and a richer, succulent-style of wine which will be immediately apparent when you taste this year's Nouveau.

"It has a beautiful cherry red colour. The bouquet is elegant, fine and distinguished. On the palate, it is a wine which is luscious, full, harmonious, very fruity, tender and slightly acidic, with a lovely personality and a great deal of finesse."

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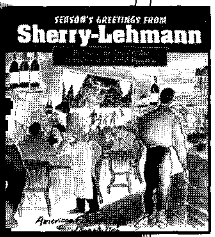
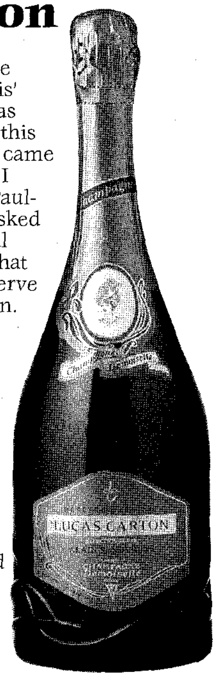


Champagne Demoiselle Reserve Special Lucas Carton



Alain Senderens, the renowned chef of Paris' famed restaurant Lucas Carton, explains how this delicious Champagne came to be: "In 1993, when I met my good friend Paul-Francois Vranken, I asked him to create a special cuvée of Champagne that I would be proud to serve to the guests of Lucas Carton. After a great amount of research the magical M. Vranken created **Champagne Demoiselle Reserve Special Lucas Carton** for my restaurant.

THE TASTE

It is a very dry Champagne that imparts a buttery flavor on the palate and it was created to be consumed with the cuisine of my beloved restaurant.

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I am very pleased to know that a small quantity of this Champagne is being shipped to our good friends at the famed Sherry-Lehmann in New York City." *(1140)*

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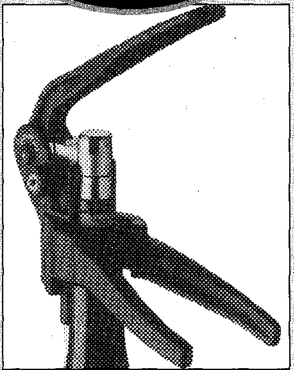

"This one's great for opening a case or more of wine in a few minutes. Based on the Screw-Pull technology, you use the two handles to clamp the neck of the bottle and then pull the lever down, which inserts the screw into the cork. With one pull, it removes the cork; then you clamp the cork and pull back on the lever, and it ejects the cork." - **Wine Spectator** *(9997)*

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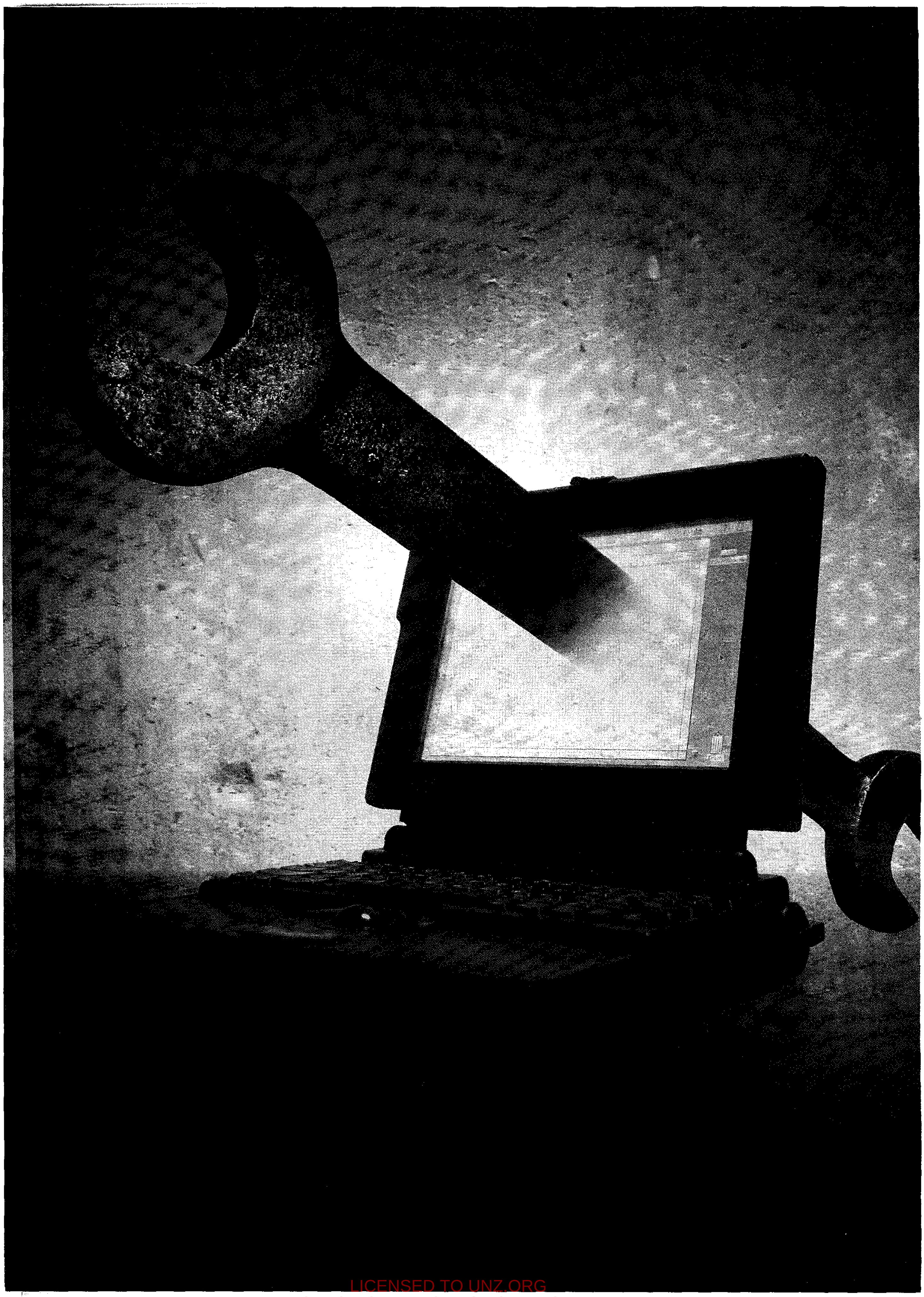


DOES NOT COMPUTE

One repair shop destroyed our laptop and charged us $881. Four others fixed our software problem over the phone for nothing. How we put ourselves at the mercy of repair shops around town so you wouldn't have to.

By Michael Maren

ONE EVENING IN MAY, DANIA SHAWWA WAS SIPPING COFFEE IN HER East Side apartment as she worked at her notebook computer. The words in front of her represented a solid year of work—her master's thesis, "A Treatise on Vision in Ben Okri's Fiction." She was taking one last chance to look it over. In the morning she would print the document and send it by overnight mail to her professor in Chicago, making her deadline. In a week she'd complete her degree. She placed the coffee cup on the desk and typed in a small correction. Then, as she rose from the chair, her hand brushed against the cup. Coffee sloshed over the rim and onto the desk, and a few drops splattered across her computer keypad. She quickly grabbed a paper towel and began to blot the liquid from the keys. There didn't seem to be any real problem. Until the screen went black. ▪ Dania tried to restart the computer. Nothing. She hadn't made a backup copy or a recent printout of the 53-page paper, but she wasn't really concerned. Somewhere in

COMPUTER ERA

Computer Era: Bad guys with a Park Avenue South address.

PHOTO ILLUSTRATION BY WILLIAM DUKE
FOR NEW YORK

side the computer, she knew, was her finished thesis. Someone surely would be able to get it out. She didn't even care if the computer, an old-model Apple PowerBook, ever worked again.

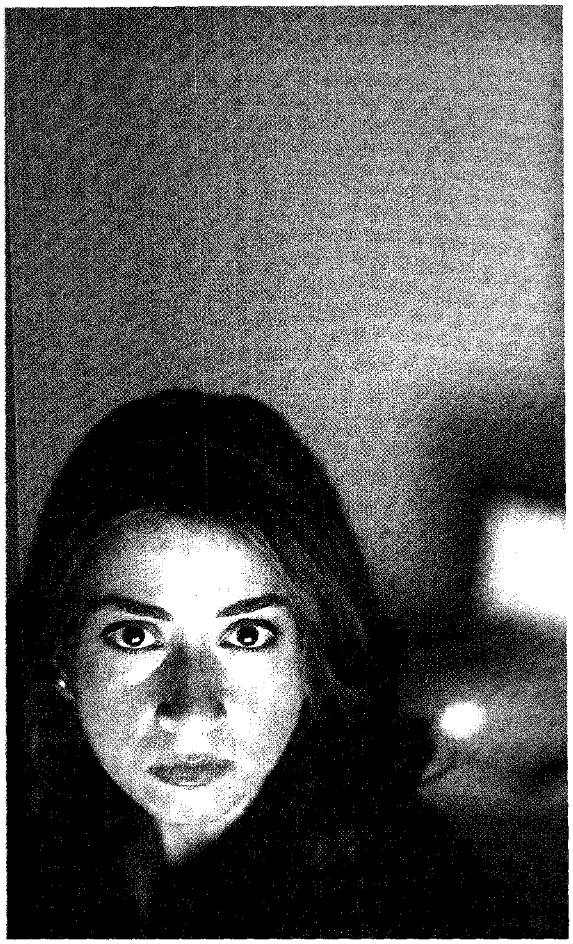
Dania opened the Yellow Pages and found an ad for the Computer Era Corporation. The ad displayed the Apple logo, along with the slogan WINNER—APPLE 1992 AWARD FOR EXCELLENCE IN CUSTOMER SATISFACTION & SERVICE. The shop, at 380 Park Avenue South, was only a few blocks from her apartment. She picked up the phone, and the man on the other end told her to bring the machine right over. His easy confidence reassured her. Her data would be saved by the award-winning technicians at Computer Era.

I met Dania the next day, when I saw her leaving Computer Era in tears. I was there to pick up my own computer, which had been dropped off at the shop as part of a *New York* investigation of computer-repair operations in the city. I had spent weeks getting my perfectly functioning computer "fixed" and was, by this time, well acquainted with computer shops around town. Several shops had shown themselves to be incompetent or dishonest. Computer Era, though, had distinguished itself far beyond all the rest.

The computer business has undergone colossal changes in recent years as the machines have spread from the hands of a few enthusiasts to the public at large. Not long ago, many of the people who owned computers also knew how they worked and could often repair or at least diagnose their own problems. In the late eighties, I was working as a repair technician at a small computer shop called Mac Emporium on East 23rd Street. Customers were on an equal footing with the staff there and would stop by just to chat; often, they knew more than we did. The people who worked at Mac Emporium were devotees of the machines. The store mostly sold hardware and software. The repair service was a bonus.

But the business has changed. As computers have become ubiquitous, they are sold in discount stores, toy stores, and hundreds of little shops by people who might just as well be selling cameras or T-shirts. Price competition has squeezed profits on hardware to razor-thin levels.

"For the last four years, margins in the computer retail business have been lousy," says Lise Buyer, who analyzes the retail-computer industry for T. Rowe Price. "It's way too competitive, and too many people are selling the same products. The real opportunity is in service and support."

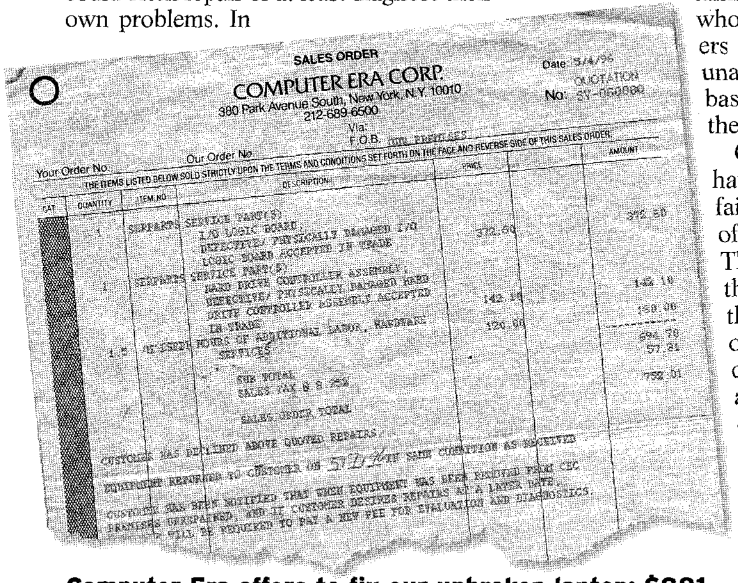


Was Dania Shawwa's thesis being held hostage?

And that's the problem. As computer ownership has gone from hobbyists and engineers to the rest of us, "the opportunity to capitalize on customers' lack of knowledge has grown exponentially," Buyer explains.

Stores like Mac Emporium (which was later absorbed into J&R Computer World) are rare today. Most often, customers are talking to salespeople who don't use computers themselves and are unable to answer even basic questions about the machines.

Customers, in turn, have a kind of blind faith in the operation of their computers. They learn no more than they need to; they routinely work on machines they don't understand and take for granted. Until there is a problem. Then the slow panic sets in with the realization that it's not just the computer that's at stake. It's the data contained inside—financial records, a novel, research notes.



SALES ORDER
COMPUTER ERA CORP.
380 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10010
212-689-6500

Date: 5/4/96
QUOTATION
No: SY-050880

Via:
F.O.B. OUR PREMISES

Your Order No.
Our Order No.

THE ITEMS LISTED BELOW SOLD STRICTLY UPON THE TERMS AND CONDITIONS SET FORTH ON THE FACE AND REVERSE SIDE OF THIS SALES ORDER.

CAT	QUANTITY	ITEM NO.	DESCRIPTION	PRICE	AMOUNT
	1	SERPARTS	SERVICE PART(S) I/O LOGIC BOARD, DEFECTIVE/ PHYSICALLY DAMAGED I/O LOGIC BOARD ACCEPTED IN TRADE	372.50	372.50
	1	SERPARTS	SERVICE PART(S) HARD DRIVE CONTROLLER ASSEMBLY, DEFECTIVE/ PHYSICALLY DAMAGED HARD DRIVE CONTROLLER ASSEMBLY ACCEPTED IN TRADE	142.10	142.10
	1.5	[illegible]	HOURS OF ADDITIONAL LABOR, HARDWARE SERVICES	120.00	180.00
			SUB TOTAL		694.70
			SALES TAX @ 8.25%		57.31
			SALES ORDER TOTAL		752.01

CUSTOMER HAS DECLINED ABOVE QUOTED REPAIRS.
EQUIPMENT RETURNED TO CUSTOMER ON 5/21/96 IN SAME CONDITION AS RECEIVED
CUSTOMER HAS BEEN NOTIFIED THAT WHEN EQUIPMENT HAS BEEN REMOVED FROM CEC PREMISES UNREPAIRED, AND IF CUSTOMER DESIRES REPAIRS AT A LATER DATE, WILL BE REQUIRED TO PAY A NEW FEE FOR EVALUATION AND DIAGNOSTICS.

Computer Era offers to fix our unbroken laptop: $881.

Or a master's thesis. I called Dania after I met her outside Computer Era, and she told me about her experience with the shop's service department. When she dropped off her computer the day before, she was careful, she said, to explain her situation: The computer itself was not important to her. She just needed her thesis printed out to make her deadline the following day. She had left the computer and an impression of her American Express card.

She knew the charges would be high: She'd agreed to pay $120 for a diagnostic fee, and she paid an express-service fee of $187.50; otherwise, Computer Era said, the shop wouldn't be able to look at her PowerBook for several days. Then there was the minimum service fee for two hours' work, $331. With tax, the bill added up to more than $691—probably close to what her computer was worth, but nothing compared to the priceless few bytes of information she needed.

Several hours after she dropped her PowerBook off, she says, she received a call from Bob Michaels, the technician she'd met at the shop. He told her that her trackball was broken, the I/O board was shot—she had no idea what that was—and that her hard drive had to be

Photograph: previous page, Steven Freeman, this page, Andrew Brusso.

replaced. He told her that a hard drive would cost $675, and that she had to replace the drive to get her data back.

Dania was confused and annoyed. She could not afford to buy a hard drive, she said, reminding Michaels that she only needed her data back. She told him that she would come to the shop in the morning and straighten it all out.

When Dania showed up at Computer Era the next morning, she was greeted out in front by the "customer-satisfaction coordinator," Tom Mackie. He disappeared into the back of the store and returned with two invoices.

She was stunned. One bill totaled $1,626.02 for hardware. Computer Era had replaced her main logic board ($387.10).They had replaced her 120-megabyte hard drive with a 500-megabyte hard drive ($672.60). They had replaced her trackball ($142.40) and charged her for two hours' additional labor ($300). The second bill was for labor for recovering her data and reinstalling the software on her new hard drive ($1,209.29). This was in addition to the nearly $691 she'd already paid. Computer Era had already charged her American Express card $3,500.

Dania insisted that she didn't want any of that work done. She would happily have paid the original $691, or even an additional $400 or $500, to have gotten her thesis back, but she didn't want to pay $3,500 for hardware she didn't need and labor she didn't ask for.

She tried to bargain. She'd pay for all the labor, $1,200 or so. They could keep her computer. All she wanted was a diskette with her thesis on it. Surely they could come to terms. Mackie was firm: Pay it all, or Computer Era would keep the computer and the data.

Dania realized then what had happened. No one would ever pay $3,500 to retrieve a computer that was worth less than a third of that, and no computer shop would expect a customer to. Unless, of course, the customer was desperate. ("Data very important" someone had written on Dania's invoice.)

Dania fled from the shop and phoned her professor in Chicago. Her master's degree would have to wait.

Computer Era had not only charged Dania for parts and labor she didn't need; it had also inflated prices and work hours to ridiculous extremes. Whatever damage it might do to the computer itself, the

REPAIR GUIDE

Need your computer fixed? Watch out.

COMPUTER REPAIR IS A BOOMING BUSINESS IN NEW YORK. AS THE INDUSTRY grows, it is increasingly attracting practitioners who care more about getting your money than fixing your computer. Still, there are a lot of exceptional and honest repair operations around.

We conducted our survey with a Macintosh PowerBook and an Epson notebook PC. We removed a key file from each computer and called some shops at random; in all cases we feigned utter ignorance about the possible cause of the problem. The responses varied widely.

In general we found that the outward appearance of the repair business made no difference. We received great service from some small operations and terrible service from "authorized" repair shops with certificates and corporate logos all over the walls. On the other hand, some large and seemingly impersonal stores gave us very personal service.

This survey is by no means scientific. The responses we received could have been the result of the particular person who answered the phone when we called or stood behind the counter when we walked in. Still, we learned some valuable lessons. The very best shops asked us to describe the problem and then talked us through a diagnosis and repair job on the phone. In all of these cases, the person answering the phone was a technician, not a receptionist, and any technician should be able to explain to you in simple terms what might be wrong. He or she should be explicit about the costs up front, and should agree not to do any work until it is authorized. If you feel that the technician is trying to confuse or intimidate you about the problem, call another shop.

Always ask if there is a diagnostic fee, and if that fee will be deducted from work done. In general, try to choose a shop that does not charge a fee. Diagnosing computer problems is rarely time-consuming or difficult. You should also ask if the shop stocks spare parts. Shops that keep common parts on hand tend to turn jobs around quickly with lower labor costs. Of course, checking with friends or the Better Business Bureau is always a good idea. And always back up your data.

Remember, there was nothing actually wrong with the computers we brought in, and a good technician should have been able to determine that in minutes.

ABC COMPUTER SERVICES

14 EAST 40TH STREET; 725-3511

PC & Macintosh

Diagnostic Fee: None

Labor: $55/hour

Helpful on the phone, then fixed the laptop for $55, the hourly/minimum rate, while we waited. They explained exactly what the problem was. Manager George Lemus advised us to buy a PC with a good warranty and factory mail-in service, "even though I lose money giving out advice like that."

Grade: B+

AMPEX SERVICE CENTER

229 EAST 53RD STREET; 593-2425.

PC & Macintosh

Diagnostic Fee: $40 (applied to work)

Labor: $70/hour

"We don't have an hourly rate. Most jobs take less than two hours," we were told. Ampex looked at our computer, stuck a disk in and told us there was nothing wrong with it. And they didn't charge us. We'll be back.

Grade: A

ASAP

393 FIFTH AVENUE; 447-6633

PC & Macintosh

Diagnostic Fee: None

Labor: $75 for hardware; $129/hour for software.

Don't do estimates. Fixed the computer while we waited for $75.

Grade: B

COMPUSA

420 FIFTH AVENUE; 782-7775

PC & Macintosh

Diagnostic Fee: $59.97 (applied to work)

Labor: $79.97/hour

Talked me through it on the phone once, but a second time referred me to a 900-number at $2.95 per minute. (Final cost: about $6).

Grade: A

COMPUTER ERA

380 PARK AVENUE SOUTH; 689-0300

Macintosh Only

Diagnostic Fee: $120

Labor: Depends on work needed.

Continued on next page

chances of spilled coffee affecting the data on a hard drive are very slim. Dania's thesis should have been recoverable from the hard drive in about half an hour, and could have been handed to her on a 50-cent floppy disk.

Horror stories about Computer Era have circulated for years. While working at Mac Emporium, I'd often dealt with angry and dissatisfied Computer Era customers, and the owner of a repair shop nearby told me recently that they show up in his waiting room, too. So I suggested an experiment to *New York* Magazine: I would offer my own Macintosh PowerBook—after backing up all the data—to test Computer Era's technicians and compare their performance with those of various repair shops around town. And to supervise the experiment, I enlisted a highly regarded independent computer technician, John Greenleaf.

Greenleaf looked over my computer and certified that it was in perfect working order. Then we introduced a tiny software glitch. (Note to Macintosh users: We hid the Finder file inside the Apple Menu Items folder.) So when we turned on the computer, it went through its paces and then flashed a question mark indicating that a file was missing. We similarly disabled a notebook PC.

These are both very common problems, which can be diagnosed over the phone. And indeed, some computer shops we called told us what was wrong and how to fix it as soon as we described the symptoms. When I worked at Mac Emporium we would constantly talk customers through such problems, and if they were just too thick to follow instructions, we'd have them bring it to the shop. As soon as someone had a few minutes to spare, we'd fix it for free.

People don't expect that kind of service today, and they rarely get it. For several weeks, a *New York* Magazine editor and I called shops around town, picking them the way we figured most people would, through the Yellow Pages—looking for the biggest display ads and lines like "award-winning service." When we called Computer Era and described the problem, they sounded a voice of alarm. It could be serious, we were told. Better bring the computer to the shop immediately.

It was with some trepidation that we left the computer in the hands of Tom Mackie and his service department. Before we left, we made sure to emphasize that there was a valuable manuscript on the hard drive. The last element was key: We wanted to see if they would do the same thing to us that they had done to Dania, in effect holding her data hostage.

COMPUTER REPAIR GUIDE

See the article. What can you say about a computer shop that destroys customers' computers? Stay away.
Grade: F

DATAVISION
445 FIFTH AVENUE; 689-1111
PC & Macintosh
Diagnostic Fee: $75
Labor: $75/hour

A technician reinstalled the system in a few minutes for $50; got annoyed when I asked what the problem had been.
Grade: B-

J&R COMPUTER WORLD
15 PARK ROW; 238-9100
PC & Macintosh
Diagnostic Fee: $50
Labor: Charged by job; no hourly rate.

An example of how service varies: A helpful PC technician talked us through on the phone; the Mac guy said our perfectly good hard drive had to be replaced and offered to sell us one.
Grade: C-

MACHATTAN
381 PARK AVENUE SOUTH; 545-7171
Macintosh Only
Diagnostic Fee: None
Labor: $100 without purchase of parts; $85 if you purchase parts.

Talked us through on the phone. "Don't take your computer anywhere until you've tried to reinstall the system software," she said. Good advice.
Grade: A

MACVISION
239 EAST 5TH STREET; 586-8445
Macintosh Only
Diagnostic Fee: None
Labor: $50/hour

Talked us through on the phone; incredibly helpful and clear. No charge to look at computers.
Grade: A

MPC
4 WEST 20TH STREET; 463-8585
PC & Macintosh
Diagnostic Fee: $49 (applied to work)
Labor: $75/hour

Had no idea at first what was wrong. Said the costs would be $75 for data recovery and $75 for labor. They were friendly but not confident, and reinstalled the entire system instead of locating the missing file. Final charge: $75.
Grade: C+

NAFT COMPUTER SERVICE CORP
295 LAFAYETTE STREET; 334-8500
PC & Macintosh
Diagnostic Fee: $35 (applied to work)
Labor: $75/hour

Calls itself the largest Macintosh repair operation in New York. The fee matched the estimate—$75—and the store was careful to get our go-ahead before doing any work. But they told us "major software work" was needed and screwed up our preference files when they reinstalled our system. Not tragic, just annoying.
Grade: C+

OPTIMIZED COMPUTER SOLUTIONS
39 WEST 14TH STREET; 727-2100
PC & Macintosh
Diagnostic Fee: $50 (applied to work)
Labor: $90/hour

Clear about prices on the phone. Told us computers usually take 3 to 5 days to fix unless you pay an extra fee of $75. They repaired ours in a day without the fee. "The most common computer problems are easy to fix," they said, yet charged us for an hour and a half to reinstall the system. Total was $135.
Grade: D

PCSI/REMOTE LOGIX
38 EAST 32ND STREET; 532-2200
PC & Macintosh
Diagnostic Fee: $75
Labor: $75/hour

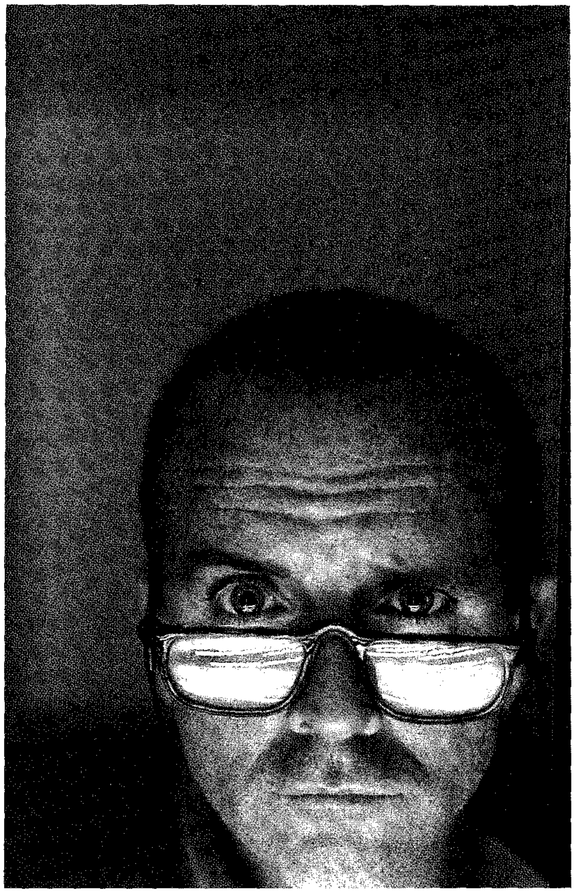
"Your hard drive is no good," I was told by a man who hadn't looked at it yet. In the end, they fixed the computer for the minimum fee, $75.
Grade: B-

ROCKWELL COMPUTER (RCS)
261 MADISON AVENUE; 949-6935
PC & Macintosh
Diagnostic Fee: $60
Labor: $75/hour

Repaired the computer for $75 but were arrogant about it, not explaining what was wrong.
Grade: B-

TEKSERVE
163 WEST 23RD STREET; 929-3645
Macintosh Only
Diagnostic Fee: None
Labor: $75/hour

Explained the problem on the phone—very helpful. Person who answered gave me his name and said to call back if I ran into more problems.
Grade: A



John Greenleaf, ace consultant, confirmed: My hard drive was now damaged beyond repair.

Computer Era held on to my computer for four days and then reported the diagnosis. It was, they said, serious. The I/O logic board was defective. Cost: $372.60.

The hard-drive-controller assembly was defective. Cost: $142.10.

Labor plus tax. Cost: $237.31.

That would be $752.01 on top of the $129.90 already paid for diagnosis—nearly $900 to "repair" a computer that was in perfectly good shape. Computer Era had flunked our test.

We told them over the phone that we couldn't afford to fix the machine right away and asked for a written estimate of the work that needed to be done. Then we went to get the PowerBook, stopping off in a diner across the street afterwards to replace the missing software file. But there was a problem.

After I had gotten Computer Era's "diagnosis," I began to wonder if the shop would take the risk of returning my perfectly good laptop after giving me an itemized list of all its defective parts. Now I waited as the screen lit up. Before I dropped the computer off, the screen would show a "Welcome to Macintosh" message and then flash the question mark, meaning it could not find the system on the hard drive. This time, the computer went *straight* to the question mark—meaning it could not even find the hard drive.

Later, John Greenleaf looked at the machine and confirmed: The hard drive was damaged beyond repair. And the I/O logic board, the computer's main processor, was shorted out. In other words, my perfectly good PowerBook now matched Computer Era's written diagnosis. It had more than $700 worth of damage to it. Greenleaf had no doubt that Computer Era had destroyed my computer. Since we didn't want their service, the store had made sure we needed it.

"With all the time they waste wrecking the computer, it seems to me that they'd make a lot more money if they just did their job," Greenleaf commented as he was putting the screws back into my now-useless machine.

By this time I had been in touch with the New York City Department of Consumer Affairs, and I apprised them of what had happened. They looked in their files and came up with a folder of complaints against Computer Era, copies of which they showed me. (One letter, dated April 15, 1996, complained that "additional charges" of $985.35 had been added to the customer's credit card after he had specifically told Computer Era to get permission first before doing any work. Sounded familiar.) When I described the investigation to the DCA, they said they wanted in on it, to gather evidence against the company.

So I took another PowerBook—this one belonging to my editor—and performed the same minor operation on it while the Department of Consumer Affairs videotaped the proceedings. The video shows quite clearly that the computer worked fine before we hid the system file, and could be restarted with a floppy disk in about five minutes. A woman from the DCA dropped the PowerBook off at Computer Era and once again said that she had valuable data on the hard drive.

Again, Computer Era told us the hard drive was destroyed and had to be replaced. And when we declined to replace it, the computer was returned to us with a hard drive that was ruined beyond repair (although this time the logic board was intact).

I called Bob Michaels to confront him with our evidence against his shop, but he never returned my calls. Then I called Tom Mackie. When I told him that the Department of Consumer Affairs had documentary proof that my computer was fine when it went into his shop, he offered that perhaps it had been dropped while being transported. I assured him that had not been the case.

"We have a disagreement on that one," was his reply.

Again I went over the evidence.

"We have a disagreement on that one," he repeated.

And that was Computer Era's only defense.

I told José Maldonado, the new commissioner for the Department of Consumer Affairs, that invoking his agency had failed to arouse even the mildest concern in Computer Era's customer-satisfaction coordinator. Wasn't there something he could do about that? I asked.

"We intend to put them out of business," Maldonado said firmly. On the basis of the video evidence the agency now had and the stack of complaints, he said, the DCA would try to have the license revoked or at least suspended.

It was hard not to be skeptical. The agency licenses about 45,000 businesses in New York City, everything from salad bars to nail salons, and seems stressed far beyond capacity already. When DCA joined *New York* in our second "sting" on Computer Era, it didn't even have a computer of its own to use and could barely scrape the cash together to pay the diagnostic fee.

In the end, despite all the evidence, the DCA had no way to put Computer Era out of business or even slow it down. The store's owners, Erwin and Robert Haas, were summoned to a hearing over Dania's case and several others, but recently settled out of court for $12,000. (Of that money, $2,800 was passed on to Dania; she eventually got her master's degree on the basis of her hastily reconstructed thesis.)

Computer Era never admitted to any liability, and the shop continues to repair computers. Had the owners not settled, the shop's license could have been revoked in the hearing—but as Bob Martin, DCA's general counsel, admitted, "It is

Photograph by Andrew Brusso.

unusual for an administrative-law judge to revoke a license the first time around."

Like most people who believe they have been victims of consumer fraud, Dania didn't think to press criminal charges; she complained to the DCA instead. Yet Computer Era has clearly done hundreds of dollars' worth of damage to people's computers; a vandal who did that kind of damage to a car or public property would certainly be charged with a crime.

Bob Martin explained that the Department of Consumer Affairs does not have the authority to proceed with a criminal case; that is the jurisdiction of the attorney general or the District Attorney. And at any rate, criminal prosecution in consumer cases is rare, and takes place only in high-profile politically charged situations, such as when charges have been filed in recent years against garbage haulers, home-improvement contractors, and towing companies.

"The problem isn't the law," a prosecutor at the New York State attorney general's office said after being informed of the situation. "What this computer shop has done is clearly a felony. The damage is over $250. The problem is that the criminal-court system is such a broken-down institution that if I were to bring up a case like this, the judge would look at me and say, 'What are you doing here? Take this out of here.' They just don't want to hear these kinds of cases."

Bob Martin agrees with the prosecutor's assessment, but he also doubts that pursuing a criminal case is the best way to handle consumer fraud. "For this kind of activity, and because we license these repair places, we think we can do an effective job eliminating or keeping to a minimum these kinds of scams," he said.

As Tom Mackie might say, "We have a disagreement on that one."

If the law provides little recourse in this situation, what about Apple Computer? The company built its reputation on being user-friendly. And at a time when sales are slumping and analysts are wondering if the company has any future at all, it might be a time to build up some good will.

Some customers with grievances against Computer Era, including Dania, have also complained to Apple over the years. Still, Apple's toll-free service hot line continues to give out the name of Computer Era as an authorized repair ser-

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vice. No one in authority at Apple would comment, despite repeated phone calls. A spokeswoman said that Apple can withdraw certification if there are too many complaints against a particular dealer, but she refused to address Computer Era specifically.

Finally, I called the public-relations department to ask about the "Apple Award for Excellence in Customer Satisfaction & Service": What was it? And why did Computer Era get it? I had conjured up an image for myself of Tom Mackie in black tie ambling up to a podium and accepting a large gold plaque while a roomful of Apple executives erupted in applause. But the first person I spoke with at Apple had never heard of the award. Nor had the next person I was connected to.

"Where did you hear about this award?" yet another representative asked me. I told them about the Computer Era ad in the Yellow Pages. They said they would get back to me.

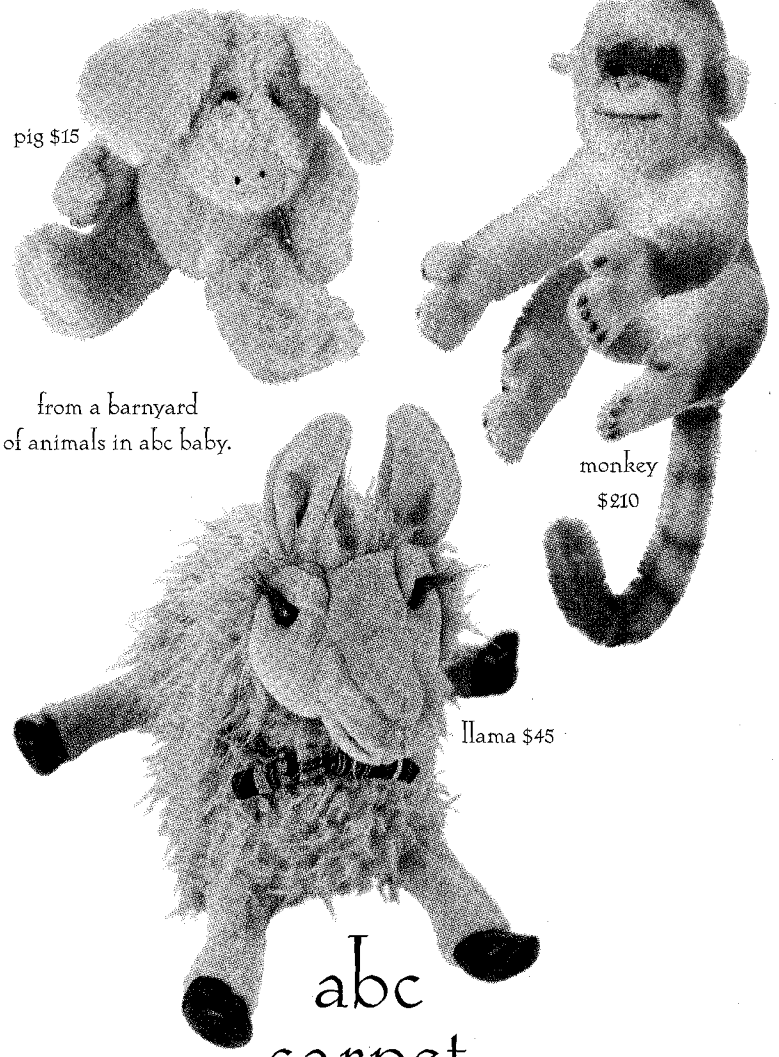
Later that evening, the call came back from Apple: "We have nothing to do with that, sir." (Much later, a representative said he had heard of the award but could not confirm that Computer Era had won it.)

It remains to be seen whether Maldonado and the Department of Consumer Affairs will rise to the challenge of combating high-tech consumer abuse. Although things worked out in the end for Dania, it is unlikely that her case would have gotten the scrutiny it did if *New York* hadn't called the DCA's attention to it. For now, at least, most consumers are left to fend for themselves on the digital frontier, where a bad guy might be wearing the badge of "authorized repair" in his carpeted showroom while the good guy may be working alone in a little shop.

Though computers are complicated machines, from a repair perspective they are essentially composed of a few modular parts. Most technicians figure out what's wrong with your computer by systematically swapping good parts from their inventory with the parts in your computer until they isolate the problem.

A good technician will demystify the computer and make the consumer understand the essential simplicity of a problem. If a technician starts spouting mumbo-jumbo and explaining how complicated your repair job is going to be, he's probably preparing you for a big bill.

According to John Greenleaf, much of what goes wrong with a computer is very basic, and can be repaired by a user who has a little bit of knowledge. "Ninety percent of what I see is simple software problems," Greenleaf says. "The rest of the time it's something serious." ■



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monkey
$210

llama $45

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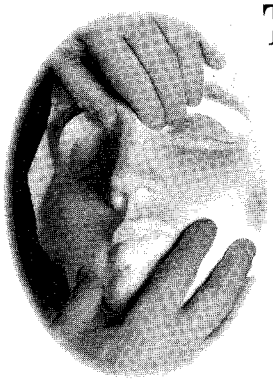

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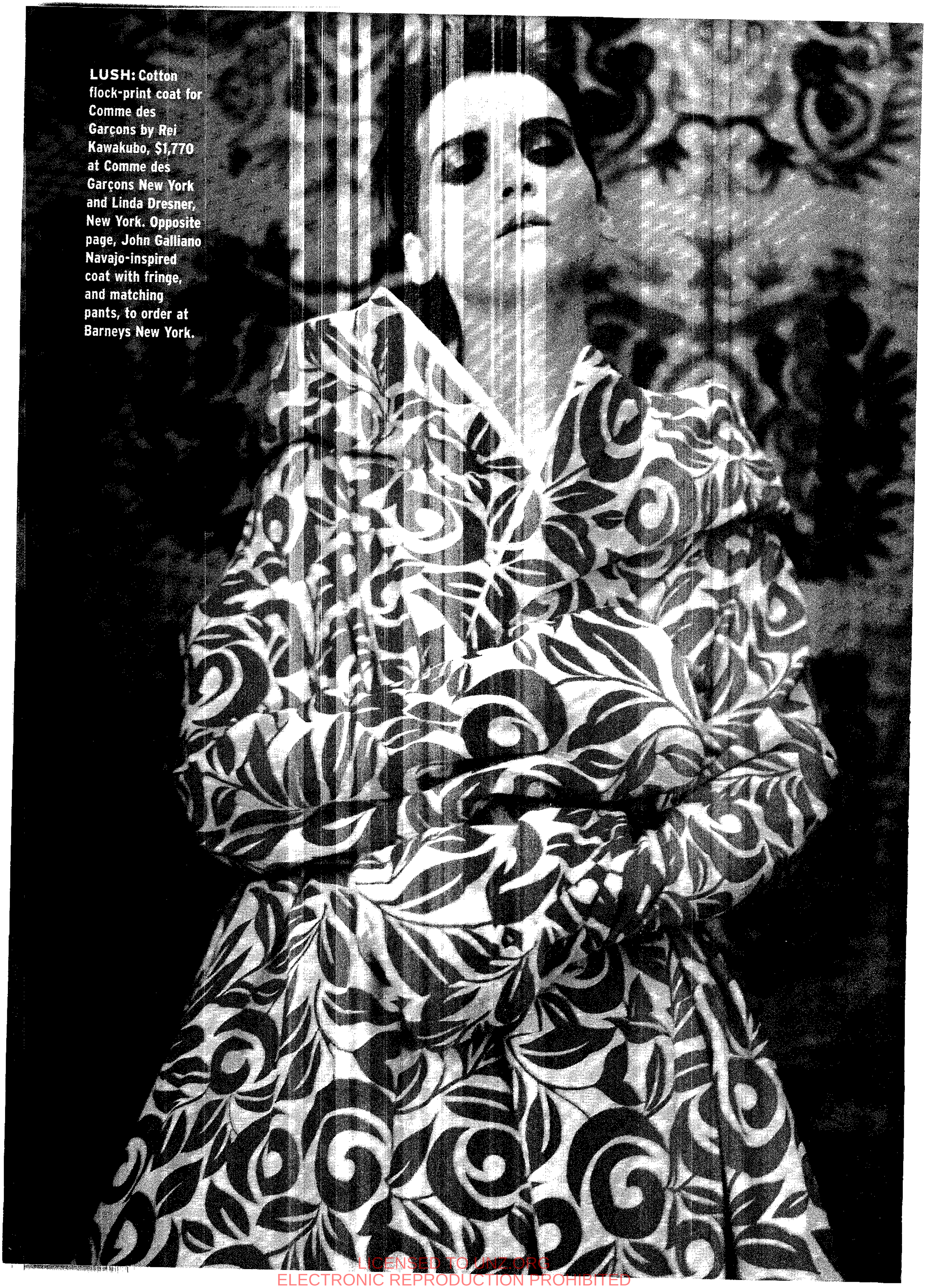
SIGNATURE PIECES

FORGET, FOR A MOMENT, THE LITTLE BLACK DRESS. THIS SEASON, ENTERTAIN THE THOUGHT OF SOMETHING CREATED BY ONE OF THESE SPECTACULARLY UNIQUE DESIGNERS.

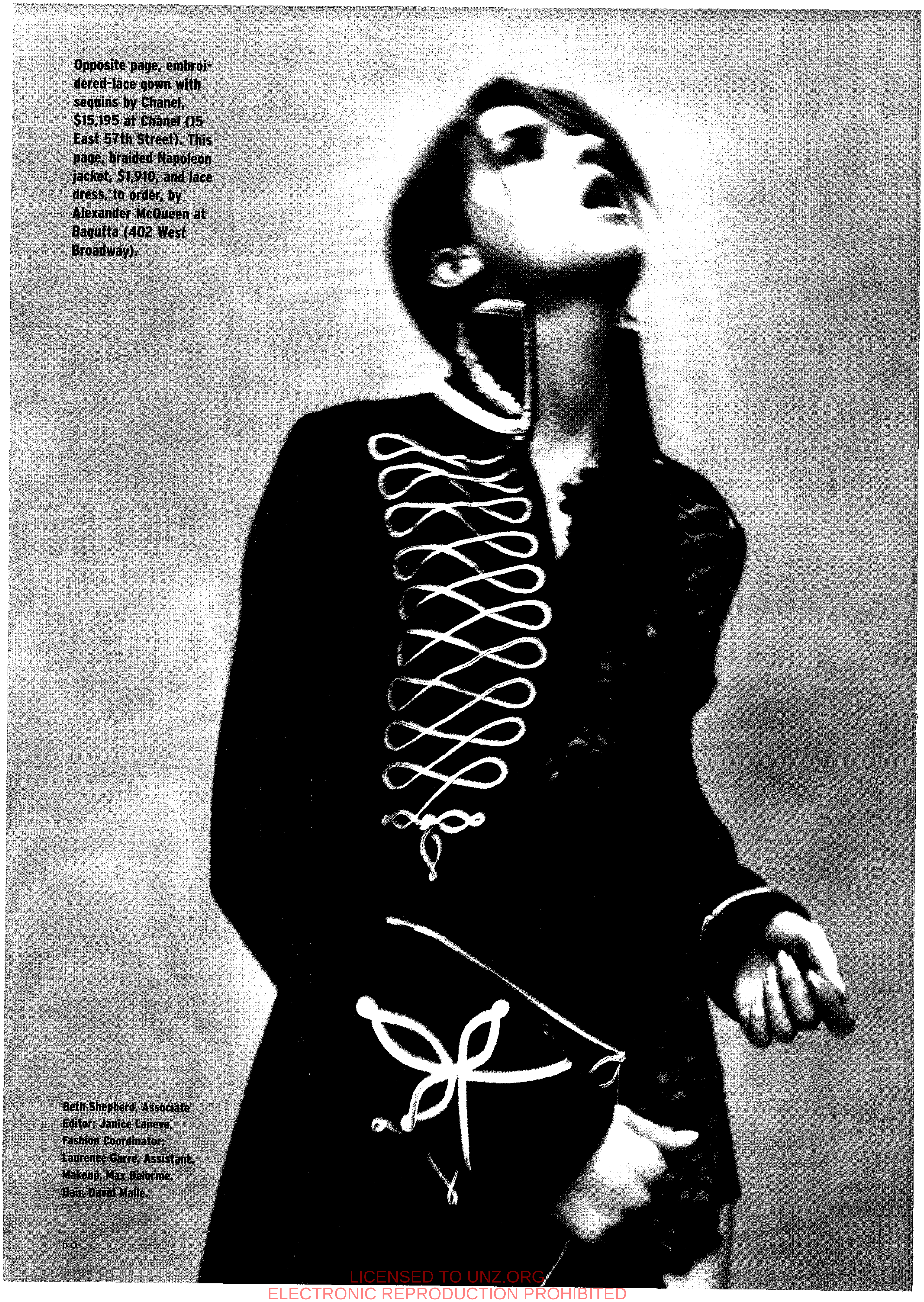
By Jade Hobson Charnin Photographs by François Rotger Produced and styled by Claire Dupont

FANCY: Yellow silk-brocade hat with feather fringe by Philip Treacy, to order from Bergdorf Goodman. This page, Long orange wool-felt coat by Yohji Yamamoto, $1,790 at Yohji Yamamoto (103 Grand Street).



LUSH: Cotton flock-print coat for Comme des Garçons by *Rei* Kawakubo, $1,770 at Comme des Garçons New York and Linda Dresner, New York. Opposite page, John Galliano Navajo-inspired coat with fringe, and matching pants, to order at Barneys New York.

Though at first glance the pieces on these pages don't appear to have a great deal in common, they actually share some very important qualities. All have been created by fashion's true leaders, from Rei Kawakubo to Alexander McQueen—designers with highly individualized visions, who don't follow any fashion dictates but their own. Each is an uncompromising manifestation of its creator's imagination, a rare and wonderful thing in these days of uniform dressing. Likewise, these pieces all possess an ornamental, one-of-a-kind quality, and are constructed with a couturelike devotion to the details. Of course, they're not for everyone, but that's another reason to fall in love with them. These pieces are so original—so simultaneously of-the-moment and timeless—that the wearer can rest assured she'll never look across the room at a party and spy a clone of herself.



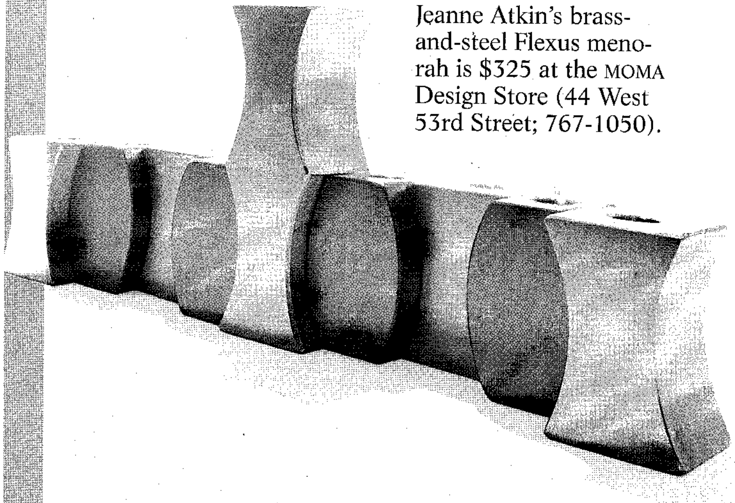
Opposite page, embroidered-lace gown with sequins by Chanel, $15,195 at Chanel (15 East 57th Street). This page, braided Napoleon jacket, $1,910, and lace dress, to order, by Alexander McQueen at *Bagutta* (402 West Broadway).

Beth Shepherd, Associate Editor; Janice Laneve, Fashion Coordinator; Laurence Garre, Assistant. Makeup, Max Delorme. Hair, David Malle.

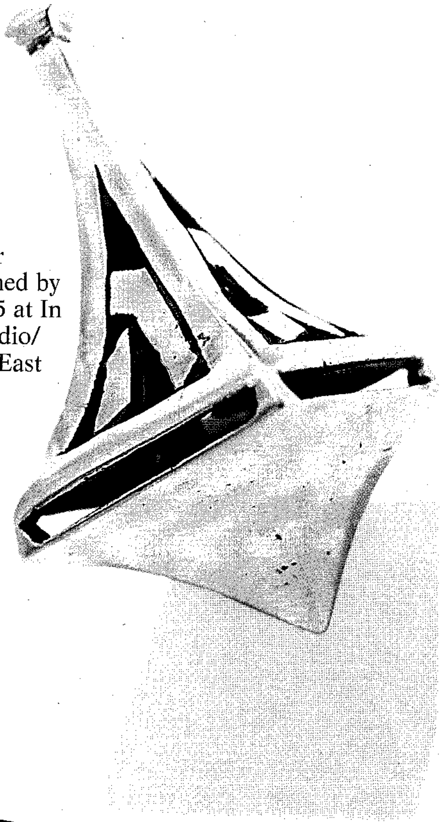
BEST BETS

All the essentials—except latkes—for celebrating Hanukkah, the festival of lights.

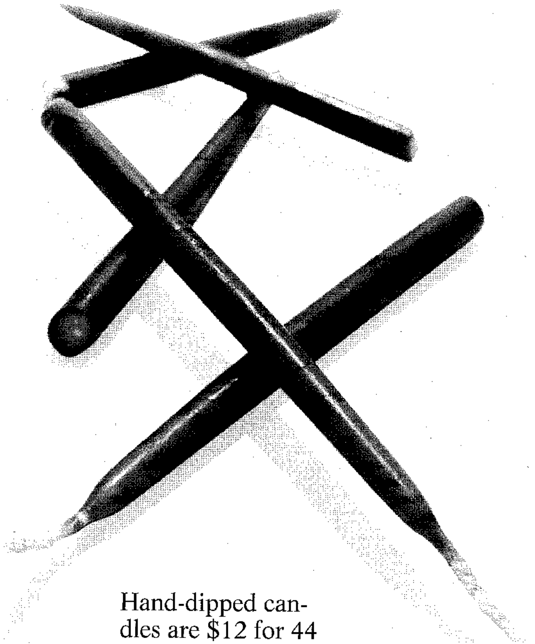
BY CORKY POLLAN



Jeanne Atkin's brass-and-steel Flexus menorah is $325 at the MOMA Design Store (44 West 53rd Street; 767-1050).



Sterling-silver dreidel designed by M. Bier is $95 at In the Spirit Studio/Gallery (460 East 79th Street; 861-5222).

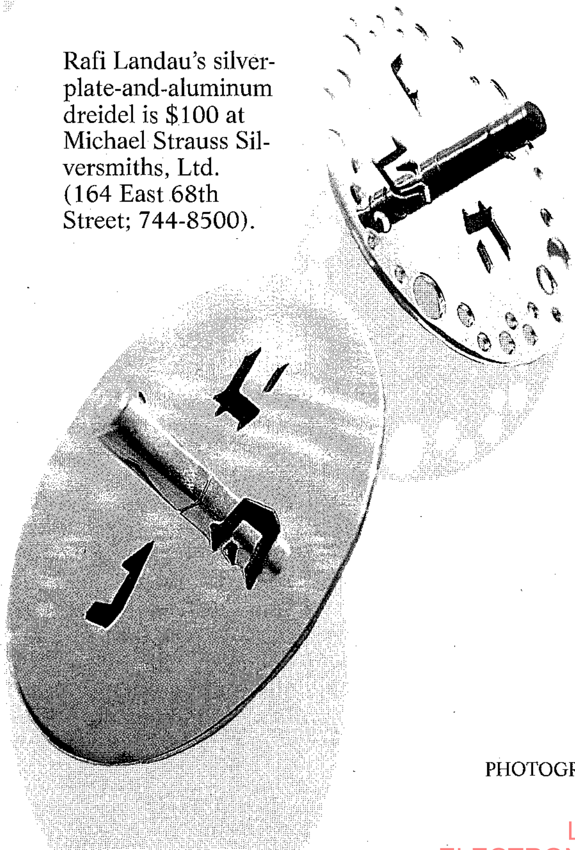


Hand-dipped candles are $12 for 44 at the Jewish Museum's shop (1109 Fifth Avenue, at 92nd Street; 423-3211).

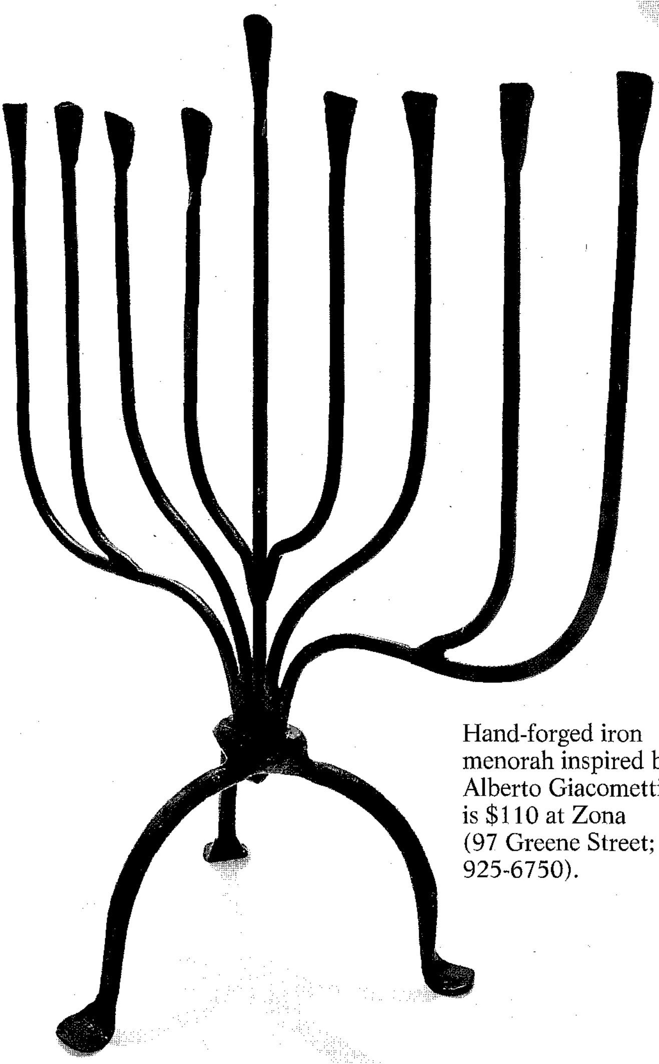
Silver-plate reproduction of an eighteenth-century German "Judith" menorah is $75 at the Jewish Museum's shop.

Mexican hand-painted tin Noah's Ark menorah is $50 at the Jewish Museum's shop.

Arsho flexible brushed-aluminum menorah is $350 at In the Spirit Studio/Gallery.



Rafi Landau's silver-plate-and-aluminum dreidel is $100 at Michael Strauss Silversmiths, Ltd. (164 East 68th Street; 744-8500).



Hand-forged iron menorah inspired by Alberto Giacometti is $110 at Zona (97 Greene Street; 925-6750).

PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRANCESCO MOSTO
FOR *NEW YORK*

THE GOODS **VANESSA GRIGORIADIS**

Done Good

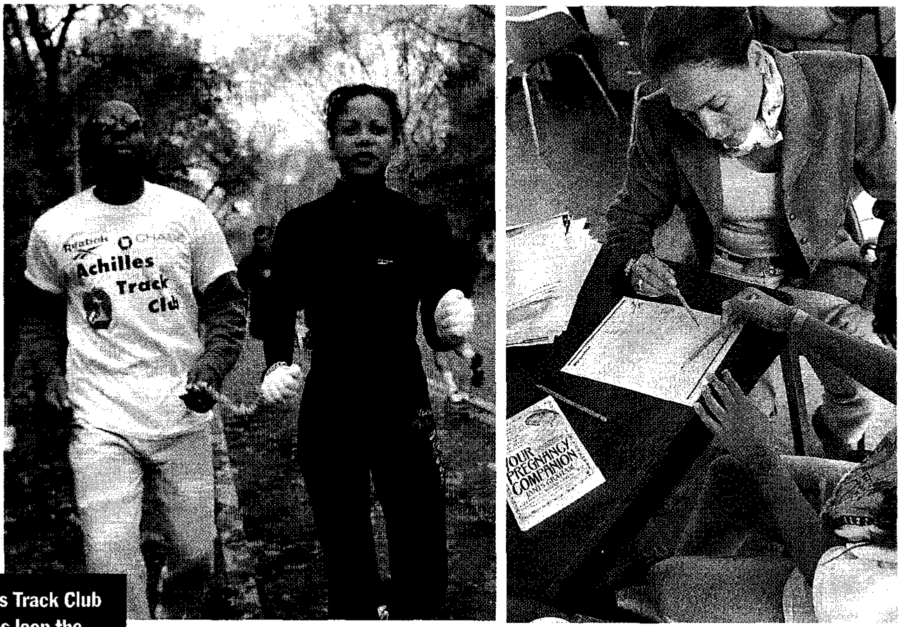
The bad news is that the **poor and disabled** *are more vulnerable than ever; the good news is that more and more people are* **helping out**. *Here's what you can do.*

“THERE’S NO BETTER PLACE TO meet young, interesting, smart, fired-up people in this city,” says 24-year-old financial analyst Brad Sutton. He’s referring not to Starbucks or Pravda but to this boxy, beige, fluorescent-lit room hidden beneath a Port Authority overpass. Here, at a Franciscan-run halfway house, some of the best minds of Sutton’s generation are busy running bingo.

“It’s a stress-free version of volunteering,” says Melody Rollins, who recently started her own consulting firm. She and two other members of the corporate-funded Street Project stand watch over 30-odd poor and homeless elderly women from Hell’s Kitchen, all intent on winning prizes like toothpaste and nail polish. A banker in a yellow tie scrutinizes each woman’s card as if it were a spreadsheet. Derek Loosvelt, a dashing analyst, is tonight’s caller. “B. Five,” he says thrillingly. “He makes everybody want to win more,” confides an older woman in feather earrings. “He plays those numbers like he wants something back.” From the far end of the room, Rachel, a tiny, pantsuited octogenarian, gleams with delight. “Bingo!”

New York currently offers a surfeit of high-reward, low-maintenance good works, ranging from reading the Sunday *Times* to the blind to restoring a Staten Island salt marsh. Volunteering is increasingly popular (nationally, a billion hours more were donated in 1995 than two years before, according to a recent Gallup survey), a hopeful omen for those worried about the government’s slackening interest in the urban disenfranchised. But the impulse to help out is usually more personal. Pamela Burton, a misty-eyed 45-year-old software developer and do-gooder, explains: “We’re so focused on our careers, then you’ve got laundry to pick up, deadlines and maybe men to meet, and then you remember you didn’t call your mom today. I thought, I just can’t be eternally self-motivated. I needed to get out of myself, needed something else.”

Here are twenty or so opportunities—all requiring little premeditation and less than a day’s labor—to get at that something else.



Achilles Track Club athletes loop the Park drive; working it out in an Inwood House classroom.

A LEG UP: Lotus Bickerton, a petite personal-fitness trainer, now coach of the **Achilles Track Club** for disabled runners, became a regular after volunteering to run the 1993 New York City marathon with an above-the-knee amputee. “There we were, running,” she says, “and every person in every borough was going crazy, screaming their heads off for him. By the end of that marathon, I learned how to feed him, motivate him—how to be there for another human being.” Now she and other jogging partners pace Achilles runners during weekly workouts in Central Park, at monthly races, and at the city marathon.

Non-aerobic work with the disabled includes **The Jewish Guild for the Blind**’s “Hello Guild Sunday” program, in which Samaritans discuss the morning papers over the phone with the visually impaired, and the adult-ed series **The Lighthouse,** in which professionals lead workshops for the blind on careers ranging from image consulting to law.

INSTANT KARMA: At **The Caring Community,** volunteering is a win-win gig. The nonprofit works on a “time-dollar” barter system: Each hour spent, say, escorting seniors to the doctor or ladling at a Sixth Avenue soup kitchen can be “cashed in” for an hour of another member’s volunteer time, which could mean never having to call the plumber again. For 26-year-old Ally Finkel, the primary benefit of volunteering comes in the form of an unexpected friendship with a 93-year-old woman she met through the organization’s lunch-delivery program, Meals-on-Wheels. Still, Finkel doesn’t mind the perks: She’s planning on trading her hours for Spanish lessons.

SPECIAL DELIVERY: Other forms of camaraderie are found at **God’s Love We Deliver,** the meal-messenger service for homebound people with AIDS. “In real life, I only know people in the same business as me. In the kitchen, I work next to a famous painter, a woman who owns a dog bakery, a mergers-and-acquisitions attorney,” says Pamela Burton, a volunteer. The

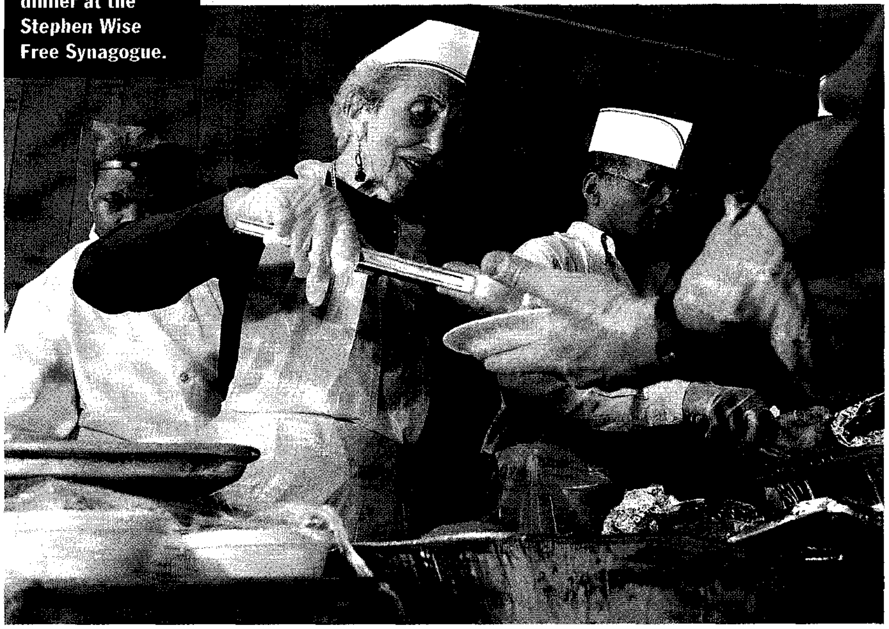
PHOTOGRAPHED BY GREG MILLER
FOR NEW YORK

esprit de corps, and some very generous sponsors, make God's Love a slick operation: Carefully crafted meals prepared in its brand-new 3,950-square-foot SoHo kitchen are stacked in temperature-controlled tubs, then whisked to the first floor, where they're loaded onto fifteen running vans. Coming at the feeding issue from another angle, volunteers at **City Harvest** take leftovers from such chichi restaurants as '21' and Sign of the Dove and distribute them, Robin Hood–style, to soup kitchens and food pantries.

FLORA AND FAUNA: The **Green Guerillas** are currently sprucing up an Alphabet City garden, while Staten Island's **Salt Marsh Restoration Team** is seeding marshland grass—team leader Carl Alderson calls it "a hair transplant"—that was ruined by a 1991 oil spill. Other ecopositive options include the **Central Park Conservancy,** which runs a bimonthly horticultural project.

For those preferring to work a bit higher on the food chain, there's the entirely volunteer-staffed **POWARS** (Pet Owners With AIDS Resource Service), an organization that helps people with HIV-related diseases care for their pets. Volunteers deliver pet food, take animals to the groomer or vet, even tend pets for hospitalized owners. "My greatest fear when I got AIDS was that I would have to give up Brie and Aja," says Walter McGrath, referring respectively to his 16-year-old briard dog and Siamese cat. "I could ask my neighbors to help, but asking for help all the time is being a burden."

THE GARMENT DISTRICT: Dignity is also the primary point of **Housing Works.** The six-year-old advocacy group helps people with HIV-related diseases figure out how to find and pay for housing. Volunteers can pull espresso at the group's Used Book Cafe in SoHo, write and produce theater productions, and put in time at two Manolo Blahnik–crammed thrift stores (a third opens this month). Though **New York Cares** runs more than 200 volunteer service activities a month, those looking to avoid orientation can unpack all-weather gear all this month at the organization's eighth-annual coat drive.



Supply-side at *Momentum AIDS:* Parceling out dinner at the Stephen Wise Free Synagogue.

Fashionistas also have a niche at **Covenant House New York,** a complex near the Lincoln Tunnel that provides a full range of services for homeless teens. Newcomers are usually dispatched to the talc-white clothing room on orders to help make the house's residents into presentable job applicants. Other opportunities to help young people can be found at **Inwood House,** a tea-shop-quaint Yorkville townhouse that's home to 36 pregnant teens in foster care. The **Clinton Family Crisis Nursery,** meanwhile, recruits day-care volunteers to tend to the kids of troubled moms.

> *"By the end of that marathon, I* **learned** *how to feed him, motivate him—how* **to be there for another human being,***" says an Achilles member.*

MEAL TICKET: For those who prefer to stay old-fashioned, opportunities at soup kitchens, the Holy Grail of volunteer work, are also plentiful this season. At the city's largest kitchen, at the **Church of the Holy Apostles**—which, given that diners eat in the church's nave, is also one of the most inspiring—volunteers dole out 1,200 lunches a day. Dinner help is needed to serve an intensely fraternal group of long-term survivors at **Momentum AIDS Project**'s eight Manhattan sites, as well as to pack goody bags for people to take home. ■

Details

STREET PROJECT: Programs include SAT tutoring, building low-income apartments in upper Manhattan, and visiting museums with underprivileged kids; call Brad Sutton (902-5417) for a newsletter.

ACHILLES TRACK CLUB: To run, just show up at the New York Road Runners Club (9 East 89th Street) at 6:15 p.m. Tuesdays or 10 a.m. Saturdays; for marathons and other events, call Evelyn Kaftan (354-0300).

THE JEWISH GUILD FOR THE BLIND: Call Lynn Stone (769-6217) to interview for Hello Guild Sunday and other programs (15 West 66th Street).

THE LIGHTHOUSE: Spring-semester recruits should call Carmella Goldstein (821-9406; 111 East 59th Street).

THE CARING COMMUNITY: Call Paul O'Brien (260-6626) to join the Saturday-afternoon Meals-on-Wheels team in the Village, serve Christmas dinner at St. Joseph's Church, or do grocery shopping for seniors (20 Washington Square North).

GOD'S LOVE WE DELIVER: One-shot volunteers should call 294-8104 to assemble Christmas-gift bags (166 Sixth Avenue).

CITY HARVEST: Truck-volunteer hours are weekdays, usually 8 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Saturday afternoons, help pack up leftovers at the Union Square Greenmarket and, starting next month, at Grand Army Plaza (call Mark Collins at 463-0456, ext. 130).

GREEN GUERILLAS: Call Joe Eisman (674-8124) to prune, plant, and weed outside the Hamilton Fish Library (Saturdays, 1–3 p.m.; 415 East Houston Street, near Avenue D).

SALT MARSH RESTORATION: Winter volunteers work in the greenhouse to sow seed; spring-planting weekends start in April. Call Robbin Bergfors (718-667-7477).

CENTRAL PARK CONSERVANCY: Sign up for the next horticultural project (December 7, 10 a.m.–1 p.m., meeting at 61st Street and the West Drive) with Rowena Saunders (360-2741).

POWARS: Interview with Joey Behette (246-6307).

HOUSING WORKS: Call Brigid Lang (645-8111, ext. 154) to help produce plays, usher at performances, or work at the thrift shops and bookstore.

NEW YORK CARES: In December, Secret Santas are needed to buy toys for tots and sort coats; call 228-5000 for a calendar of other events.

COVENANT HOUSE: Call 613-0300 to work in the clothing room or help out with holiday activities: wrapping Christmas gifts, assembling food baskets, etc. (December 14 and 15, noon–4 p.m.; 460 West 41st Street).

INWOOD HOUSE: Call Marnie Foster-Marks (861-4400) to teach computer, music, or sewing classes, or to help organize events like the December 13 holiday pageant (320 East 82nd Street).

CLINTON FAMILY CRISIS NURSERY: Interview with Carol Selton (521 West 49th Street; 529-5252).

CHURCH OF THE HOLY APOSTLES: Weekday lunch hours are 9:45 a.m.–1 p.m.; sign up with Stacy Alan (807-6799; 296 Ninth Avenue).

MOMENTUM AIDS PROJECT: One-shot volunteers should call Sam Agostino (691-8100, ext. 312) to serve dinner at the Church of St. Paul the Apostle on December 23 and December 30 or at the Stephen Wise Free Synagogue on December 26 and January 2.

MAYOR'S VOLUNTARY ACTION CENTER: An indispensible resource for those able to commit to long-term volunteering, this clearinghouse matches volunteers with 3,000 nonprofit organizations citywide. Call 788-7550 for a consultation.

One Down

Three to go: *With the weeks till Christmas numbered, we give thanks for* **eighteen sales.**

THE CHARISMATIC AUDE BRONSON-Howard not only responds to harried calls from Bergdorf Goodman ("Aude, we need cocktail napkins—can you whip some up?"), she also does costume design for feature films such as *Angel Heart, Carlito's Way,* and *Looking for Richard.* Her showroom is the Elysian Fields of textiles: She's got napkins, pillows, place mats, scarves, and shawls, and for the month of December, all are priced near wholesale. For example, silk and linen pillows that retail for $325–$350 are $200–$225; cashmere-wool shawl, retail $550, is $225. She also has frog notecards and a cat named Tweety. *Aude Bronson-Howard, 153 E. 61st St., third floor (688-3764); all major credit cards and checks; Mon.–Fri. 10–6, but call first; through 12/30.*

Freedom of Espresso

THOUGH MOVIE THEATERS MAY NOT APPRECIATE the BYO habit, it is winter, and the overcoat factor makes this deal worth mention. Chelsea's Espresso Bar, a coffee joint a bit more down-home than Starbucks, has two locations—one next to Sony's Third Avenue and 11th Street movie theater and the other near the 23rd Street Cineplex Odeon—and sells movie tickets for $4.50 with the purchase of a cappuccino (or any medium-size espresso drink) and muffin. *Chelsea's Espresso Bar, 210 Seventh Ave., near 22nd St. (206-8033), and 58 Third Ave., near 11th St. (777-2463); cash only.*

The Key to Locks

COLETTE MALOUF HAS MANAGED TO PUT A bit of snap back in the rubber band. The hair-accessory designer, original architect of our faithful scrunchie, is clearing out her 1996 collection. So hair adornments

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Dany Levy, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

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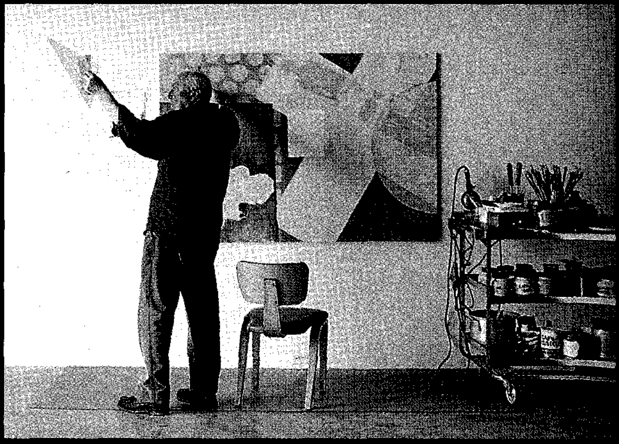

Jasper Johns with a work in progress in his Connecticut studio, 1996. Photographed by David Seidner. Courtesy of *Harper's Bazaar.*

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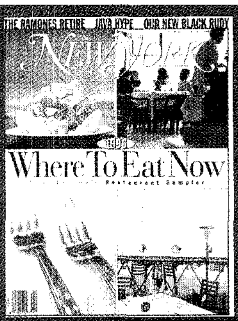
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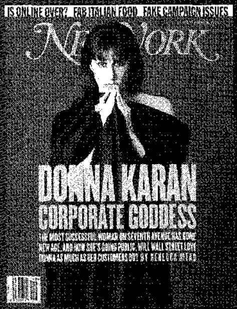
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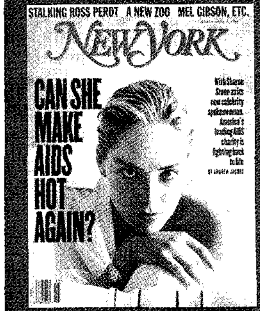
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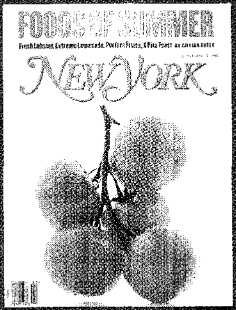
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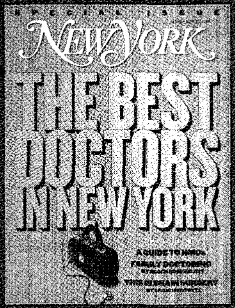
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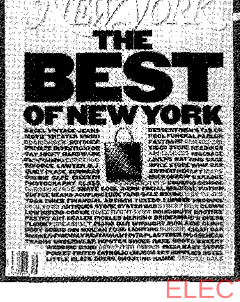
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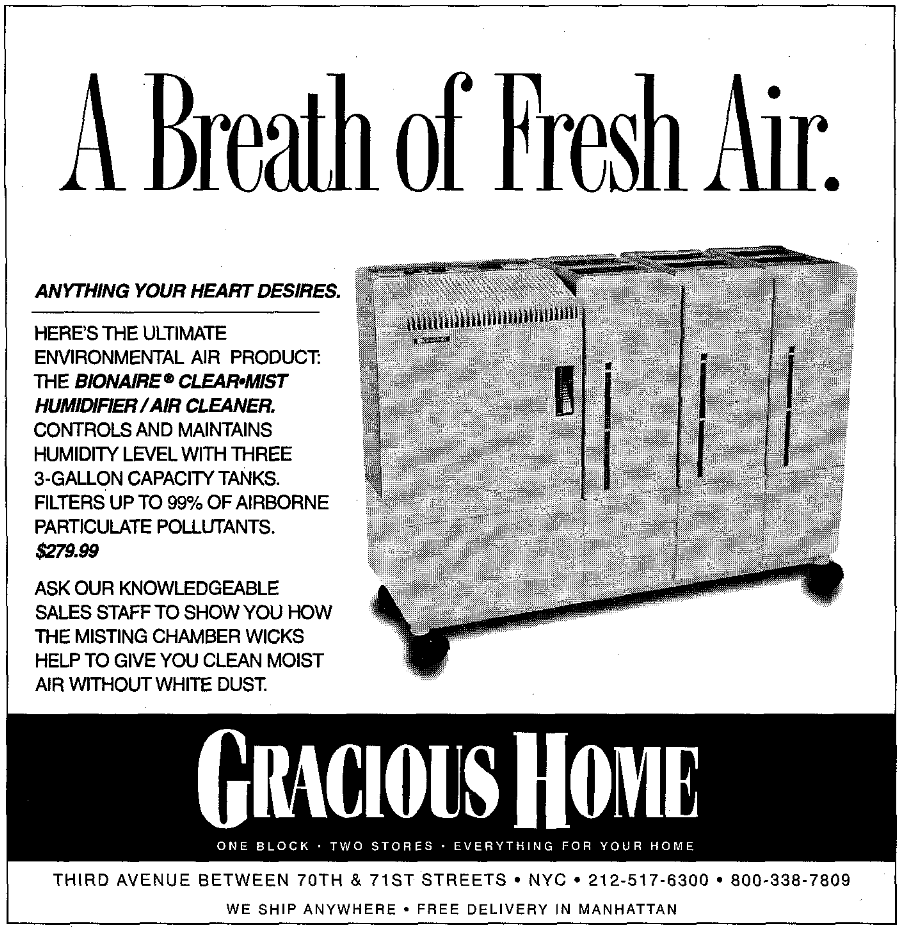
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(as well as some bridal pieces) that retail at Henri Bendel, Saks, and Harrod's for anywhere from $18 to $125 will be priced at $5 to $40. And Colette herself will be on hand to primp and fuss with your mane, if you so desire. *Colette Malouf, 594 Broadway, near Houston St., suite 1216 (941-9588); cash only; Sat.–Sun. noon–4; 12/7–8.*

Aude Bronson-Howard surrounded by her things.

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

No Nepotism Here

DAN LEVY (WHO, FOR THOSE WHO WERE wondering, bears no relation to the editor of this column) makes fine porcelain—mugs, bowls, and platters, as well as bathroom accessories. His studio sale offers dinnerware and giftware that retails at Bergdorf Goodman: porcelain platter, retail $230, here $55; porcelain cup and saucer, retail $100, here $23. The sale will also feature bargain bins ($10–$15 range) of experimental pieces and collections past. *Dan Levy, 155 W. 29th St., suite 3N (268-0878); cash only; Fri. noon–7, Sat. and Sun. 11–6; 12/6–8.*

The Metro Report

THOUGH ONE COULD GET *VERY* LONG-winded talking about all the pretty scarves, jewelry, linens, hats, and throws at this showroom dotted with finery from twenty haute designers, there is only one word that need be said about the sample sale: Go. *Metropolitan Design Group, 80 W. 40th St.,* *eighth floor (944-6110); cash only; Tues. 8–8, Wed. 9–3; 12/3–4.*

Dropping the Ball

JOHN ANTHONY, COUTURIER EXTRAORDINAIRE and designer of grand ball gowns, has 45 or so pieces to clear out of his salon. His prices, roughly 50 percent off, still merit some warning: wool suit, was $5,800, now $2,800; olive column with sequined top, was $8,500, now $4,000. *John Anthony, by appointment (888-4070; ask for Scott); through 1/31/97.*

Sleeping Around Town

SLEEPING PARTNERS, PURVEYORS OF ALL things bed-related, sells its linens and pajamas to places like Portico and ABC. This week's sample sale has everything from duvet covers to pajamas, priced as follows: Linens run $15–$80; pajamas, $20–$40; children's playwear and kimonos, $10–$25. *Sleeping Partners, 584 Broadway, room 204 (274-1211); V., M.C.; Wed.–Sat. noon–7; 12/4–7.*

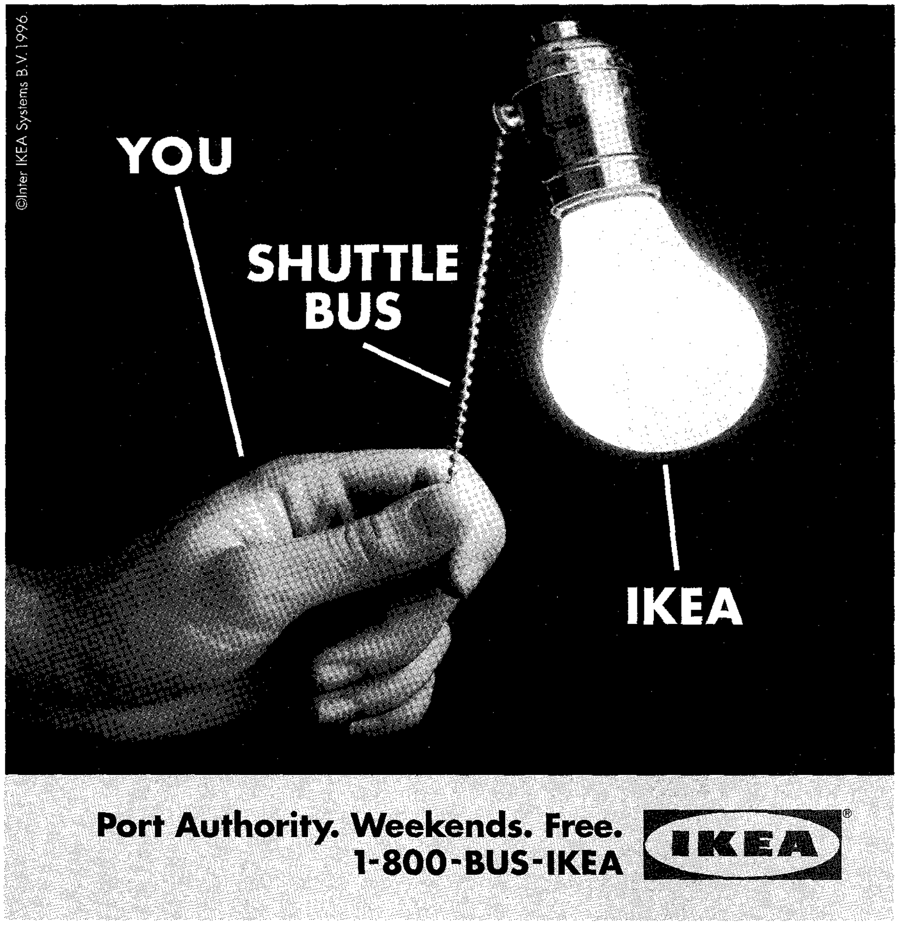
Meanwhile, another bedding-sample sale has Egyptian-cotton linens made in Italy that come in floral-gingham and regal patterns. Prices are as follows: queen duvet, was $270, now $150; standard sham, was $40, now $22. *Dashal, 392 Fifth Ave., suite 906, near 37th St. (686-6297); cash only; Tues.–Fri. 10:30–6:30; 12/3–6.*

A Chance at a Ghost

SHOWROOM SEVEN HAS LONG BEEN *THE* stomping ground of model-ish types, but only of the female sort. Now they're adding menswear—so we can assume that at the sample sale, there'll still be the usual clawing for a Ghost dress that retails $700 (going for $200) and the Erickson Beamon bag that retails for $600 (also going for $200), but our question is, now that the boys are invited, how will they handle the dressing room? *Showroom Seven, 498 Seventh Ave., twenty-fourth floor (643-4810); M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 10–7; 12/3–13.*

Working It Out

A BUCK TO WORK OUT AT CRUNCH? THIS little booklet—sort of a gym sampler—offers more than 60 workouts at 30 gyms (including Crunch, Radu's Physical Culture Studio, the Printing House, and the Excelsior Athletic Club, to name just a few). Usually $60, it's $50, and all proceeds benefit the American Lung Association. *Send check or money order to the American Lung Association of New York, 432 Park Avenue South, New*



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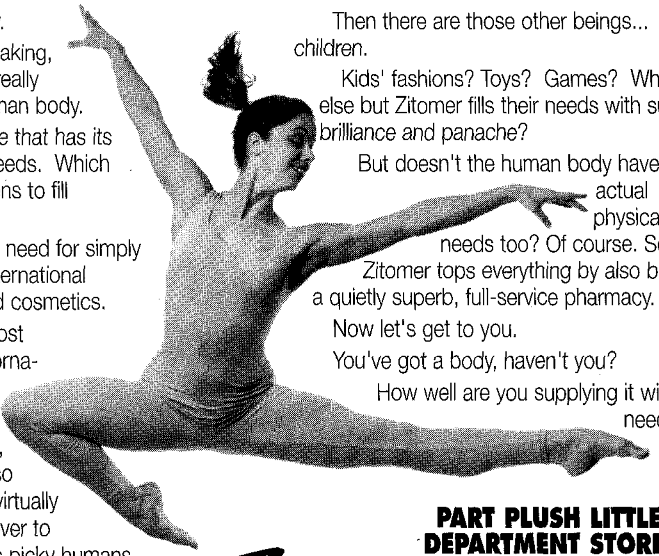

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Ivy League

A TOUCH OF IVY, THE PRINCETON-BASED home-accessories showroom, is setting up a makeshift outlet smack in the center of midtown. Scads of holiday-ish things (think crimson velvets, spiced sachets) as well as leftovers from its breezier "Nantucket" collection are priced wholesale. *A Touch of Ivy, 864 Lexington Ave., near 64th St. (717-2128); A.E., M.C., V; Mon.–Sat. 11–7, Sun. noon–5; 12/5–24.*

There's the Rub

THERE ARE PRECIOUS FEW PLACES LEFT IN this town that will tackle the minefield of knots in your back for $42. But this salon now has a series of specials that includes a seaweed body wrap and scrub; it was $97, now $60 (a series of six, with a free facial, is $340); facial with peel was $56, now $42 (a series of six, with free manicure, is $248). *Lia Schorr, 686 Lexington Ave., near 57th St., fourth Fl. (486-9670); all major credit cards and checks; Mon.–Fri. 9–8, Sat.–Sun. till 5; through 1/15/97.*

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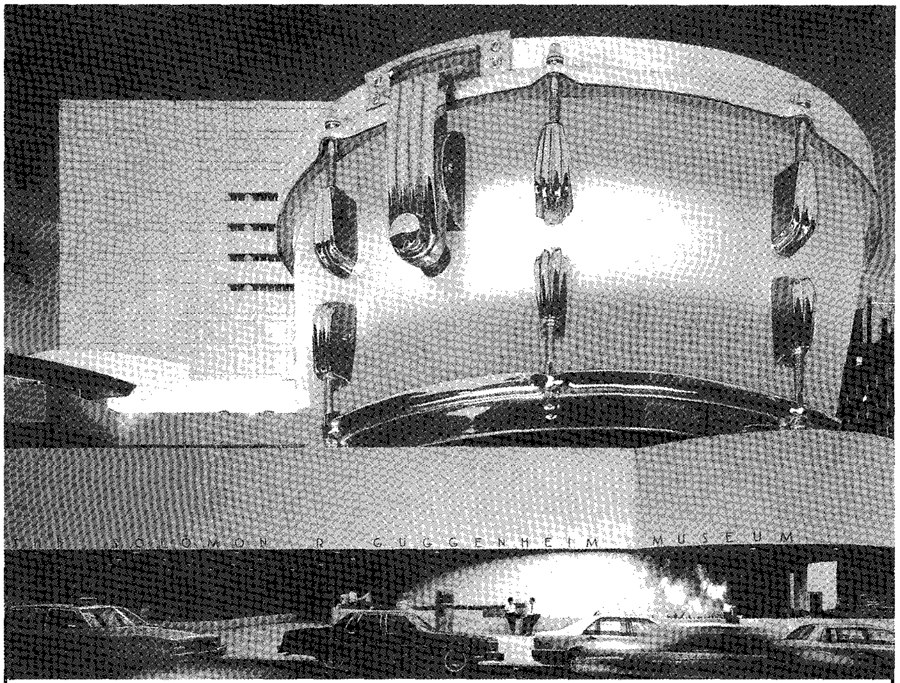
S&B's N.B. **Rumor has it that at the opening of the new Prada store on Madison, handbags were handed out—*gasp*—for free. Now Madison Avenue's Peter Coppola Salon is offering high-end freebies of its own. Bring in this page and choose between a Phyto hair-conditioning treatment and an eye-and-lip makeover with Denise Chaplin (who reportedly shapes a pretty fierce eyebrow). The salon is also doing a manicure-and-pedicure combination for $30 (was $50). *746 Madison Avenue, near 64th Street; by appointment only (988-9404).***



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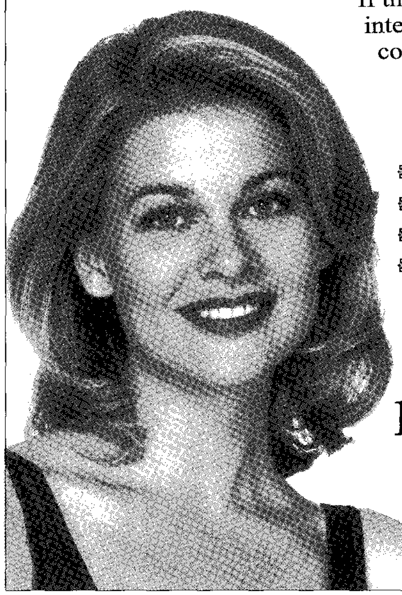

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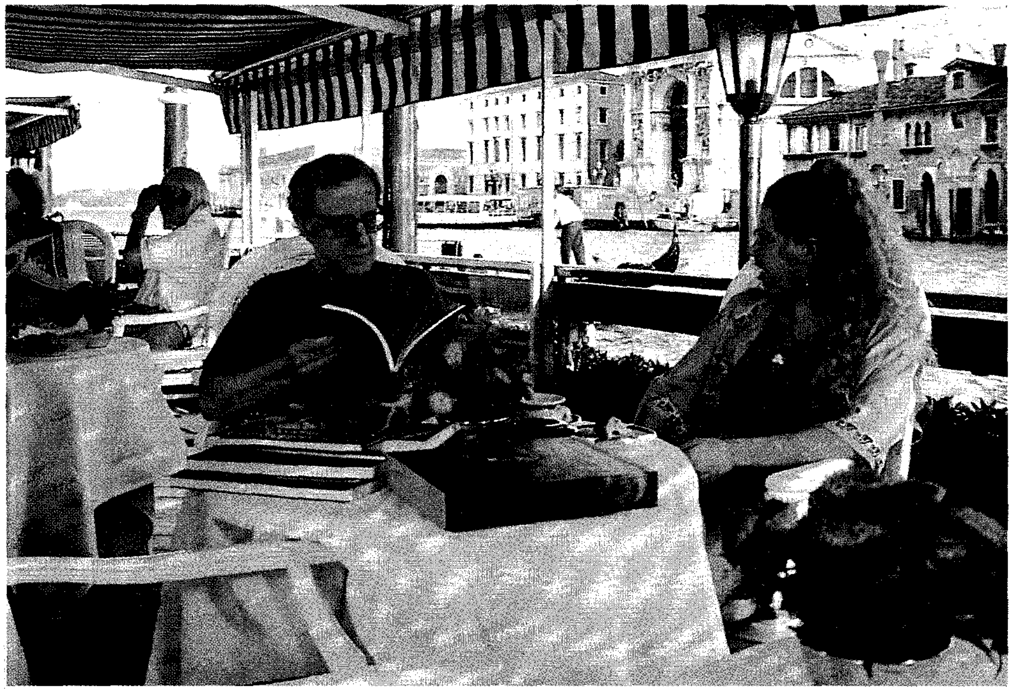
MOVIES DAVID DENBY

Amateur Hour

In Woody Allen's new musical (!), everybody gets to sing—badly; 'Ridicule' conjures an ancien régime *in which wordplay and wit win the king's favor.*



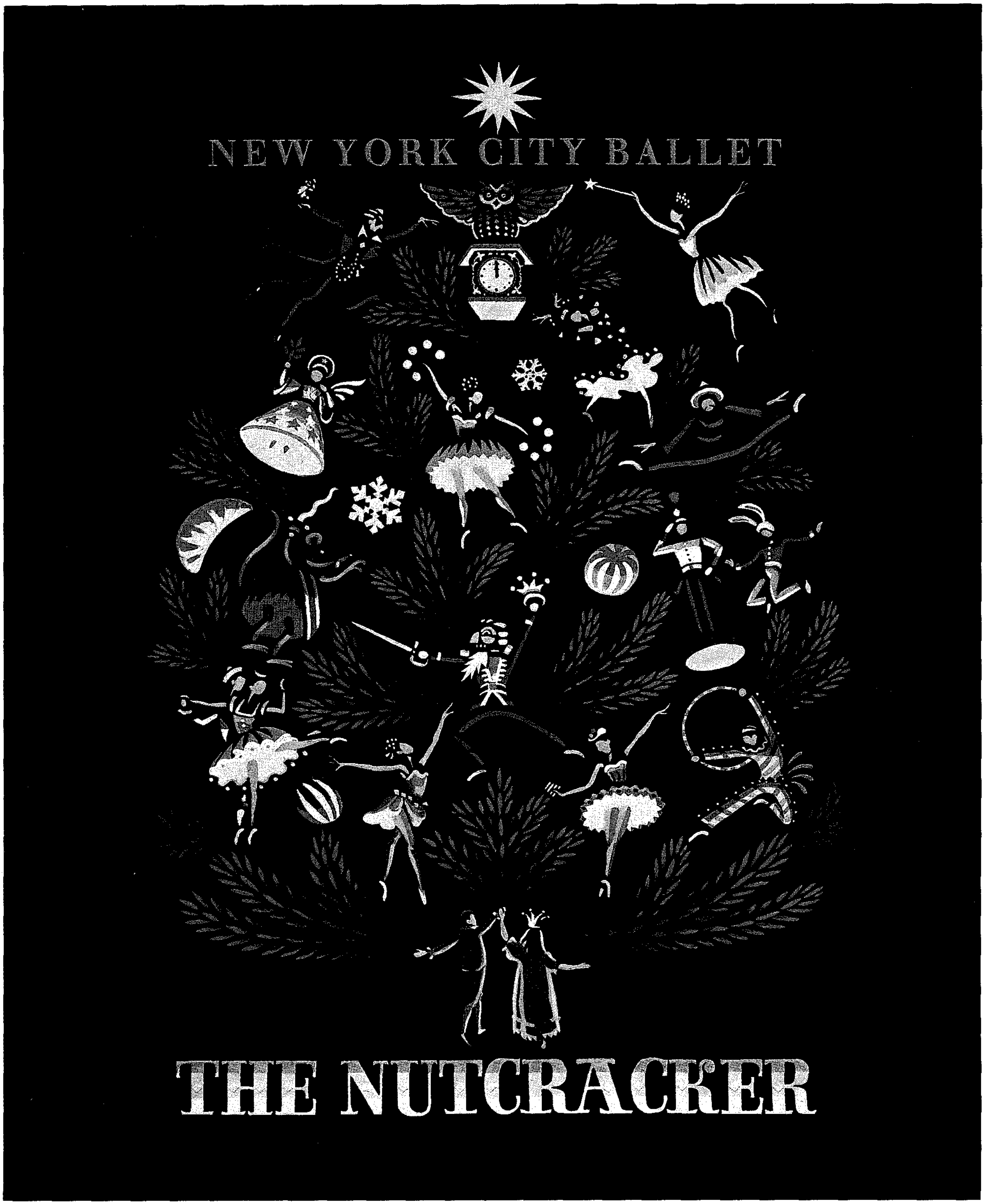
Woody Allen and Natasha Lyonne (as his daughter) have a Venetian idyll in *Everyone Says I Love You.*

WOODY ALLEN, THE MOST MUSICALLY SENSItive of modern directors, has made a musical. He's taking a tremendous risk in **Everyone Says I Love You,** and one wants it to work; one wants it to take off and augur some thrilling new direction for his career and for the movie-musical form, which has pretty much been run into the ground in recent years. In two or three scenes, the movie does manage to leave the earth. In Paris, at a party celebrating Groucho Marx, a group of dancers in Groucho mustaches sings the famous nonsense song "Hooray For Captain Spaulding" in French, bending their knees in Groucho's lewd shuffling walk and then leaping and twirling. Later in the same scene, Allen flirts brilliantly à la Groucho with Goldie Hawn, and at the banks of the Seine, they do a gentle pas de deux, in which Goldie, who can actually dance, soars through the air (with some unseen wires helping). Woody is her partner, and when she returns to the ground, she falls into his arms—and at that point the dance collapses. Allen makes a male partner's gestures but no more than gestures. He alludes to a man dancing, the way we all do in the living room, clowning for our children.

In movies, music and dance crystallize and heighten emotion. When ordinary speech seems inadequate, singing and dancing become, like poetry, the strongest way of saying something. Nothing can stop Fred dancing when he falls in love with Ginger. Everything built up to those numbers, and the greatest of them, exploding on the screen, made us happy in ways that perhaps nothing else in movies can equal. But in Woody's musical, the gesture toward song or dance is meant to be enough, a sign of the irrepressible lyric impulse that exists in everyone. Talent is not the point; desire is the point. We all long for music to express our happiest or saddest moments. So Woody Allen uses actors with no training as singers, actors who may never have sung professionally in their lives—Allen himself, Julia Roberts, Tim Roth, Alan Alda, and many others—and they warble in their thin little voices, which barely reach the microphone, and there's no exhilaration, no release. We're left hoping they can get through the number without making fools of themselves.

I'm not saying we always need trained voices. Sam Levene, playing Nathan Detroit in the original *Guys and Dolls,* couldn't sing a note, but his gruff, toneless outbursts could break your heart. Levene was not cautious, and that made all the difference. If Woody Allen wanted the sound of nonmusical people making music, why not encourage his actors to bellow, to sing like heroes? This timid, dry, uninvolving way of approaching the problem, so that each song is in melancholy good taste without moving us in any way, robs the democratic impulse of its audacity. And so we notice that these people lack the technique to express emotion.

The movie is a comedy about a large, rich, mixed-up New York family (Alan Alda is the paterfamilias), with first marriages, second marriages, stepchildren, and friends, all of them falling in and out of love, usually at the drop of a hat, and some of the dialogue has the pleasantly dithering sound of an old Kaufman and Hart play like *You Can't Take It With You.* The movie is easy to sit through, hard to get excited about. Like an MGM director from 45 years ago, Allen mounts the production in a supersaturated, picture-postcard New York, Venice, and Paris, photographed (by Carlo Di Palma) with Woody's characteristic elegance. Posed against static backgrounds, none of the love affairs gets more than brief, anecdotal treatment; the characters wander around beautiful places, and they sing, always in the same tepid, colorless style. The dancers are pros, however, and Woody Allen, working with choreographer Graciela Daniele, shows some talent for satirical dance routines. He should do another musical, and this time risk the danger of real emotion.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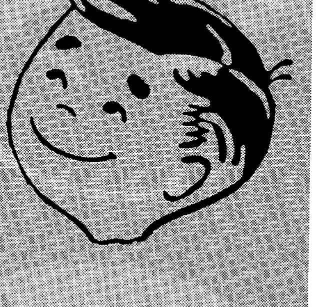

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THE FRENCH COMEDY **Ridicule** STYLIZES THE extravagant, brocaded life of the *ancien régime* in an entertaining new way: As screenwriter Rémi Waterhouse and director Patrice Leconte tell it, wit rules the court of Louis XVI—rules it so thoroughly that a man who says something brilliant at a dinner party or recovers quickly from another man's insult finds himself rewarded with the king's favor. On the other hand, if the same man falls down on the dance floor, or begins an insult that peters out, he receives derision so acute and persistent that he might be required to absent himself from France altogether. What makes the situation even more frightening is that the king himself does not possess wit and sometimes has trouble recognizing it. "It's not a pun, is it?" he asks anxiously after hearing something that pleases him. (Puns are considered unworthy.) "It's wordplay, Sire," replies the adroit adviser, very much to the king's satisfaction.

In this war of all against all, one of the vanquished, having spent some time out of the country in disgrace, returns to the house of an old tormentor, now a withered and speechless man dying in a chair. The visitor unsheathes his member, and urinates on his host. Wit and the male member go, so to speak, hand in hand. The witty get to sleep with such beautiful courtesans as Fanny Ardant's Madame de Blayac, who has the pleasant habit of promoting her current lover's interests with the king. Can we believe it? Is any of it true? Did these people do nothing but sit around uttering pompous epigrams and playing tricks on one another? Perhaps not, but what's the difference? The French-style high concept makes for a brilliant, rather outrageously suspenseful movie. Leconte produces some intimate moments, but most of the movie is set at social occasions—parties and gatherings of all sort in which the malice rattles like musket fire. In all, this is a stronger film than the earlier Patrice Leconte works to reach us, *Monsieur Hire* and *The Hairdresser's Husband.* Giving himself over entirely to artifice, Leconte invests it with considerable strength: The powder and rouge and the wigs that go swirling heavenward like whipped cream are a visual analogue to the patter, which never touches on anything that matters. Style is what counts: People live or die by it.

There is, perhaps, a certain fatuity and theatricalism in the French character that makes movies like this one irresistible. The words are not so much spoken as recited. The actors can get away with anything as long as their diction is crisp, their poise and address unimpeachable. Bernard Giraudeau is particularly brilliant as the capering, fantastically dextrous Abbot de Vilecourt, a fornicating cleric who triumphs on every occasion but finally goes too far and outrages the king. Fanny Ardant, as the most fetching of the prizes, stands naked while powder is blown at her by servants; she emerges from this cloud, a glittering pale Venus, vague yet relentless, self-dissatisfied but always ready for the next round of the game.

Ardant's tinge of sadness reminded me (for a moment) of the prevailing mood of Bertrand Tavernier's *Let Joy Reign Supreme* (1975), the last good French *ancien régime* movie. Tavernier's characteristic melancholy ennobled his portrait of the period. Avoiding smugness (it is not, after all, very hard to sneer at the courts of the prerevolutionary kings), Tavernier suggested that some true glory, as well as cruel luxury, was lost. But *Ridicule* is more conventionally moralistic: These spoiled-rotten people, with a few exceptions, deserve to die. One of the exceptions is an old courtier, played by the familiar Jean Rochefort, who sees through the mystique of the court but remains obsessed nonetheless. Rochefort's Marquis de Bellegarde is losing his memory; he can no longer strike with speed. He adopts as his protégé a young man from the provinces, Grégoire (Charles Berling), a smart and serious engineer and landholder who wants to drain the mosquito-infested swamps of his region. Grégoire, learning to play the game, replaces the fallen Abbot de Vilecourt in the bed of Madame de Blayac; he advances toward the king's attention.

At the same time, he falls in love with his patron's beautiful daughter (Judith Godrèche), who is meant to be some kind of pure scientific spirit. Tall and imposing, Godrèche stalks about the fields rather incongruously in a long dress that leaves most of her breasts exposed. She is not meant to be a woman of fashion (physically, she's like a princess in a fairy tale), so it's hard to know what to make of the décolletage, except that the movie's producers know how to sell tickets. *Ridicule* is set up as a morality play pitting the pure love of the young woman against the lust of an older woman, science and responsibility against fashion and selfishness. Grégoire and his lady play at science in the fields and lakes, experimenting with an early form of a pressurized diving suit, and they are both a little solemn. Some of us might even prefer the company of the nasty wits back at the palace. One of the peculiarities of the court badinage is that it's not actually funny. Wit, as here conceived, is artificial, formal, logical. It reveals nothing of character; its very point might be to conceal it. But the director finds these people out; he is more ruthless than the king. *Ridicule* is a rather preposterous movie, but, in grand style, it gives us the pleasures of malice. After the revolution, people couldn't have had half so much fun. ▬

THEATER JOHN SIMON

Of Poets and Puppets

Fiona Shaw shines in a dry production of T. S. Eliot's 'The Waste Land'; Despite dozens of ribald masks and manic mannequins, 'Juan Darién' disappoints.

THERE IS SOMETHING SLIGHTLY FOOLHARDY, OR merely megalomaniacal, about an actress who turns T. S. Eliot's epochal but nontheatrical poem **The Waste Land** into a theatrical evening—if indeed something lasting 35 minutes can be called an evening. But that is what the distinguished Irish-born actress Fiona Shaw—under the direction of her friend Deborah Warner—has done rather well considering the quirkiness of the project. The two of them were also responsible for a *Richard II* in which Miss Shaw created a brouhaha by playing the king. Seeing her onstage for the first time, I can well imagine her as Richard. I have a little more difficulty visualizing her in female roles.

Miss Shaw is a formidable presence. Neither pretty nor handsome, she has, however, an exceptionally mobile and expressive face, and a voice of great range and resonance. At 37, she can look both young and old, which adds to the universality she exudes. She has, moreover, lived herself into the poem with enthusiasm and intelligence. I am glad I caught her performance, even though I disagree with some details of her interpretation, with acting out something meant to be recited or read, and with charging $35—i.e., a dollar a minute. On the other hand, an abandoned theater such as the Liberty, ruinous enough to gladden the heart of a Peter Brook, seems just the place for Eliot's lament for the secularization, vulgarization, and disintegration of our culture.

Much has been made of Eliot's having read and recorded his poem in a measured near-monotone supposedly inimical to conveying its meaning. I disagree: Eliot, a bit of a cold fish in real life and always an observer rather than a participant, had every justification for sounding dispassionate when presenting us with this grab bag of cultural, mythical, and literary shards. It gave him that Olympian equipoise, that tragic calm with which to look down on what he viewed as chaos only sporadically shot through with flashes of redeeming art, history, and religiosity.

Miss Shaw acts it all out in many voices and accents, occasionally changing her posture and location on the stage, and with a few naked, strategically positioned lightbulbs going on or off at appropriate moments. It is all very dramatic, even melodramatic, what with fortissimos where subtle understatement might be more effective, prestissimos where a measured pace might convey more. But it is impressive as verbal prestidigitation, and to folks who know little about *The Waste Land* and who can here follow it only intermittently and dazedly, it must be as awesome as an earthquake viewed safely on television.

Even so, the audience may leave a little starved. Not for more poetry—for most people, 35 minutes of it is more than enough—but for additional entertainment. Perhaps Miss Warner could stand on the sidelines and, at the proper places, read out Eliot's footnotes to the poem. Or perhaps Miss Shaw, assuming yet another voice, could recite them herself.

FOLKTALES ARE ALWAYS SIMPLE, BUT SOME ARE RICHER IN reverberation than others. The story of Juan Darién, as retold by one Horacio Quiroga and turned into **Juan Darién, A Carnival Mass** by Julie Taymor and Elliot Goldenthal, is at best a mixed bag: some spiffy spectacle for the eye, some uneven music for the ear, and absolute zero for the adult mind.

As those familiar with the Taymor-Goldenthal team will know, this is a pantomime with singing and dancing,

Poetry in motion: Fiona Shaw in *The Waste Land*.

Photograph by Neil Libbert.

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elaborate masks and costumes, genuinely inventive scenery, and, by way of content, the most banal and politically correct platitudes. Orphaned jaguar cub is suckled and brought up by peasant mother and turns into human being; stupidity and cruelty of other human beings causes Juan to be persecuted and killed; Juan reverts to jaguardom and, with fellow felines, returns to the joys of the jungle.

Miss Taymor has a way with masks and puppets (derivative as it may be of various Oriental and other sources), and, partnered by G. W. Mercier, with sets and costumes. As a choreographer, she is less effective; as a storyteller, still less so. As a composer, Elliot Goldenthal, who has written some apt film scores and pretentious concert music, is fine when he sticks to simple folklike melodies; when he aspires to grandiose modernism, he is at best a lowercase Nono. He is a complete disaster as a poet, and his two poems that he has had the gall to insert amid the great medieval *Dies irae* are, in English, illiterate as well as trashy. Translated by others into Spanish, they come off slightly better.

But where *Juan Darién* goes totally to pieces is in trying to tell a story. Though one can follow the general outline, the convoluted goings-on often communicate nothing. Children, however, and childish grown-ups may find this a feast. The performers are not to be faulted, and Daniel Hodd, as Juan, and Martín Santangelo, as the evil tiger tamer, are especially fine.

DAVID HENRY HWANG IS A FASCINATING ALbeit erratic playwright who, at his best, can do marvels with his chosen theme: the clash of East and West either in America or in China. In **Golden Child,** the conflict takes place both in today's United States and in China some 70 years ago. It is, mainly, the fight between individualistic Christianity and age-old, anti-individual ancestor worship.

Andrew Kwong (David Hwang?) is riding to Kennedy Airport in a taxi, on his way to the West Coast, where his wife is about to bear their first child. A mysterious sign appears to him, YOU MUST BE BORN AGAIN, followed by the ghost of his maternal grandmother, Ahn, who insists that he not cut himself off from the tales of his ancestors. The crone changes into her 10-year-old self, and Andrew turns into her father, Eng, who is his maternal great-grandfather, the first in the family to convert to Christianity. We follow the tribulations of this wealthy merchant with his three continually sparring and plotting wives.

Hwang nicely catches this contest of spouses, each woman trying to be humbler than the others while also aiming to outmaneuver them in gaining advantages for herself and her offspring. Soon a British missionary is also on the scene, a bumbling but zealous proselytizer for conversion to his faith. Religion, too, becomes a political football among the wives, and the infighting and intrigues are often quite amusing. But two problems arise.

Although Hwang is good with the battle of ideologies and the internecine intrigues, he stints on three-dimensional characterizations and shapeliness of plotting; when he starts bringing in ghosts, the play goes down several notches. Further, James Lapine, perhaps our most overrated director, achieves neither narrative clarity nor proper tempos, so opacity and confusion set in. We are left with an interesting idea and some clever dialogue but no fleshed-out play.

Tony Straiges has designed prettily evocative scenery, and there are also good costumes and authoritative-sounding music. The acting by the four women—the three wives and Ahn—is first-rate, that of the two men rather less so. Perhaps a little rewriting and better staging could reclaim *Golden Child* from the merely gilded to the truly golden.

I WAS REALLY ROOTING FOR **Julia Sweeney's God Said, "Ha!"** Miss Sweeney tells a family chronicle that is fraught with drama—her younger brother dies of cancer, whereas she recovers from a cancer of her own—as well as replete with comedy, as her well-meaning but meddlesome and muddle-headed parents descend on her tight quarters to help nurse her moribund brother. Everybody gets into everybody's hair and on Julia's nerves. Later—the monologue lasts 90 minutes, or two and four sevenths *Waste Lands*—there is also a bunch of doctors and nurses in the story, as well as Julia's new lover, with whom she must make out behind her parents' backs.

It is a tragicomic tale well enough put together, but with several drawbacks. First, the Sweeneys are not so funny as Julia imagines. Second, the jokes tend to be repetitious. Third, Miss Sweeney is no Fiona Shaw and cannot make the various characters vocally and mimetically different enough. And fourth, this show belongs in a small, Off Broadway theater for greater intimacy, lesser pretensions, and lower prices. Although the raconteuse has an appealing personality and manner, that is not quite enough. After all, even Julia Sweeney's God let out only one "Ha!"; others may be even charier with their guffaws.

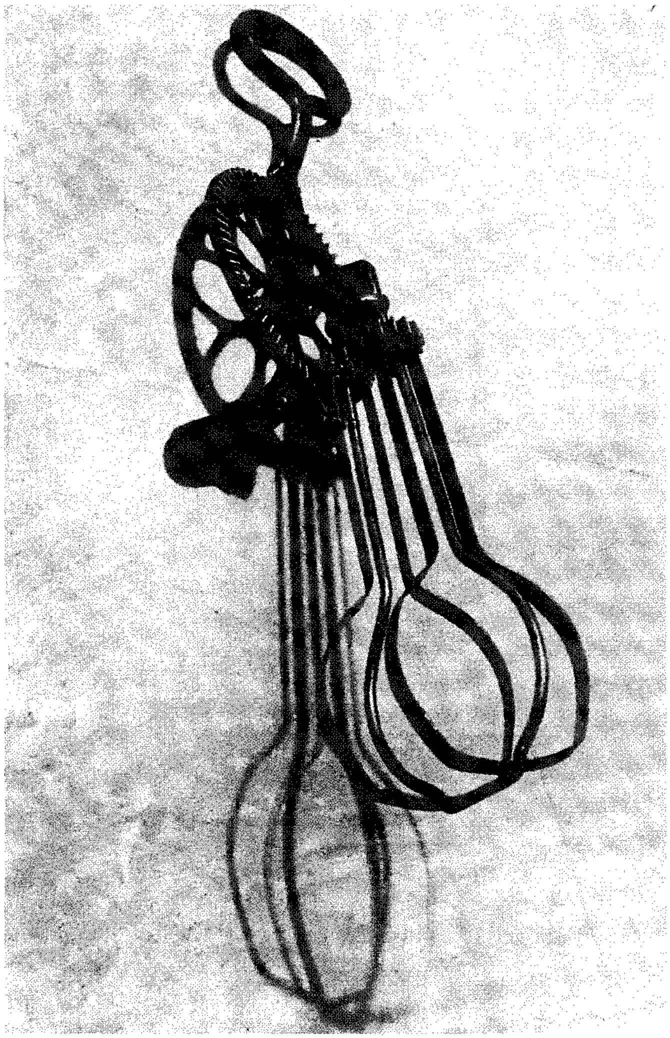
LERNER AND LOEWE'S **Gigi** IS IN REVIVAL AT the Paper Mill Playhouse. Not one of the team's best efforts, it has three great assets in its current production: Michael Anania's sets, Gregg Barnes's costumes, and a superb performance by Anne Rogers. It also has a pathetic nonperformance by Gavin MacLeod and the usual monstrous overacting by Liliane Montevecchi. The rest falls unexcitingly in between. ■

ART

MARK STEVENS

High Spirits

The Whitney's exhibit on the Dadaists' arrival in New York evokes a quaint shock value and a light touch—and an influence that turns up everywhere.



IN 1913, MARCEL DUCHAMP'S CUBIST PAINTING *NUDE Descending a Staircase* caused a sensation in New York, creating, perhaps for the first time in the American art world, a "must-see" frenzy. Four years later, Duchamp—having moved to New York from Paris—exhibited an upended urinal. He named this notorious work *Fountain* and signed it R. MUTT, 1917. After seeing **Making Mischief: Dada Invades New York** at the Whitney Museum of American Art, many people may conclude that nothing essential has changed. Today, our art mostly flows from Duchamp's fountain.

"Making Mischief," organized by Francis M. Naumann, includes about 200 works, most dating from 1915 to the mid-twenties. The famous figures of New York Dada—Duchamp, Man Ray, and Picabia—are well represented. Also on display are works by artists then on the margins of Dada, such as Arthur Dove and Florine Stettheimer, and curiosities by largely forgotten characters, such as the Baroness Elsa Van Freytag-Loringhoven, who sometimes wore a birdcage (and a bird) around her neck. In an attempt to evoke the milieu of Dada, the museum has even built a hokey stage-set version of the living room of Walter and Louise Arensberg, wealthy patrons who held open houses for Dadaists at their West 67th Street apartment.

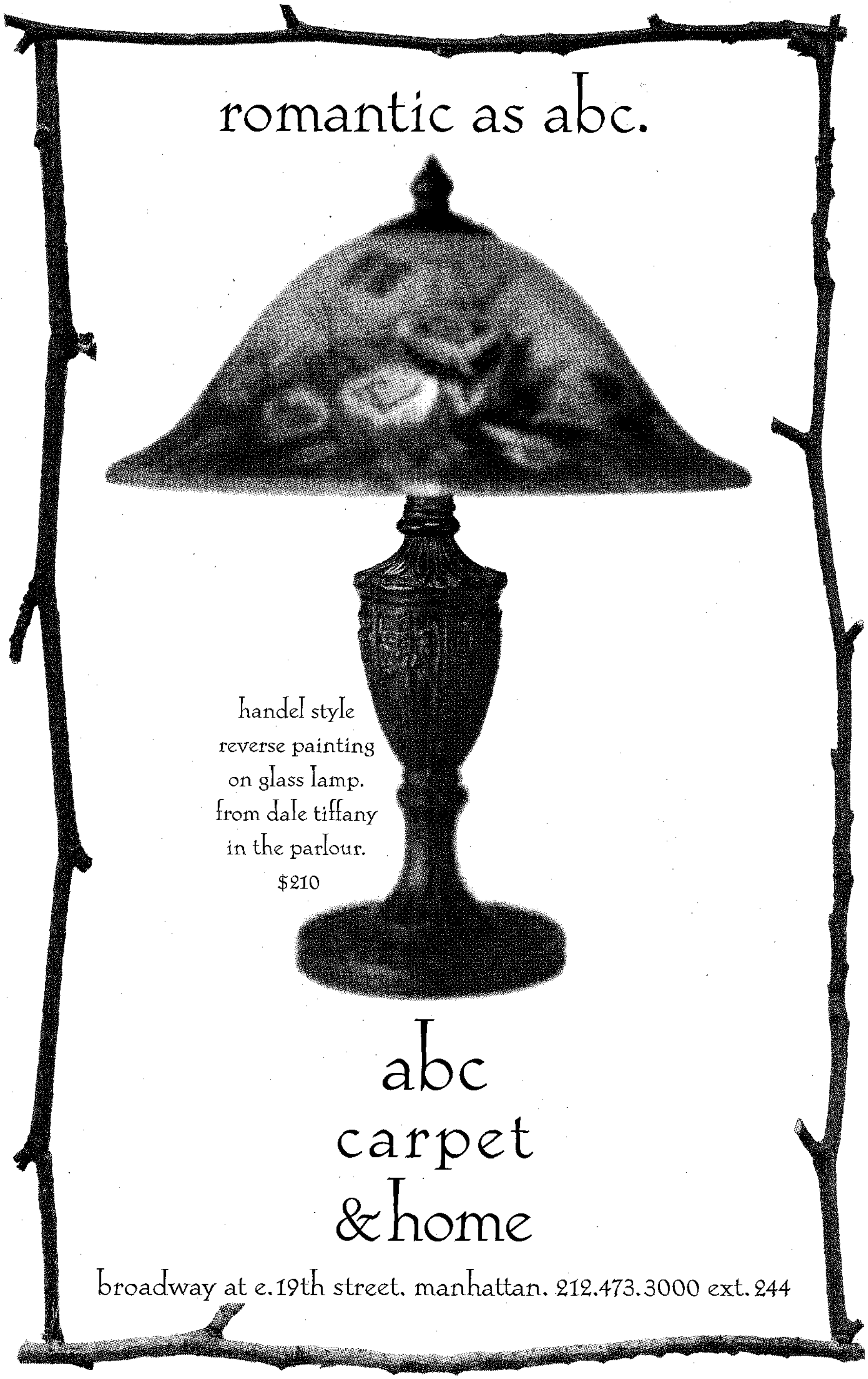
An exhibition like "Making Mischief" obviously sets out to provide a history lesson. American Dada, for example, was more lighthearted than European Dada. The United States suffered during World War I, but not as Europe had: New York remained a beacon, with skyscrapers to mark the far horizons of the mind. At the same time, an exhibition like this gives fans of Duchamp, Man Ray, and Picabia (now very fashionable and much-discussed artists) a chance to revel in Dada. But the deeper interest of "Making Mischief" comes from what we now make of our cultural connection to Duchamp's fountain—and how our art world responds to the show's echoing relation to the present.

Duchamp's urinal delivered a shock very much in the tradition of Manet's *Le Déjeuner sur l'herbe.* Like Manet, Duchamp wittily violated the sanctified hierarchies of art and breached sexual boundaries. Cool, anything but earnest—a kind of philosophical dandy—he orchestrated scandal brilliantly. To Duchamp, the hoots, gasps, and snorts of an outraged middle class provided an excellent background cacophony, above which the artist's wit, freedom, and superiority might rise with contrapuntal charm and intelligence. But Duchamp differs from Manet in one great respect. If Manet remained always a painter, devoted to visual experience, Duchamp declared his "aesthetic indifference" and dismissed most art as merely "retinal." Duchamp, in short, promoted the artist's role as a social critic and philosophical gadfly.

Duchamp and his friends addressed most of today's favored themes. They explored the idea of the "machine" taking over the soul of humanity, much as artists today examine how the media fashion mankind. They played with gender, cross-dressing, and use of the artist's own body. Man Ray, for example, photographed Duchamp dolled up as his famous alter ego, Rose Sélavy. (Pronounced *"c'est la vie."*) They relished the comic or bizarre juxtaposition; Man Ray photographed

Eggbeater or crossdresser? Man Ray's *L'homme* (1918) later became *La Femme.*

Photograph courtesy of the Whitney Museum of American Art.



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an eggbeater and called it *L'Homme* (later switching the title to *La Femme*). His photograph *Dust Breeding* is one of the funniest in art.

"Making Mischief" reveals just how much Jasper Johns, for one, owes to Duchamp. Keep this show in mind when going through the Johns retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art: The future might well consider Johns a fascinating footnote to Duchamp. Even the critical arguments of today are foreshadowed by the early debate over Dada. Then as now, critics are divided between those horrified by a "decadent" turn of art away from the "aesthetic" and those who applaud its social critique and bourgeois-bashing.

Duchamp and the others possessed a light touch that makes today's art often seem labored by comparison. The critical arguments about this kind of art are no less tired. What should finally be acknowledged is that the Duchampian spirit is now, in its own right, an old and conservative tradition. It is familiar. It is academic. It is safe. Take a look at the exhibition catalogue, which includes short academic essays presented in jumpy, Dadaesque graphics. The effect is that of a physics professor doing the Macarena.

Duchamp himself worked out most of the implications of his tradition—even its aging. In a gesture that foreshadows most of Andy Warhol's work, he proposed marketing Dada, casting the word in silver, gold, and platinum to "be worn as a bracelet, badge, cuff links or tie pin." The important question is whether Duchamp's tradition still has significant life. As an exhausted century draws to its close, the high-spirited works of 75 years ago seem unexpectedly innocent. Duchamp's urinal really does look like a fountain—of youth.

A CONTEMPORARY ARTIST WHO WORKS IN the tradition established by Dada, **Bruce Nauman** is now the subject of two New York shows, one at Leo Castelli and the other at the Sperone Westwater (through December 14). The video at Sperone Westwater is particularly interesting and demonstrates that despite the aging of the tradition, an artist today can still perform a deft Dada riff.

Called *World Peace*, the video shows five different people—each of whom represents a different American look, inflection, and persona—simultaneously repeating variations of "I'll talk, *you* listen. . . . You listen, *I'll* talk" and so on. The piece is both funny and chilling. It exactly captures a certain modern lunacy in which people who think they are talking to one another are actually talking only to themselves. The voices are at once friendly and hostile, reasonable and screwy, the same and different, childish and cunning. An American Babel. ▬

CLASSICAL MUSIC **PETER G. DAVIS**

Immortal Charisma

Nikolaus Harnoncourt revitalizes Beethoven like no other since the demise of the mythic maestros; Juilliard dusts off the unjustly neglected composer Hans Werner Henze.

Road to joy: Above, Nikolaus Harnoncourt leading the Chamber Orchestra of Europe.

Photograph by Chris Lee.

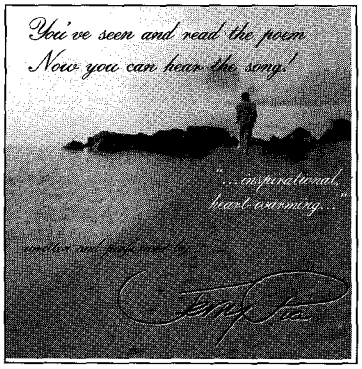
YES, YES, I KNOW. Toscanini, Furtwängler, Stokowski, Monteux, Karajan, Bernstein—all the great maestros are long gone, everyone misses them, their successors are little more than efficient time beaters, and today's musical *monstres sacrés* are mostly tenors. Still, if one looks hard enough, there are a few conductors left who can communicate a distinctive musical personality, if not the sort of priestly charisma audiences once took for granted. I would nominate **Nikolaus Harnoncourt** for one, a conductor without a gimmick and whose work in the mainstream classical repertory gets better and better. In town recently with the Chamber Orchestra of Europe, Harnoncourt presided over performances of Beethoven's nine symphonies in Carnegie Hall. The press of events allowed me to attend just two concerts (featuring Symphonies Nos. 1, 3, and 9). But they, along with his Teldec recordings of the cycle (2292-46452-2), give a clear picture of a conductor unafraid to take this thrice-familiar music by the throat and make bold, untraditional musical statements.

When contemplating that phenomenon, it's important to remember that Harnoncourt emerged from the period-instrument movement more than 30 years ago, first as a gambist in his native Vienna and later as director of the Concentus Musicus, a group that still occupies much of his time. That lively breeding ground has fostered and encouraged numerous independent, free-thinking spirits—many more than the conventional orchestra-opera milieu, which has turned so stale in recent years. Not that Harnoncourt approaches Beethoven as a dusty academic. A pragmatist, he knows that a historically informed performance can only be just that. Even when playing on period instruments, all musicians today inevitably realize the sounds of every score with the experience of more than 400 years of music in their ears.

Harnoncourt's Beethoven may be based on a sonic ideal firmly rooted in the past, but its sense is brought into the present with confident, forceful strokes. He makes each symphony, live and on disc, sound entirely fresh and contemporary, bringing a generosity of spirit to these scores that permits a wide range of mood, color, and expressive flexibility—a far cry from the "innovative" but crabby results some other authentic-instrument maestros end up with when they tackle the Big Nine. Articulated and shaped with exquisite precision, these performances convey both the music's large-scale drama and telling instrumental details but still manage to keep the symphonic structure in a clear, balanced perspective. Yes, I also miss the romantic glow of Furtwängler's magisterial authority and mystical manner, but in the here and now Harnoncourt offers a view of Beethoven that challenges, excites, consoles, and sounds just great. So do his recent Teldec opera recordings, which seem to be proceeding chronologically through the repertory from Mozart and Beethoven to Weber. Is Wagner next? The prospect of a Harnoncourt *Ring* cycle suddenly looks very possible and highly desirable.

GLOBAL POLITICKING IS AN ART THAT EVEN THE MOST IMportant composers born in this century must master if they expect any sort of international cachet. **Hans Werner Henze,** 70 this year, has never been adept at self-promotion, at least in America, where his music is seldom played. In Europe, though, and at home in Germany especially, he has always been among the most distinguished and frequently performed of living composers, and much is being made of him this season. There will be no equivalent Henze celebrations here.

"Footprints..."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The New York Philharmonic is not playing his symphonies, even the one it commissioned in 1962 (No. 5); the Metropolitan is not staging any of his full-length operas (the Met, in fact, must be the only major company in the world that has never even produced one); the Chamber Music Society will not be offering his string quartets; I know of no plans for performances of his many orchestral scores featuring solo piano, violin, and cello; nor do his choral works seem to be scheduled.

The Juilliard Opera Center to the rescue. The school's recent production of *Elegy for Young Lovers* will remind those who know the work what a gorgeous score it is and show those who don't what they've been missing. In the late fifties, Henze asked W. H. Auden and Chester Kallman for an operatic text that required "tender, beautiful noises," and that is precisely what he got, along with one of this century's most brilliantly crafted, poetically refined librettos. It examines one of Auden's favorite topics: the social and moral responsibilities of an artist-genius as personified by the petulant poet Gregor Mittenhofer, one of opera's great monsters. For years Mittenhofer and his unhappy entourage (a young mistress, an abused secretary, his personal physician, and that worthy's morose son) have been visiting an Alpine inn where the poet copies down the visions and hallucinations of Hilda Mack, an old lady driven mad on her wedding night when her husband perished on the Hammerhorn. The frozen corpse suddenly turns up after 40 years, Hilda instantly regains her wits and starts making dreary sense ("Put that in a sonnet, ducky"), and the furious Mittenhofer must look elsewhere for inspiration. He finds it by sending his mistress and the doctor's son, who have further irked the great man by falling in love, into the mountains to meet certain death in a blizzard, a tragedy that gives birth to his new masterpiece, *Elegy for Young Lovers.*

Whether immortal art can issue from corrupt sources is a question that puzzled many nineteenth-century romantics—Wagner, of course, is the locus classicus—and we're still looking for answers. Neither Auden nor Henze comes down hard on one side or the other, but by inviting us to contemplate the dilemma, they have created a dramatically compelling, ravishingly beautiful piece of music theater. Some may be put off by the sheer brilliance of the work's artifice—the libretto shows Auden juggling rhymes, meters, and verse forms with the virtuosity of a verbal Paganini, while Henze's transparent score is an intricate network of vocally luxuriant arias and ensembles supported by instrumental textures of infinite color and expressive resource. And yet the very chiseled perfection of the opera's gestures generates an emotional intensity, nowhere more movingly than when the dying lovers, in a frozen instant, fantasize the marriage, parenthood, and old age that they will never experience. Their immolation scene is the opera's true elegy, rather than Mittenhofer's poem, which, with supreme irony, concludes the opera as a gorgeous but wordless vocalise.

The principal glory of the Juilliard performance was the chamber orchestra conducted by Randall Behr. Henze thinks of his orchestral score as providing "instrumental cardiograms" of the characters' psychological states, and the vivid "readouts" we heard were consistently dazzling. More seasoned voices might have better brought out the full lyrical potential of the composer's sinuous vocal lines—Mittenhofer, after all, was tailored for and first sung by the young Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau. Even at that, Michael John Zegarski gave an effective account of the poet's role, Jennifer Aylmer commanded Hilda Mack's flights of coloratura with awesome accuracy, and the rest of the cast was more than adequate. Narelle Sissons's expressionistic scenic design nicely suggested the cozy comfort of the Schwarze Adler inn under the threatening shadow of the omnipresent Hammerhorn glacier, and Christopher Mattaliano's intelligent stage direction had both fluidity and wit.

Shortly after *Elegy*'s world premiere in 1961, Deutsche Grammophon recorded an hour's worth of excerpts from the opera, and the disc is included in the label's birthday reissue of its complete Henze holdings. That fourteen-CD package has not come my way, but the LPs have been friends for years, and they give an appetizing, if necessarily selective, overview of the composer's work in all genres from 1947 to 1974. It's a shame that DG's commitment to Henze went no further than that—there is no comparison to Decca/London's comprehensive Benjamin Britten catalogue or CBS/Sony's in-depth surveys of Copland and Stravinsky. Even this valuable resuscitation is only being given limited circulation and minimal promotion here. But anyone with more than a passing interest in the music of the past 50 years should hunt it down, along with important releases of more recent Henze scores from other companies, particularly Simon Rattle's recording of the Seventh Symphony for EMI Classics and the Koch-Schwann recording of *The Bassarids.* The latter opera, the composer's second Auden-Kallman collaboration, is perhaps his greatest stage work, a powerful reinterpretation of Euripides' tragedy that brings the whole post-Wagnerian operatic tradition to a shattering conclusion. ■

holiday GIFT guide

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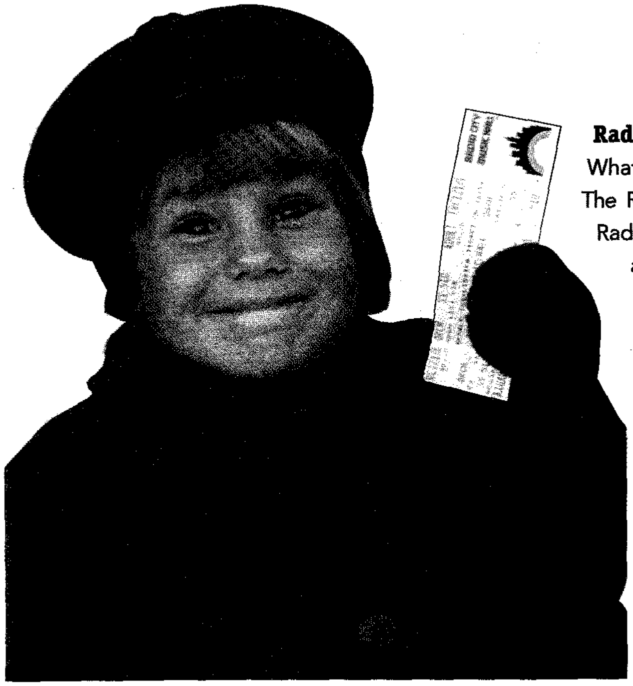
PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHARLES MARAIA



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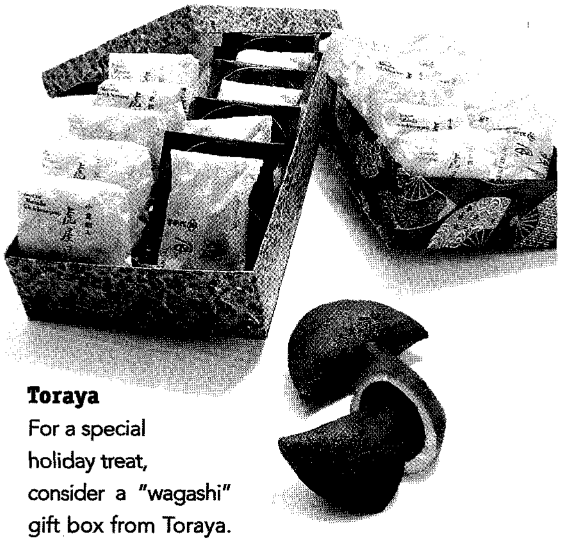

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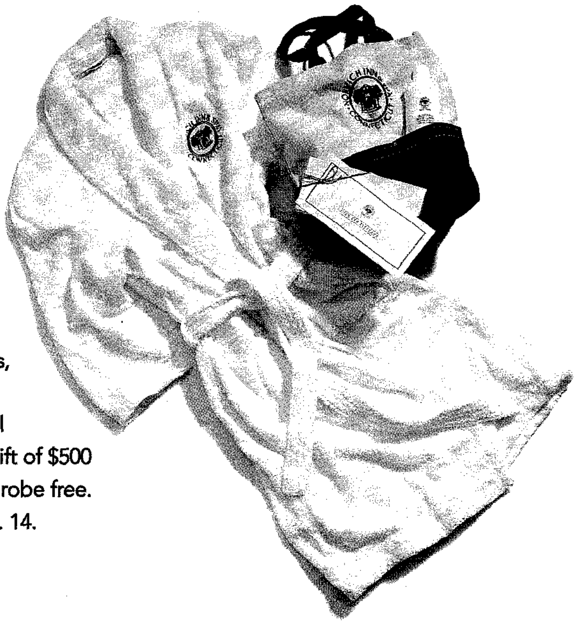

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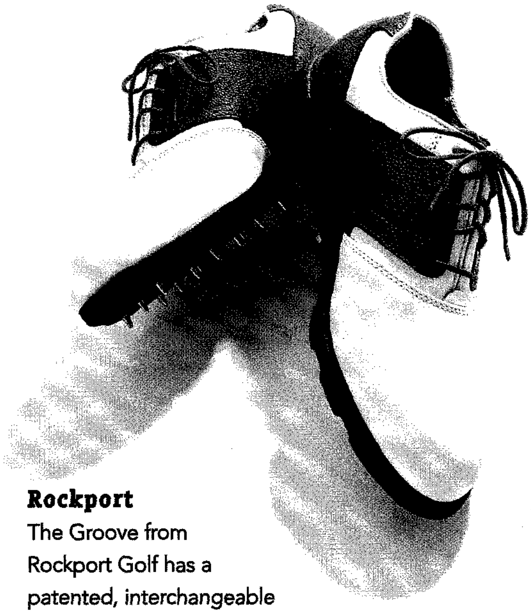

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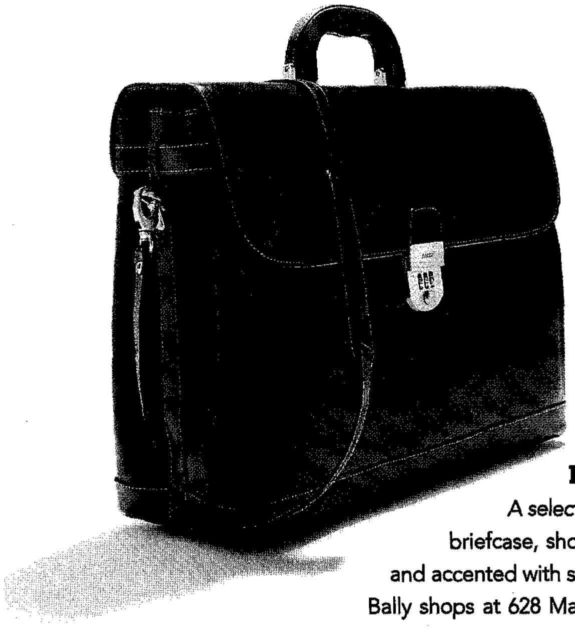

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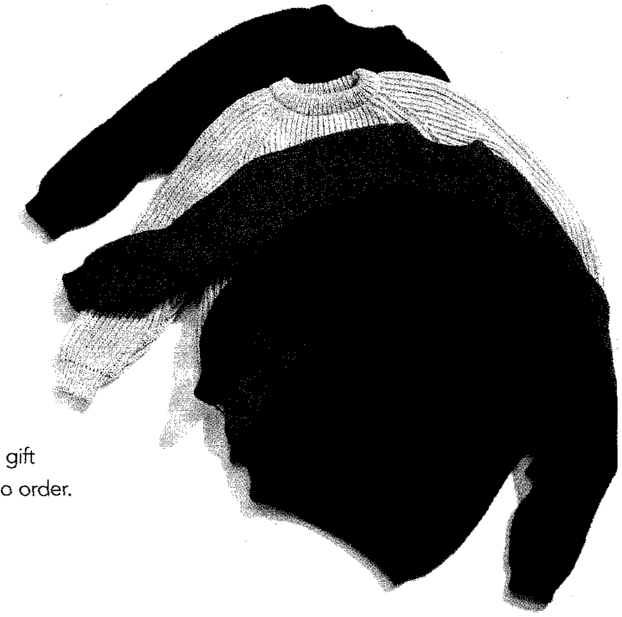

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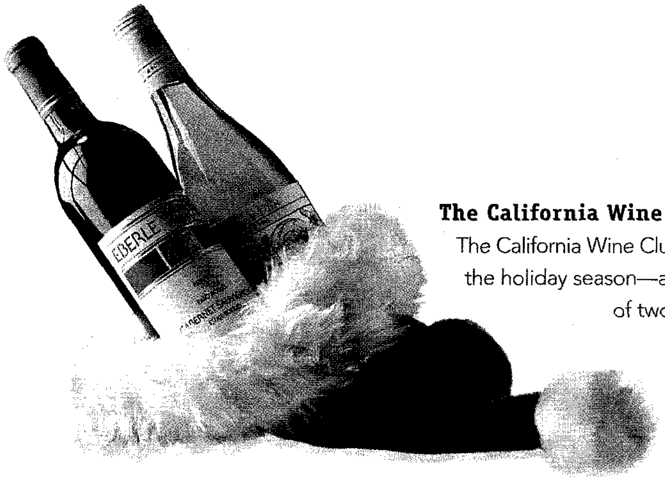

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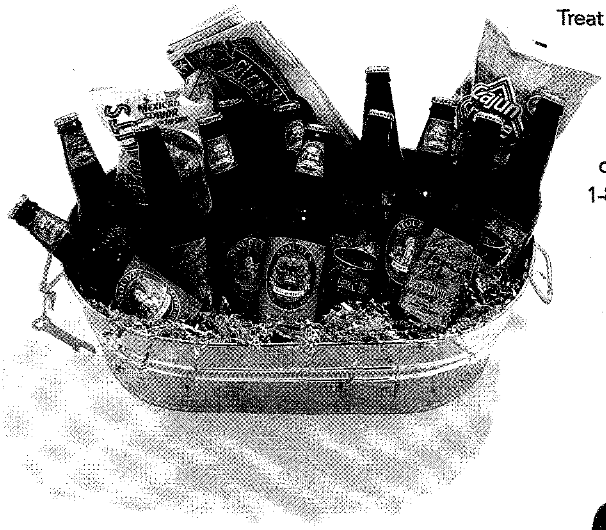

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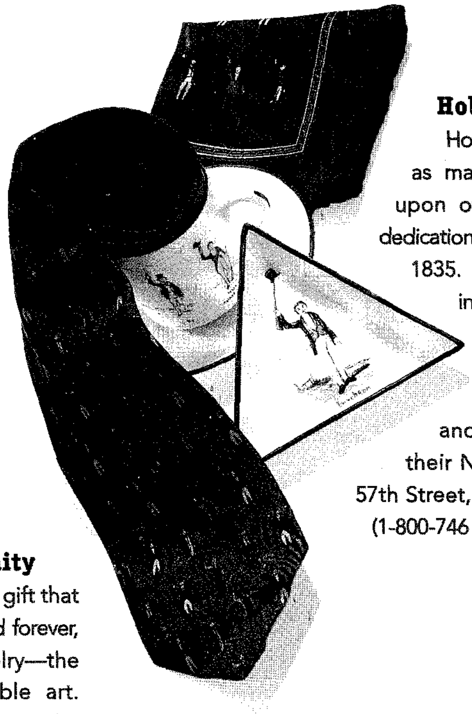

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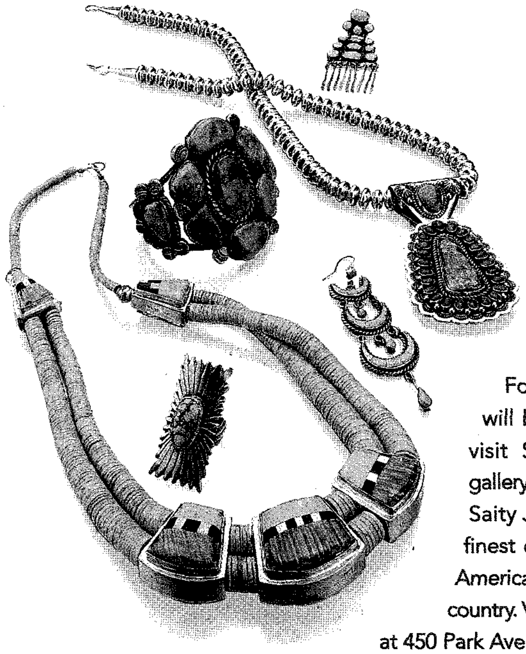

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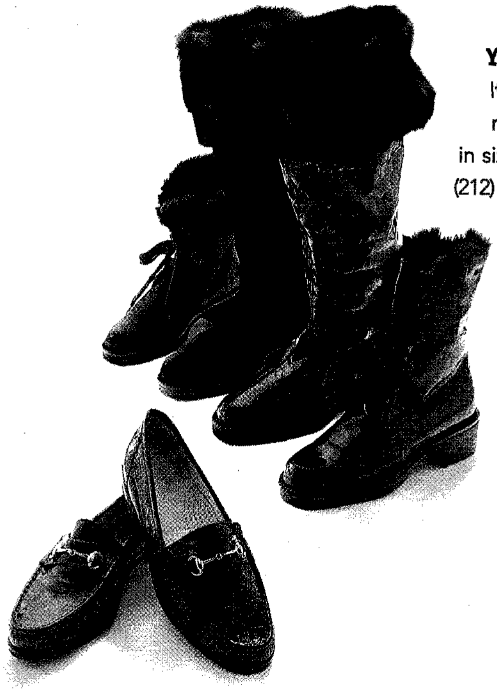

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Let's Pretend

Philip Glass and Susan Marshall collaborate on an 'Enfants Terribles' that can't touch Cocteau; Creation revisited at the Joyce.

I CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT A SPECTATOR UNFAMILIAR WITH **Les Enfants Terribles** in Jean Cocteau's two versions—the 1929 novel and the 1950 film (directed by Jean-Pierre Melville, with Cocteau co-scripting and narrating)—would make of the Philip Glass–Susan Marshall production inspired by and named for the Cocteau originals. This confection, the final installment of the postmodern composer's motley Cocteau-based trilogy, was recently unveiled at BAM as a Next Wave venture and billed as a "dance opera spectacle." Only the spectacle part works, really.

The narrative, partly sung in French and partly spoken in English, is too fragmented to be comprehensible, though a translation is cleverly projected onto the middle of the scrim veiling the stage so that the words become a part of the overall design. The clues provided by the Glass text are simply too sparse to reveal either what's going on or the nature of Cocteau's emotional terrain. With his perverse, soaring fantasy, Cocteau made himself the poet of the dysfunctional family before the term was coined. In a demonic-fairy-tale tone, he relates the history of Elisabeth (a.k.a. Lise) and Paul, sister and brother, who hole up in a shared room filled with their fetishistic treasures and indulge in a mutual fantasy life. Theirs is the fervent love (eroticism included) and lethal hate of sibling children. After annexing a couple of confederates for a ménage à quatre—the woman brought into the picture is the incarnation of the boy Paul idolized at school—they work themselves up to a baroque double suicide. Cocteau makes the whole business not merely fascinating but glamorous, enchanting.

Glass may be infatuated with Cocteau's aesthetic, but he can't produce an equivalent of it. The instrumental work he's come up with is his familiar thrumming stuff that—for non-aficionados—pulses away ad infinitum, heating up some when the action climaxes, otherwise hypnotizing the hearer into near-insensibility. The vocal line provides some much-needed contrast, but it, too, gets pretty monotonous.

Marshall, who is credited with direction and choreography, has fared better (and earned a crack, perhaps, at some more traditional operas). Her choreography, per se, isn't meaningful or striking, but her ingenious staging devices keep the eyes interested. She has the singers—handsome creatures with an exceptional gift for movement—emerging from the pit to mingle with the dancers onstage, and she casts the main roles multiply so that both Lise and Paul are quadrupled (one singer, three dancers), and the second woman doubled, while the narrator remains a solo figure with no dance equivalent. In the story, he's the guy who, though a worshiper at the siblings' shrine, makes some practical moves to avert the inevitable tragedy.

The stars of this show are Douglas Stein, who did the spare, evocative décor, and Kasia Walicka Maimone, who designed costumes even the relatively innocent might covet. The single set hangs a detail of urban landscape—a thin but eternal snowfall on roof and balcony—above an interior whose emptiness is pierced only by austere, metal-railed beds and a door that opens to throw a glare of discovery upon the happenings. As for the costumes, Cocteau indicates that the sibling protagonists hang out in their dressing gowns (garments constructed to fall open at the slightest provocation). The film renders them as ordinary, if not actually slovenly (although Lise wears hers with black, high-heeled pumps, as would any Frenchwoman who hadn't entirely given up on life). Here, however, the Lises get glossy white gowns with calligraphic scrawls and the Pauls sumptuous peach or carmine robes studded with medallions of gold.

The overall palette is black, white, and silver, laced

Sibling revelry: Glass and Marshall's *Les Enfants Terribles.*

Photograph by Dan Rest.

with the Pauls' range of muted reds. The result is more than superficially beautiful—but hardly enough to vitalize the production as a whole. Forget the Glass-Marshall gloss, I say, and go see the film. Be advised that when the doctor pays a house call on Paul—as if the young man's malaise could be diagnosed and treated—and applies his stethoscope, the heartbeat you hear is Cocteau's own.

DANCE

Murray Louis and Nikolais Dance—ALTERNATING programs of works by Louis and his mentor and longtime associate, the late Alwin Nikolais, for two weeks at the Joyce—also emphasized design. Nikolais, who loathed the ego-centered expression typified by Martha Graham, devoted himself to giving the body a beyond-human guise, through armatured costumes that extended into props and a kaleidoscopic play of colored light. His is the theater of abstract shape-in-motion.

In homage, perhaps, to this tradition, Louis weighed in with a charming reduced-scale version of the Ballets Suédois's 1923 *Création du Monde* (new choreography, remakes of Léger's original Cubist backdrop and his witty Constructivist costumes). Dancing is negligible in this piece (the costumes negate any movement agenda), but Louis provides an interesting substitute for Jean Börlin's original concept of a Creation rendered in terms of African myth. He plays God as a sweet-tempered carnival huckster, offering come-on glimpses of his exotic sea creatures, irrepressible monkeys, and First Humans who shyly play the marimba-like arrangement of sticks shielding their Significant Others' genitals.

The center of the Louis program was the choreographer's new *Sinners All*—again powered by design. It, too, alludes to the Creation story: Louis sits placidly reading a book while his fine young dancers cavort in silhouette against a luminous vermilion backdrop; he's the mature choreographer as God, from whose idea all moving creatures emanate. (He reappears later as an enigmatic, elegant vaudevillian.) When the ecstatic final scene of the dance recapitulates the first, extra silhouettes—black cutouts of human shapes—float up into the air. The surprise and beauty of the effect are stunning. In between, we meet an Adam and Eve straight out of Flemish Renaissance iconography, a Lucifer in black leather briefs, and a mysterious white-gowned woman (the compelling Kimberly Gibilisco) whom Louis directs with a lighted candle. She's a moth to its flame, an ancient goddess, Isadora Duncan reincarnated, a vision that won't go away. The costume designer Frank Garcia, a staple of the Louis-Nikolais enterprise for decades, deserves unstinting praise. ■

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Hopper and Hurley in *Samson and Delilah*

TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD

Get a Haircut

Ted Turner's 'Samson and Delilah,' with Dennis Hopper and Elizabeth Hurley, plays the Bible like a Larry McMurtry Western.

BEFORE WE GET TO DENNIS HOPPER, I must admit I've started looking forward to the Christian holidays since it became clear that we could count on them to inspire another Bible epic from Ted Turner on cable. That the Old Testament is a how-to manual on abusive sex and crazy violence in the sun-stunned goat-munched desert goes almost without saying. That, in spite of scholarly nitpicking, a consortium of German, Italian, and Atlanta moneylenders could convert such cautionary tales into a passable mini-series is more surprising. That, in the postmodern era, these Swords and Sandals spectacles are entirely innocent of camp, as sincere as Franco Zeffirelli, is a genuine astonishment. Till now my favorites have been *Abraham,* in which Richard Harris was the tough-love father of three religions, and *Jacob,* in which Matthew Modine practiced for fourteen years with sheep before he got to sleep with Lara Flynn Boyle. Both of them saw more sand than a hot camel.

All of this sand belongs to Morocco, in or around Ouarzazate. (If memory serves, Dino De Laurentiis shot Showtime's *Solomon & Sheba* in the same sand, with Jimmy Smits as the wise-guy Hebrew master builder and Halle Berry as Her Dusky Virgin Majesty, comparing notes on statecraft or cosmology, pitching tents and woo, poeming at each other: a glorious interlude of Judeo-Kwanzaa solidarity.) Which is where, in the weather-beaten middle of the Sahara nowhere near Hezbollah pocket-rocket launchers or Israeli gunships, we also meet **Samson and Delilah** (Sunday and Wednesday, December 8 and 11; 8 to 10 P.M.; TNT), with Eric Thal as the Big Lug; Elizabeth Hurley as the Storied Vamp; Jale Arikan as the Rebel Girl Naomi; Diana Rigg as Samson's mother, Mara; Michael Gambon as the Philistine king Hanun; and Dennis Hopper as the Philistine general Tariq.

Not only is Hopper in a short skirt, scarabs, and Iron Age hair curlers a wonder to behold, but his Tariq also seems to be the only intellectual in the whole Middle East. He is as gloomy as a Spengler about the decline of civilization as he knows it. He intimates the end of polytheism in a blood-dimmed tide. He has only to glance at a graven image or a false idol—like the fertility god Baal—for cracks to appear in the plasterwork. As the pigtailed Muscle Beach boy-man, Thal is required only to suffer and grunt; who knows whether he can act? As the center-court curveball with a pair of scissors, Hurley is required only to wiggle, and then feel bad; though we know she can act, nobody asks her to bother to do so. But Hopper must actually exert himself. In a career of metamorphoses, he has shucked more skins than a snake goddess. That he manages here not to be ludicrous amounts to a triumph. Had he teamed up with Arikan, who plays Naomi as Rosa Luxemburg with a slingshot, they might have settled the West Bank.

In production notes for *Samson and Delilah,* we are assured by executive producer Gerald Rafshoon that these "ecumenical" Bible stories for television are "careful to avoid setting forth a particular religious point of view." They don't, in other words, want to offend anybody except atheists, agnostics, and aesthetes. Such a delicate secular liberalism results in several deforming blatancies. Any God will do, so long as He is One God. We are encouraged to read Samson as a kind of existentialist: "A man is what he chooses to be," Naomi tells him early on. (Which would, one supposes, make Tariq a border intellectual.) Much later—after Sam has married Rani (Debora Caprioglio), the Philistine desert peach to whom his Jewish mother so strenuously objects; after his acting-out has ended up killing the wench; after, like a combination of Superman, Shane, and Che Guevara, he's gone on a one-man rampage with a jawbone and a torch; after he's shorn, blind, and shackled—he introspects like a semiotician: "I never knew that the need to search is itself a sign." When Sam

Photograph by Andrew Eccles/Turner Pictures.

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at last brings down the temple, tremors will ripple all the way to Diana Rigg, reminding us that the Jordan Valley was on a San Andreas sort of fault line.

This leaves us in Morocco with bare ruined choirs and seething sects, as if the Bible were just another Larry McMurtry Western—all about turf, clout, sexual property rights, and how to look good dying. If it explains anything at all, it explains how come archaeology's become a fourth religion in the Holy Land. The Temple Mount tunnels are just another Zionist dig like Hazor, the Iron Age rubble from which Joshua is supposed to have routed the Canaanites; or Masada, that Alamo—never again. From fallen columns, charred beams, headless statues, smashed pottery, shattered frescoes, ceramic fragments, bronze coins, goatskin bags, incense shovels, Roman tunics, and Aramaic scribbled on papyrus, the Covenant is intuited as a deed in perpetuity, handed down by archers, cavalry, charioteers, catapult stones, battering rams, and glory hounds. After *Abraham, Jacob, Joseph, Moses,* and *Samson and Delilah,* Ted Turner promises soon to bring us *David.* And so, presumably, *Bathsheba.* Not for the first time, I'm sorry Susan Hayward's dead.

TELEVISION

Elsewhere for the holidays, Shelley Long's shameful secret in **A Different Kind of Christmas** (Monday, December 9; 8 to 10 P.M.; Lifetime) is that when, as the city attorney, she orders the arrest of a neighborhood nuisance with delusions of Santahood (Bruce Kirby), she is putting her own father behind bars. He neglected her all through girlhood. So she runs for mayor instead of mothering her child, until reporter Barry Bostwick kisses her to her senses. You are better off with Angela Lansbury as **Mrs. Santa Claus** (Sunday, December 8; 8 to 10 P.M.; CBS), who ends up, never mind why, on Avenue A in Manhattan in 1910, where she not only leads a march of suffragettes and organizes a strike of sweatshop workers at a toy factory but also sings some brand-new and perfectly all right Jerry Herman songs. Somewhat less animated is a cartoon account of **The Story of Santa Claus** (Wednesday, December 4; 8 to 9 P.M.; CBS), with Ed Asner as the voice of a toy-maker who wants every child to get one, Betty White as his supportive wife, Gretchen, and Tim Curry as the killjoy Wizard of Elves. Whereas I am flummoxed by **Beauty and the Beast: A Concert on Ice** (Friday, December 6; 9 to 10 P.M.; CBS). My rough-cut preview tape came without an orchestra. So voices from the Broadway and Los Angeles productions of the Disney musical sing a cappella, while skaters like Ekaterina Gordeeva, Victor Petrenko, Scott Hamilton, and JoJo Starbuck perform on ice, mostly in silence. There is nothing scarier than skating and mime. ■

THE INSATIABLE CRITIC **GAEL GREENE**

Be It Ever So Humbert

Nabokovian allusions and global cooking are the secret charm of Quilty's in SoHo; near Union Square, fresh fusion dishes brighten Candela's Gothic mood.

TAILING THE NEWEST GENERATION OF HEIRS APparent as they distance themselves from the kitchens of their mentors can be a dizzying ride. For chef Katy Sparks, a bright comer out of Bobby Flay's southwestern Mesa Grill and *faux*-Hispanic atelier Bolo, the summer solstice came unseasonably soon. She'd scarcely had time to bruise a few bay leaves and win critical raves when the owners of Solstice on Sixth Avenue decided her worldly no-borders cooking was not playing the high notes on their cash register. Just like that, she was dumped. But quicker than a stalker of rare butterflies, the trio behind **Quilty's** lured her into their net. And here she is, in this bright, fresh, rather Upper East Side space in SoHo, mounting her duck-confit-and-walnut empanada on red-plum-star-anise sauce and glazing her salmon with honey and wasabi just as she did when she first got the attention of my taste buds last June. Now she rejoices, not needing to pull her punches "to please just anyone who walks up Sixth Avenue."

Q rating: Katy Sparks finds a more appreciative audience for her cooking at Quilty's.

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

My guests, arriving first, marvel at the friendly welcome. Formica-skinned New Yorkers, they always gird for anticipated insult, especially when trend-spotting south of Houston. But having prepped at the Princeton Quilty's, partners Sam Roberts and Jim English (with Jason Ungar minding the original store) can't contain their natural unjaded warmth and enthusiasm. Prada, Gap, vintage Brooks Brothers tweed, whiz kid, or somebody's grandmother—they seem to be thrilled you came. Park at the bar or on the pretty wrought-iron garden seats in the window or beneath brilliant blue and yellow butterflies mounted in plastic perpetuity. Linger for a drink and a run at the house-fried root-vegetable crisps.

A weather vane, prints of insects and dragonflies, and a florist's rack holding flats of dried hydrangeas and a pair of wooden swans stretch the garden metaphor in the fresh vanilla-on-cream sponge-painted dining room. It's a trick that's cheaper than huge masses of flowers, for sure. On each table is a grace note that fits the budget: sprigs of eucalyptus in a slender gilded vase. And touted and toted by a squad of well-drilled servers, Sparks's food—America-on-the-Mediterranean with a few Far Eastern parentheticals—is elegant and somehow less quirky than when she was stranded just north of Bed, Bath, and Beyond.

Salads blossom on the plate like exotic flowers: Spiky grilled octopus with red-wine-flushed onion and slices of Yukon potatoes flecked with rosemary. Heads-on Gulf shrimp and shiitakes in a nest of greens moistened with umeboshi (Japanese plum) vinaigrette. Calamaretti, coated in a fine almond stubble, is clustered on a cilantro-tomato puddle. Grilled pear with crumbled blue cheese on croutons makes an urban country salad.

The kicky arrabbiata broth-bath piled with littleneck clams and a duo of parsley-pesto tortellini needs more time on the fire. But one evening's special soup proves to be a brilliant vehicle for fresh white truffle—white-bean purée with a crostini float to hold the slivered shavings aloft.

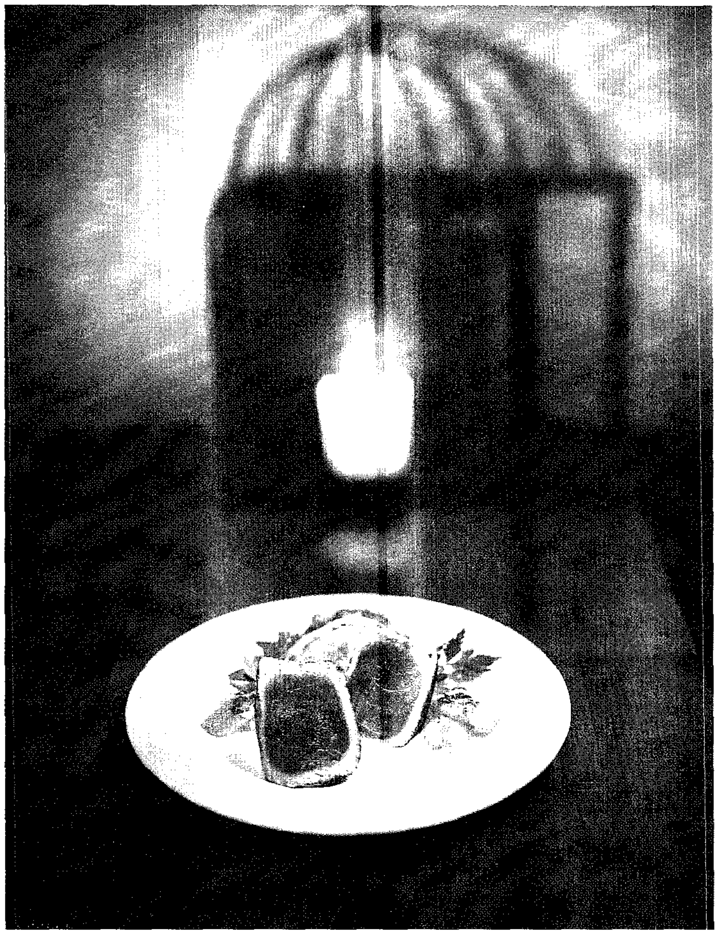
I had hoped Sparks's twice-baked potato with goat-cheese-and-onion cracklings at Solstice would ignite a stuffed-baked-potato revival in fine restaurants. It hasn't, but hers has returned, here, beside a first-rate sirloin tinged with balsamic-vinegar sauce. Tuna steak frites pairs a thick and rare pepper-crusted fillet with fried potato strings and papaya-mango relish. Pork tenderloin grilled rarish (we're high-risk adventurers) and stuffed with cumin-roasted apples, and the parchment-baked halibut perfumed with white-truffle oil, please our fussiest eaters. But the uncharacteristic softness of a special monkfish defeats the thrill of its chili-olive-tomato relish and fennel mashed potatoes. The menu should say roasted organic chicken *breast,* not merely chicken (a caveat for us dark-meat fans), and the bird needs to be less cooked. Fine grilled squab deserves better than these lumpish sweet-potato ravioli.

Those who can't say good night without a chocolate dalliance will want bittersweet cake with chestnut-honey ice cream and Valhrona sauce. I'd rather share pastry chef Yasmin Lozada's sensational apple tart for two, crème-fraîche-lathered and marbled with black-currant sauce—a thin, Frisbee-like disc that tastes of almond. As a finale, chocolate cookies rolled in powdery sugar arrive still warm from the oven.

Entrées from $17.50 up to $25 seemed too uptown for SoHo, but Raoul's, across the street, still packs them in with even heftier prices. And the cellar—30 reds and 30 whites with a commendable emphasis on wines described as "little known but amazing"—favors gentle markups. A '92 Cos d'Estournel at $50 is a perfect example, as is the Château Sociando Mallet, a $29 haut Medoc that we are savoring. Lunch prices are gentler, too, starting at $9 for a burger and fries or the macaroni "with many cheeses" in an herbed chili crust.

Did you assume that Princeton's academia would be more literate than Manhattan's rabble? Think again. Customers here are more likely to pick up the Nabokov allusions, says Roberts: Princeton may be the stomping grounds of Einstein and Fitzgerald, but look homeward, angel, for irrepressible trivia hounds and literary hipsters who can't resist showing off.

Quilty's, 177 Prince Street, between Sullivan and Thompson Streets (254-1260). Lunch, Monday to Saturday from noon to 3 p.m. Brunch, Sunday from 11 a.m. to 3 p.m. Dinner, daily from 6 p.m. to 11 p.m. A.E., D.C., M.C., V.



Getting medieval at Candela: Seared yellowfin-tuna steak.

NO DOUBT THE MEDIEVAL LOOK OF **Candela** will seem too silly, too early-MGM for a certain species of starchy New Yorker. True, wrought-iron tabletops in the bar are not ideal for resting your carpal-tunnel-syndrome-afflicted forearms. And cushion-free wood banquettes seem unnecessarily monastic. But I like the curve of iron railings, the romance of candle sconces everywhere, and real tapers on chandeliers that rise and lower on rope and pulley, the coziness of romantic corners in a vast warehouselike space. Very quickly, that always-roving band of young professionals has claimed the turf. They swarm in numbers, expensively orthodontia'd and model-pretty, celebrating a stream of birthdays and seemingly as content as I am with such friendly prices for the flavorsome cooking of Oceana alumnus Jim Galileo.

If bread is your downfall, watch out. As soon as we've succumbed to chewy ficelle, wild-mushroom-and-fontina focaccia commands instant attention. Eggplant caponata demands flatbread, and the hummus comes with crisped focaccia. Happily, there's nothing Gothic about Galileo's salads, except the ancient sog of an oversoused Caesar. Stick to Saga blue cheese, pear, and toasted walnut with watercress in a lemony dressing, or try beet, endive, and apple with carrot-juice-basil vinaigrette. Spicy chicken wontons, half steamed, half sautéed, nest on Napa-and-bok-choy salad. I could make a lunch of appetizers—salad and a very sticky wild-mushroom risotto cake or a thick patty of spicy red snapper and rock shrimp. But it would be a shame to miss rich baked wild-mushroom fettuccine gratin or a sensational club sandwich of rare grilled tuna with roasted peppers and pesto on black-olive bread.

In the first few weeks, the kitchen has had its lapses. The swampy New England chowder has too much texture and no depth of flavor. The chicken is dry. One night, the yellowfin steak we loved at first tasting sits in a sauce with marinated tomatoes that's almost pure vinegar. At a table across the room, a friend's tuna is perfect. Too much mustard in the monkfish sauce makes me think the chef has moments when he can't leave well enough alone. But no flaw mars the the day's catch, wild striped bass, meticulously just-cooked, with grilled and roasted vegetables in a tangy vinaigrette—a parsnip chip adding an extra snap. And lamb caramelized on a full length of shank suits the memory of Henry VIII.

At lunch on the rose love seat pulled up to a table by the door, I find the strong winter light flatters the room. Our four fat-phobes are so delighted to discover an exceptionally good angel-food cake that we treat all the desserts we are sharing as if they were Snackwells. We manage to put away almost all of a chocolate-cake-and-vanilla-ice-cream roll and most of an apple tart with bits of dried cranberry. Rosemary, too, according to the menu. Thank heaven, we could barely discern it.

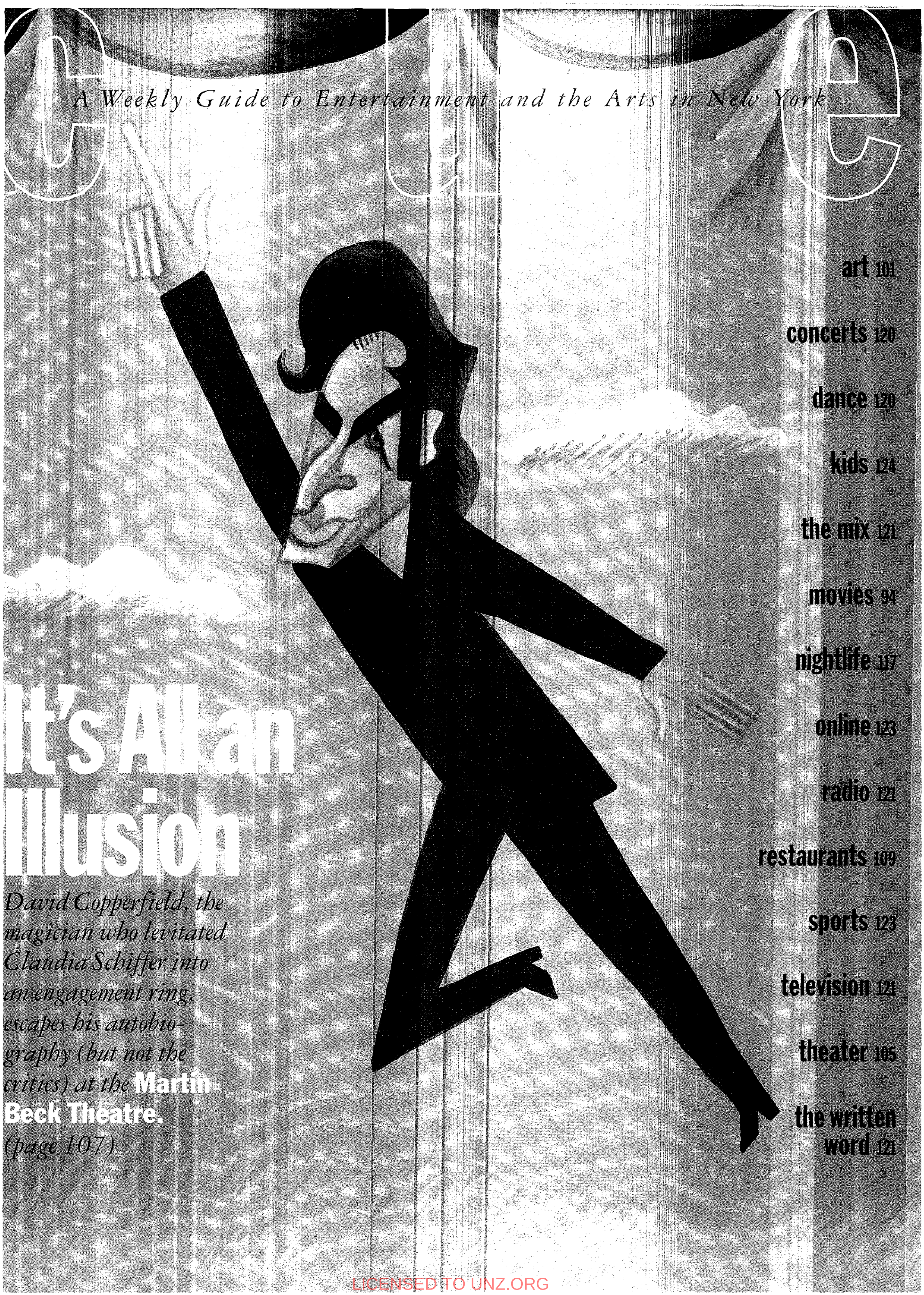
Once Galileo gets the kitchen crew in sync, his mostly deft and delicious cooking will really deserve more than the bare boards of these roomy booths. Call Mario Buatta. Say it's an emergency. Maybe he'll take seared tuna in trade for weathered tapestry pillows and a truckload of fringe.

Candela, 116 East 16th Street (254-1600). Lunch, Monday through Friday from 11:30 a.m. to 3 p.m. Bar menu, Monday through Friday from 3 p.m. to 5:30 p.m. Dinner, daily from 5:30 to 11:30 p.m. Late-night menu, Thursday through Saturday 11:30 p.m. till 2 a.m. A.E., D.C., M.C., V.

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

cue

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York



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It's All an Illusion

David Copperfield, the magician who levitated Claudia Schiffer into an engagement ring, escapes his autobiography (but not the critics) at the **Martin Beck Theatre.** *(page 107)*

movies

Orson Welles's Archive...New Spanish Cinema

New Films

Beautiful Thing—Two teenage boys, both from troubled homes, fall in love. Adapted by Johnathan Harvey from his award-winning play. Directed by Hettie MacDonald. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema.*

★**Big Night**—Gentleness in a movie can be the surest road to boredom, but the gentleness of this lovely comedy (directed by the actors Stanley Tucci and Campbell Scott) is a form of strength. Sometime in the late fifties, in a nowhere resort town on the Jersey Shore, two brothers, Italian immigrants; desperately try to keep a gourmet restaurant afloat. The older bother, Primo (Tony Shaloub), is a superb chef, a solemn worshiper of Bolognese and Roman kitchens. But his kid brother, Secondo (Stanley Tucci), knows that the local customers are not ready for risotto. Down the road, an older Italian immigrant, the vulgarian Pascal (Ian Holm), runs a successful red-sauce joint. Pascal is at home in the America of huge, finned Cadillacs and get-rich-quick schemes, and Secondo wants to imitate him. But he can't do it: He's trapped by his love for his stubbornly honorable brother. The movie is so delicately observed that the most ordinary scenes can be fascinating—the two men working side-by-side, for instance. Primo doesn't have much English, and Shaloub turns that into an advantage, making the chef's silence an element in his proud nature. When he can't make conversation with the florist down the street, he acts with his eyes and hands. At the same time, Secondo, who is carrying on with Pascal's lush Italian mistress (Isabella Rossellini), can't get it going with his American girlfriend (Minnie Driver), who wants him desperately. Both are nearly impotent from their American failure. Tucci and his collaborators have given *Big Night* the shape of a classic fable. Pascal offers the men one last chance: He invites his friend, the band leader Louis Prima, to come to the brothers' restaurant, and the men throw everything into a great banquet. The food should be so good, Primo explains, that you will want to die. And in some ways, he is right; the banquet brings everything to a crisis and an end. But rebirth awaits—and possibly the development of a major writing-directing career. (Denby; 10/28/96) (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) *Village East; Cinema 3; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Bitter Sugar—A tragic romance, inspired by actual events, set against the backdrop of modern-day Havana. Starring René Lavan and Mayté Vilan. Written and directed by Leon Ichaso. (1 hr. 44 mins.; NR) *Carnegie Hall Cinema; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.*.

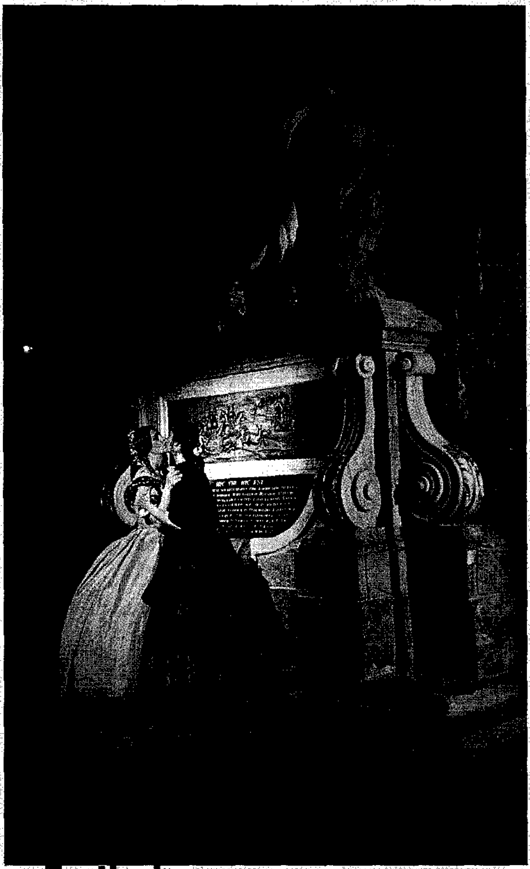
Bound—A modern *noir* about two women (Jennifer Tilly and Gina Gershon) who attempt to rip off the mob. (1 hr. 49 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin.*

Breaking the Waves—Lars von Triers's bizarre love story about a sheltered Calvinist girl who believes she can make her paralyzed husband walk again by taking other lovers. Starring Emily Watson and Stellan Skarsgard. (2 hrs. 36 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

The Crucible—Arthur Miller's play about the Salem Witch Trials opened on Broadway in 1953, was revived a year later, and, appearing as it did at the height of the McCarthy period, must have made a powerful impression. Everyone knew, or sensed, that *The Crucible* was a protest against the blacklisting of Hollywood writers and directors and the continuing Congressional hearings. The panic and hysteria of Salem, 1692, was an analogue—a sort of pre-echo—of the present. Coming out now, the material requires some historical interpretation, or at least a point of view, and that's what it doesn't get. In the beginning, Salem's teenage girls rush from their beds at dawn and dance around a fire in the woods, and director Nicholas Hytner keeps his distance. The dance is meant to be an explosion of repressed sexuality (dancing is forbidden) but he doesn't let it explode. Discovered, and terrified of punishment, the girls accuse their elders of casting spells on them, and the Satan-haunted religious community of Salem instantly falls apart; anyone who has any kind of grievance against his neighbor hurls an accusation. The principal engine of the plot is Abigail (Winona Ryder), a young woman in love with John Proctor (Daniel Day-Lewis), a married farmer. Ryder plays Abigail as a hot, nasty teen with longing eyes; she reaches for Day-Lewis's crotch whenever she can get near him. Frustrated, and sure she can get Proctor back, Abigail becomes a vengeful hypocrite; she accuses Proctor's wife of witchcraft and destroys anyone else who gets in her way. This is strong stuff, but Hytner is more efficient than expressive; the shifts from fear to aggression happen all to quickly, without the half-steps, the hesitations, the nauseated sense of guilt that such conversions produce. Psychologically, the material is distant, rushed, jumbled; Hytner mounts the play as spectacle, but fails to frame any coherent interpretation of it. (Denby; 12/2/96) (2 hrs. 3 mins.; PG-13) *Lincoln Square.*

Daylight—Sylvester Stallone is a New York City cabdriver who attempts to rescue trapped commuters from a crumbling tunnel filled with explosives. (1 hr. 55 mins.; PG-13). *Area theaters.*

★**The English Patient**—Based on Michael Ondaatje's award-winning 1992 novel, this film is filled with images of great intensity—a fine poetic fervor—and also moments of great generosity and tenderness. The director, Anthony Minghella, is drawn to the erotic and spiritual allure of flesh, the texture of sand and rock and sky; he is drawn with equal force to the power of mercy. In Italy, in October 1944, the French-Canadian nurse Hana (Juliette Binoche) tends, in his final days, a mysterious "English patient" whose body was horribly burned when he was shot out of the sky by the Germans. The patient (Ralph Fiennes) is actually not English but a Hungarian count. Before the war, Count Almasy had led a party of European explorers and mapmakers in the Sahara—a highly fashionable and educated group, including the crisply articulate married beauty Katherine Clifton (Kristin Scott Thomas). As Almasy lies dying in Italy, he recounts to Hana the story of his passionate affair with Katharine, which brought ruin on everyone. The Italian scenes, however, are not merely a frame for the flashbacks:



Festival
Achtung, Baby!

Werner Schroeter's visually lush nonfiction film *Embers of Love* (with Kristine and Katherine Ciesnski, above)—which features renowned opera singers exploring desire and loss—opens the Museum of Modern Art's review of the latest in German cinema, December 6–31.

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

"CUE" COVER ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID COWLES
FOR NEW YORK

The two places, Tuscany and North Africa, stand as equals, each with its own stamp of pleasure and fear, each with its own visual motifs and characteristic life. What fuses the separate parts is nothing less than the varieties of love—erotic love, the pleasures of companionship, and even healing as vocation. After an embarrassingly masochistic performance in *Strange Days,* Ralph Fiennes has recovered his spirits; his count is a formal and demanding fellow, witty but not good-humored. As Katherine, Kristin Scott Thomas has a bladelike finesse and strength. She provokes Fiennes, teases his rigid formality, and she is provoked herself, stirred by something proud and romantic in his nature. After a very tense and even wounding dance of flirtation, these two make love, and we can see that the freedom of the screen—so much derided recently—actually means something. (Denby; 11/25/96) (2 hrs. 39 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; New York Twin; Lincoln Square.*

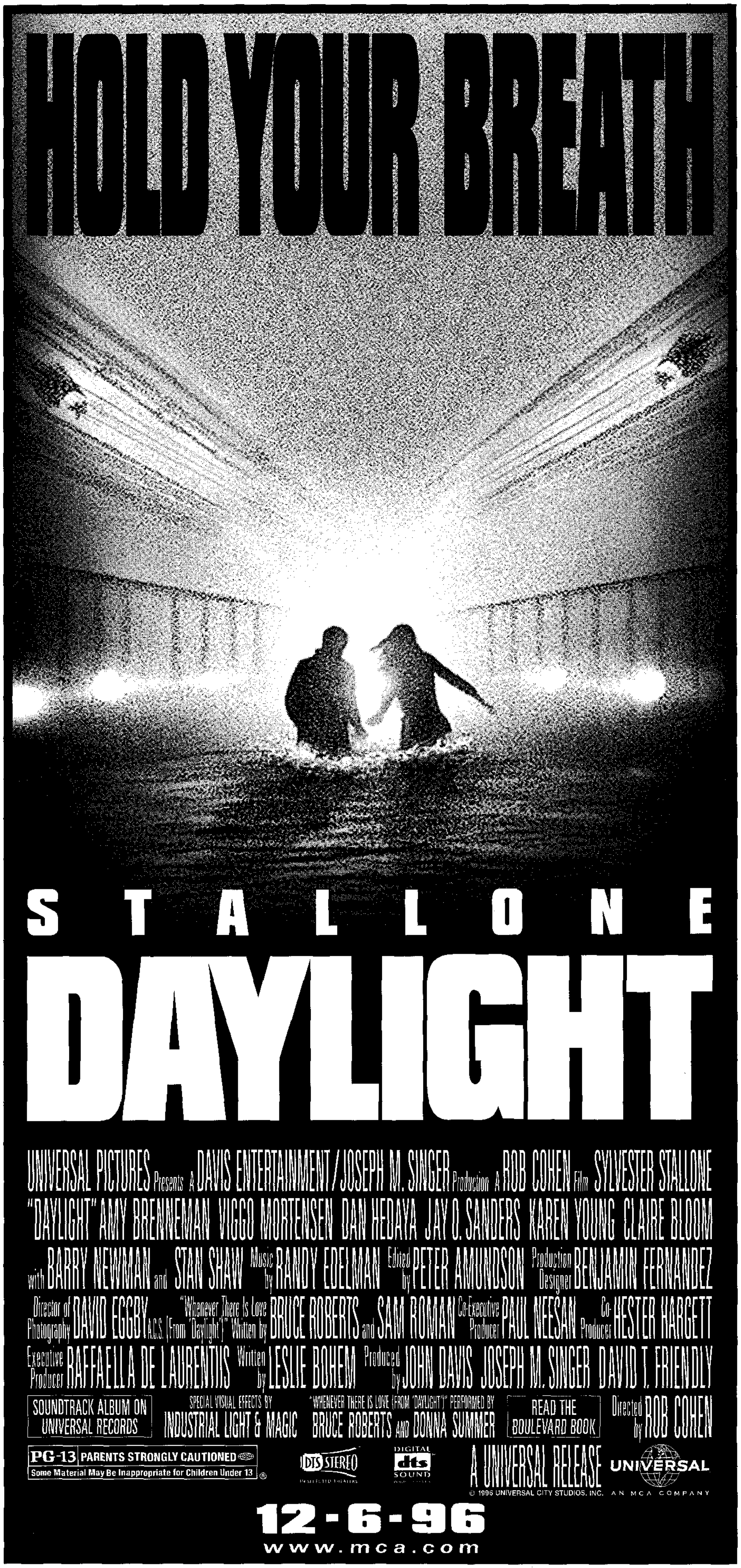
Everyone Says I Love You—See David Denby, p. 72. (1 hr. 47 mins.; R). *Area theaters.*

Everything Relative—Seven women (all but one gay) reunite to celebrate the birth and bris of one couple's baby. Written and directed by Sharon Pollack. (1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

★**First Wives Club**—Three wealthy Manhattan women of a certain age, abandoned by their husbands for younger women, join forces, plotting and scheming to trip up the men. Goldie Hawn plays an aging movie star obsessed with her figure and her Bardot-Jagger lips, a boozy Narcissa who can do little more than fake an interest in another human being. Bette Midler plays a brilliant Upper West Side frump—a tough, loving, wised-up woman who has helped her husband build his business and is now too bitter to gloss over painful truths. And Diane Keaton's goody-goody is another self-parodying job, a trampled-upon wife too frayed in her impulses to get through a single sentence without heading off in five directions. Director Hugh Wilson is a good ensemble man, bringing out the personality of each star as the three come roaring into a room like a many-headed monster. Each takes her turn at topping the others and then steps out of the way. This is not an original or deeply creative film; it's a formulaic commercial comedy. But it's also genuinely pleasing and at times breathtakingly funny. (Denby; 10/7/96) (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG) *Art Greenwich Twin; Embassy 2–4; Gemini Twin.*

The Funeral—Abel Ferrara's latest is a bad movie filled with startling speeches and extraordinary sequences. The Bronx-born Ferrara (*King of New York, Bad Lieutenant*) is a moment-by-moment director: He can frighten us, amuse us, astound us, but he can't pull a movie together. *The Funeral* is set in New York during the Depression, and it concerns the self-destruction of a minor Mafia family in the days after their youngest member, a Communist thug, has been killed. As the leader of the family, Christopher Walken plays a murderer who deplores what he calls "the flaws of the criminal mind" as he is about to kill someone. Walken, does his specialty, giving long speeches filled elaborate intellectual and moral distinctions that are totally nuts. Chris Penn, as the family lunatic, seethes and explodes; he's used as the movie's wild card, good for a screaming fit or a sudden splurge of violence whenever things begin to get too somber. Meanwhile, Annabella Sciorra and Isabella Rossellini, as the wives of Walken and Penn, respectively, give sober and realistic performances. They are both very impressive, but they don't seem to realize they are performing in a movie that is, at bottom, a put-on. (Denby; 11/18/96) (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

★**The Garden of the Finzi-Continis**—Vittorio De Sica's beautiful and heartbreaking film has been revived on the occasion of its twenty-fifth anniversary, and as much as ever leaves its audience shaken. In Ferrara, in the late years of the Fascist period, the Finzi-Continis, a family of aristocratic, land-holding Jews, live in an immense house set amid gardens and tennis courts, and from within this safety and enclosure seem barely aware of the horror gathering outside. The head of the family is some sort of scholar or antiquarian; his two grown children, Micol (Dominique Sanda) and Alberto (Hemut Berger), hothouse beauties, lie about the house in elegant tennis



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whites and silk gowns. Vaguely intellectual, vaguely incestuous, they seem no more than minimally interested in survival. The anti-Semitic laws give the Jews of Ferrara no place to play, so the Finzi-Continis open their gates: a number of handsome young people from Ferrara enter, including Giorgio (Lino Capolicchio), a middle-class boy who has loved Micol since childhood. Girogio's bourgeois family stays in much closer contact with political reality—but Giorgio, obsessively in love, never tries to save Micol; he thinks only of his passion for her. The movie is based on an autobiographical novel by Giorgio Bassani (it was first published, in Italy, in 1962), and its special mood of pained nostalgia is marked by both longing and guilt, two emotions that, in combination, may be impossible to resolve. Micol has no sexual interest in the fair-haired, smooth, and gentle Giorgio (she takes up with a much coarser man); she's vague about everything but her determination to keep Giorgio out of her bed, and Giorgio's pursuit ends in one of cinema's great images of erotic exclusion as a naked Micol stares defiantly at her anguished admirer. The movie is so powerful because it looks back at a particular moment densely packed with anger, desire, perversity—a moment of preoccupation, furiously poised just before annihilation. Earlier in his career, in such postwar neorealist films as *Shoeshine* and *The Bicycle Thief,* De Sica had told stories of troubled and impoverished people living in the squalid Italian streets. *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis,* by contrast, is voluptuous and haunting. This kind of humanist filmmaking, with its attentiveness to relations and feelings, its sense of rootedness and leisure, and its obvious worship of beauty, has vanished from our movies as completely as the Jews have vanished from Ferrara. (Denby; 11/18/96) (1 hr. 34 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

High School High—Jon Lovitz stars as a private-school teacher who quits his job to teach in the inner city. Directed by Hart Bockner. (1 hr. 26 mins.; PG-13) *Embassy 2–4.*

Jingle All the Way—Arnold Schwarzenegger stars as a hapless dad who is trying, with much difficulty, to buy his son the perfect Christmas gift. With Sinbad and Phil Hartman. Directed by Brian Levant. (1 hr. 20 mins.; PG) *Waverly; 34th Street East; Chelsea; Baronet/Coronet; Criterion Center; 86th Street; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Cinemas; Brooklyn Heights; Pavilion/Windsor.*

Looking for Richard—By juxtaposing a troubled and highly charged production of Shakespeare's play—Alec Baldwin, Kevin Spacey, and Winona Ryder grapple with the text of *Richard III*—with man-on-the-street interviews, director Al Pacino makes the play accessible, and lots of fun, without rendering it lowbrow. (1 hr. 52 mins.; PG-13) *Waverly; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Losing Chase—A housewife in the midst of recovering from a nervous breakdown forms a close kinship with a young woman sent to help care for her. With Helen Mirren and Kyra Sedgwick. Directed by Kevin Bacon. (1 hr. 32 mins.; R). *Quad.*

Lovesick on Nana Street—In Tel Aviv, the owner of a TV station falls desperately in love with a local TV star. In Hebrew with English subtitles. (1 hr. 34 mins.; NR). *Angelika 57.*

Michael Collins—In Neil Jordan's violent and beautiful dream of the perfect revolutionary leader, Collins, the founder of the Irish Republican Army, rushes into rooms, shouting, issuing orders, always in movement, a humanist-warrior who never makes mistakes and kills without taking any pleasure in killing. Liam Neeson has the size and power to play a larger-than-life figure; he's aflame from the first scene to the last. *Michael Collins* is set in the climactic period of Ireland's struggle to free itself from Great Britain (1916-21). In Jordan's telling, the Irish people forge a national identity in spontaneous acts of violence—violence as creative passion. In a spirit of what can only be called gaiety, the irregulars firebomb police stations and assassinate British intelligence agents at a fruit stand. In scene after scene, Collins invents tactics on the run, taking whatever men, weapons, and means are at hand and throwing them into battle, all the while avoiding any direct involvement in murder himself. The way Jordan tells it, Collins is a saint of violence, a warrior uncorrupted by war, who, at the end, sickened and exhausted by death, turns to peace—and is killed for his new pacifist longings. That it might be too late for such longings—that Collins might have unleashed something that cannot simply be turned off—is a complication Jordan does not want to take on. In brief, he makes Collins easy to accept as a movie hero and simultaneously absolves him of the legacy that he left the IRA. For all its gestures toward peace and reconciliation, *Michael Collins* is in the grip of an exasperating mystique—the idealization of violence as the solution to irrelevance, boredom, historical chagrin. This movie is evidence of glory; it is also evidence of sickness. (Denby; 10/28/96) (2 hrs. 12 mins.; R) *Village East; Beekman.*

Microcosmos—A hyper-realistic and erotic look at the world of insects. Narrated by Kristin Scott Thomas. (1 hr. 15 mins.; G) *Film Forum.*

The Mirror Has Two Faces—Barbra Streisand stars as a frumpy, middle-aged lonely heart who enters into a loveless marriage with an emotionally numb yet foxy Columbia professor (Jeff Bridges) with hopes of winning his heart. Directed by Streisand. (2 hrs. 6 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Ziegfeld; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

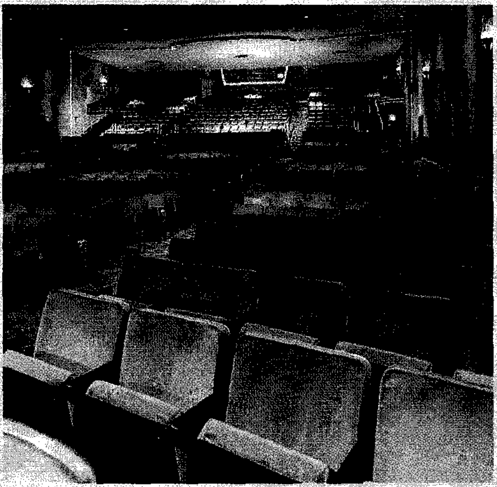
101 Dalmatians—Disney's live-action remake of the animated feature, with Glenn Close as Cruella DeVil. Directed by Stephen Herek. (1 hr. 43 mins.; G) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Crown Gotham; Guild 50th Street; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova; Pavilion/Windsor; Plaza .*

The Proprietor—Jeanne Moreau plays a French expatriate writer who suddenly

Data
Screening Rooms

“Some movies require a larger presentation than others,” says Richard Einiger, vice-president of City Cinemas, referring to this holiday season's plethora of epic entertainment. There's outsize romantic fury set against sculpted vistas of sand in *The English Patient;* intergalactic cyborg warfare in the surprisingly good *Star Trek: First Contact;* Madonna's pre-motherhood presence in *Evita* (opening December 25). Since finding a suitably big screen in a city of shoebox-size theaters is more frustrating than the voice-mail web you get upon dialing 777-FILM, we've assembled a list of the biggest, widest screens in the roomiest, most accommodating theaters.

SARAH BERNARD



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LOCATION	SCREEN SIZE	SEATS	FANCY FEATURES
ZIEGFELD 141 West 54th Street	26'5" x 52'	1,154	Truly the grandest movie palace in Manhattan. Recently renovated; digital surround-sound.
CHELSEA CINEMAS, *CINEMA 7* 260 West 23rd Street	18' x 38'	387	Digital sound, seats with drink receptacles.
NATIONAL TWIN, *THEATER 2* 1500 Broadway, between 43rd and 44th Streets	21' x 45'	879	Digital sound, rocking seats with drink receptacles.
CHELSEA WEST, *THEATER 1* 333 West 23rd Street (opens December 6)	19'6" x 45'	550	Digital sound, curved screen.
SONY LINCOLN SQUARE, *LOEWS AUDITORIUM* 1992 Broadway, at 68th Street	30' x 62'	850	Digital sound, rocking seats, balcony.
ASTOR PLAZA 44th Street between Broadway and Eighth Avenue	20' x 52'	1,500	Digital sound, re-seated with rocking seats, new screen and curtain.
VILLAGE EAST CINEMAS, *THEATER 1* 189 Second Avenue, at 12th Street	18' x 36'	425	Digital sound, landmarked site—formerly a Yiddish theater.

Photograph by John Narvali.

finds herself in the company of former friends, lovers, and colleagues and begins to reassess her life. With Sam Waterston and Nell Carter. A Merchant Ivory film. (1 hr. 55 mins.; R) *Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Ransom—Mel Gibson stars as Tom Mullen, a self-made New York millionaire at the peak of his career who is domineering, unpleasant—a big bad boy used to having his own way. He's the kind of fiercely dominating egotist who inspires great loyalty or great loathing. Out in Queens, his underworld counterpart, a violent cop (Gary Sinise), hatches a scheme to snatch Tom's little boy and hold him for ransom. Tom has paid once before—he is widely suspected of having bribed a union leader to get a sweetheart contract for his airline—and the cop and his crew assume he will pay again. The movie has one effective sequence: Tom and his glamorous wife, Kate (Rene Russo), are doing a charity event at the Delacorte Fountain with their little boy (Brawley Nolte) in tow. They allow the boy to play with his kite a few feet away from them, they see him, and for an instant they take his eyes off him—and then he's gone. It's the ultimate fulfillment of New York paranoia, and it's chilling. But that's it. *Ransom* is monotonous and tiresome. What happened to director Ron Howard's steady calm, which was so admirable in *Apollo 13*? This movie isn't about a bank heist or a terrorist attack; it's about the kidnapping of a child, and one wants more repose and reflection, a greater intimacy. Howard won't stop moving the camera and cutting: The anguish of Tom and Kate as they try to figure out what to do with the ransom demands is so jaggedly shot and edited that the scenes never build to their proper pitch of human emotion. *Ransom* is not a stupidly amoral movie like *Sleepers*, but it lacks sensitivity. The picture turns into a celebration of Tom's toughness, and we get the unfortunate impression that Tom's moral victory is more important than getting his child back. (Denby; 11/11/96) (2 hrs. 1 min.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Embassy 1; Embassy 2–4; Sutton; 86th Street East; 84th Street Six; Pavilion/Windsor.*

Ridicule—See David Denby, p. 72. (1 hr. 42 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Romeo and Juliet—Claire Danes and Leonardo DiCaprio star in Baz Luhrman's bold adaptation, which transposes the tragedy to modern times, text intact. With Paul Sorvino, John Leguizamo, and Pete Postlethwaite. (1 hr. 53 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; National Twin; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; 84th Street Six.*

★**Secrets & Lies**—At the center of Mike Leigh's great new comedy is a loving but lovelorn mother with two illegitimate daughters. Cynthia (Brenda Blethyn), past 40, is a desperately sweet white woman who has never received much affection from anyone. She gave away her first daughter, conceived when Cynthia was 15, without looking at her, and has lived in a prison of suspicion with the other, Roxanne (Clair Rushbrook). Night after night, the two women, who have ordinary factory and street-sweeper jobs by day, sit in Cynthia's house, tearing at each other. The other wing of Cynthia's family is dominated by her heroically amiable brother, Maurice (Timothy Spall), a large and prosperous man who is one of the rare human beings genuinely pained by egotism and orneriness in other people. Into this noisy glen of magpies steps Cynthia's other daughter, an elegant, accomplished black woman named Hortense (Marianne Jean-Baptiste). Her adoptive parents have died, and despite her success and evident self-possession, she feels lost. Hortense presents herself to Cynthia, and the discomfort and confusion and anguish that follow are a comic harvest without rival in recent movies. Leigh can be bitter and funny at the same time; in this movie, he takes the supreme risk of mixing pathos and comedy, and he gets away with it. *Secrets & Lies* is about the separation of mothers and daughters; it's about the shame, fear, and vanity that drive people apart, even as they long for closeness and connection. Leigh doesn't rub our noses in rawness, forcing us to confront "truth"; he lets the actors discover their own truths—or rather, he encourages them to perform with just that tiny degree of stylization that allows us to enjoy the dolorous emotions, the embarrassments and humiliations, as essential human comedy. (Denby;

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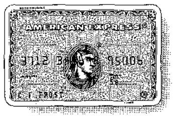

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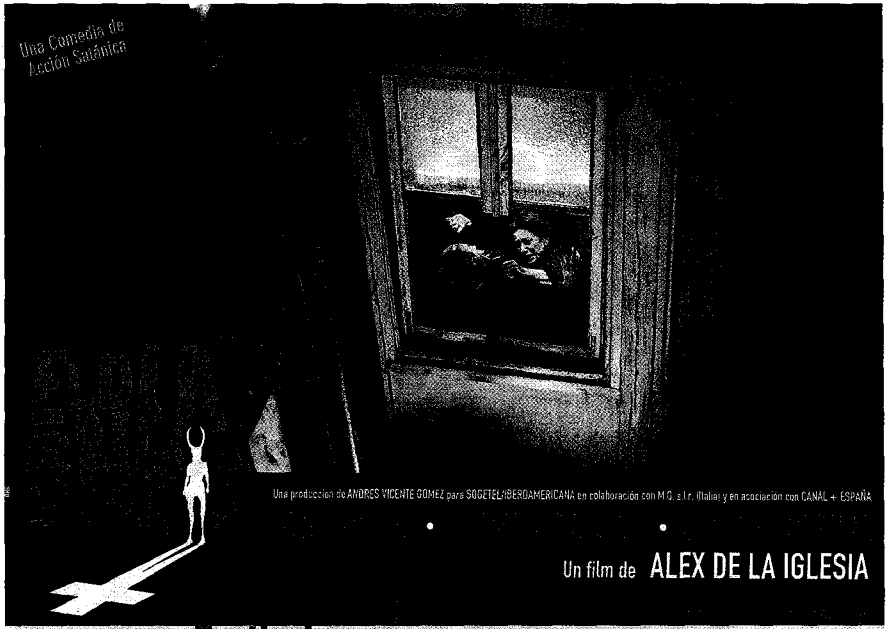
9/30/96) (2 hrs. 22 mins.; R) *Screening Room; Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Set It Off—Four African-American women from the L.A. projects turn, in desperation, to a life of crime. With Jada Pinkett, Queen Latifah, Kimberly Elise, and Blair Underwood. Directed by Blair Underwood. (2 hrs.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Criterion Center; Orpheum; Plaza Twin.*

Shine—This much-hyped movie is pretty bad, but you should see it anyway for Geoffrey Rush, the Australian theater actor who plays the real-life pianist David Helfgott, and who turns David's compulsive speech—what psychiatrists call "word salad"—into the very music of the soul. As screenwriter Jan Sardi tells it, David Helfgott suffered through a cramped, driven childhood in the house of Polish refugees who lost their relatives in the Holocaust. The father (Armin Mueller-Stahl), a bearish domestic tyrant, bullies his talented son into winning competitions, then crushes the boy with guilt when he tries to leave home to continue his career. Watching this stuff, most of it badly directed by Scott Hicks, is a wretched experience: The father is so limited a man that after a while one becomes angry less at him than at the filmmakers for subjecting the audience to such cruel, arbitrary behavior. Stupidity is not dramatically interesting, and its only function here is to build easy sympathy for David. Bent over from fear, skinny and pale, all glasses and big hands, the teenage boy is so spooked that he collapses smack-bang on the piano as he completes a performance of Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 3. After shock treatment, he winds up in the bin, then makes a long climb back. *Shine* is meant to chronicle the triumph of the human spirit, but it's mostly a crock. Rush, however, is almost giddy from excitement; his performance is the real triumph. (Denby; 12/2/96) (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square.*

★**A Single Girl**—Early on a gray Paris morning, Valerie (Virginie Ledoyen) meets her boyfriend, Remi (Benoit Magimel), at a café. She tells him that she is pregnant, and that she wants to have the baby. Remi struggles to find a response, at which point Valerie shrugs him off and walks out, striding across the street and around the corner, where she enters the side door of a four-star hotel and begins her first day of work. Valerie is a room-service waitress; her job requires her to enter rooms with a breakfast tray and wake people up, sometimes to interrupt their lovemaking, to invade their privacy—an act, we realize, that is really an invasion of her privacy. The movie is an experiment that works brilliantly, and it should make an international star out of Ledoyen. (Denby; 11/4/96) (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Sleepers—Barry Levinson's movie version of Lorenzo Carcaterra's notorious book is muffled and convoluted. When Carcaterra's "nonfiction memoir" came out last year, a number of reviewers smelled a fabrication, and a bad fabrication at that. Whether the story is literally true is not the point: as much as journalism, fiction needs to be "true" (although perhaps in different ways). The trouble with Carcaterra is that he's a lousy liar, and his faking can't be disguised. Transferred to the screen, *Sleepers* feels unconvincing in every frame. Four young boys, growing up in Hell's Kitchen in the sixties, get sent to reform school, where they are sexually abused by sadistic guards. Years later, the four young men, now in their twenties, carry out an elaborate scheme of revenge against their tormentors. The plan requires fixing a New York murder trial and persuading a priest to lie; it also requires the assistance of "friendly" mafiosi and drug dealers—benevolent men who only want to help four unremarkable characters and who commit murder as a favor. At the beginning of the movie, we see the boys' early years in Hell's Kitchen—a series of hazy, affectionate memories. We're set up for a tale of innocence despoiled. The tone is very high-minded—yet Levinson is stuck. Without the rape and torture in the reformatory, he's got no movie, so he returns to the sadism over and over again. Is it possible to do rape scenes in good taste? Levinson tries awfully hard, but caught between sleaze and his better judgment, he turns out sickly, guilt-ridden exploitation. (Denby; 11/4/96) (2 hrs. 20 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Orpheum; Tower East.*



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Festival
Spanish Fly

This season's "Spanish Cinema Now!" festival (at the Walter Reade Theater, December 6–21) features serious, expected stuff like the award-winning *Bwana* (topic: racism) and *Libertarias* (topic: what women contributed in the Spanish Civil War). But España's schlockier, more commercial fare has been unapologetically added this time around—including *Day of the Beast* (above), about a priest who hooks up with a heavy-metal-head in order to prevent the imminent arrival of the Antichrist.

Photograph courtesy of the Film Society of Lincoln Center.

Space Jam—A vehicle for NBA all-stars, including Michael Jordan, and the Warner Bros. stable of Looney Tunes characters. Directed by Joe Pytka. (PG) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Cinemas; Pavilion/Windsor; Plaza Twin; Plaza.*

Star Trek: First Contact—Captain Picard (Patrick Stewart) and the rest of the Enterprise-E crew battle some aliens for control of the earth. Directed by Jonathan Frakes. (1 hr. 54 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Astor Plaza; First & 62nd St. Cinema; UA East; 84th Street Six; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Brooklyn Heights; Pavilion/Windsor.*

The Substance of Fire—An adaptation of the award-winning play about a highly contentious New York publishing clan. Starring Ron Rifkin, Tony Goldwyn, and Sarah Jessica Parker. Directed by Daniel Sullivan. (1 hr. 41 mins.; R). *Area theaters.*

Surviving Picasso—Anthony Hopkins, playing the guy with the brush, has never seemed so happy or comfortable in his barrel-chested little frame, or so sexual. He falls for the young and beautiful Françoise Gilot (Natascha McElhone), an art student, and she becomes part of his orbit. This latest Merchant Ivory production is skillful and beautiful to look at, but there's an element of disingenuousness to it. Will Pablo turn into a nice guy? The movie is shocked that the artist is ruthless and dominating, a man who takes pleasure in manipulating other people, then turns playful as a child. Whatever anyone says to him, he asserts his predominance—he's smarter and tougher and greedier and more spiritual than you are, all at once—and the whole world waits on his pleasure. No doubt it's all true, but so what? He's a bastard, but a very famous bastard, and apparently there are benefits—erotic, material, even spiritual—in being attached to him. In the movie, Gilot narrates, and by her own admission, Picasso made her into an adult. So there isn't much interest in the question "Will she leave him?" (Denby; 10/7/96) (2 hrs. 1 min.; R) *Paris Theater.*

Swingers—A comedy about a tight-knit group of would-be hipsters who immerse themselves in Los Angeles's "cocktail nation" scene. Directed by Doug Liman. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; 62nd and Broadway.*

Twelfth Night—Director Trevor Nunn's adaptation of the Shakespearean comedy, with Helena Bonham Carter, Richard E. Grant, and Ben Kingsley. (2 hrs. 5 mins.; PG) *Regency.*

The War at Home—Emilio Estevez directed and stars in this tale of an emotionally traumatized Vietnam Vet who cannot re-enter society. Also starring Martin Sheen, Kimberly Williams, and Kathy Bates. (2 hrs. 4 mins.; R) *Orpheum.*

Zero Kelvin—In twenties Norway, a young writer, despondent over his girlfriend's refusal to marry him, joins a band of trappers in Greenland. With Stellan Skarsgard. Directed by Hans Peter Moland. (1 hr. 53 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Breaking the Waves; Ridicule; Romeo and Juliet; Shine; Swingers; The Funeral.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *First Wives Club; Bound.*

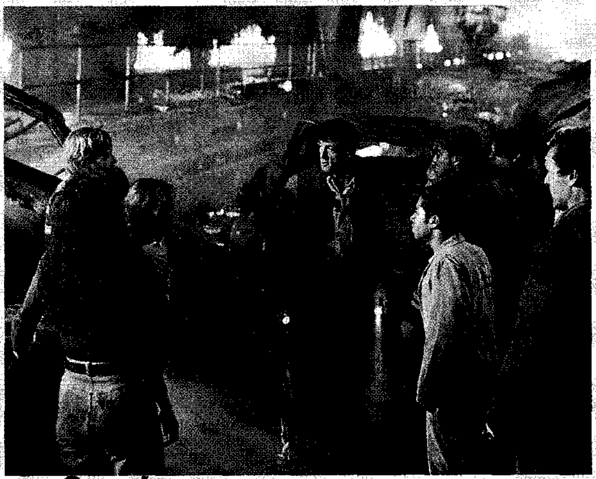
Cinema Village 12th St—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Everything Relative; Not Bad For a Girl.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Zero Kelvin; Microcosmos.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *A Leap of Faith; A Single Girl; Beautiful Thing; Everything Relative.* Opening 12/6: *Losing Chase.*

Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *Secrets & Lies.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *101 Dalmatians; Big Night; Michael Collins; Ransom; The English Patient.*



Opening
Tunnel Vision

In 'Daylight,' Sylvester Stallone (above, exerting some crowd control) is a psychologically scarred EMS worker turned N.Y.C. hack who single-handedly rescues commuters trapped in a crumbling Holland-esque tunnel. Sly's holiday gift to us all opens Friday.

Photograph by Sam Emerson/Universal City Studios.

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Set It Off; Sleepers; Space Jam; Star Trek: First Contact; The Mirror Has Two Faces.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Jingle All the Way; Looking for Richard.*

14th–41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *101 Dalmatians; Ransom; Space Jam.*

23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Closed for Renovations.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (505-CINE#586) *Jingle All the Way.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Set It Off; Space Jam; Star Trek: First Contact.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Jingle All the Way; Romeo and Juliet; Star Trek: First Contact; The English Patient; The Mirror Has Two Faces.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *101 Dalmatians; Ransom; The Mirror Has Two Faces.*

42nd–60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *The Grass Harp.*

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *Lovesick on Nana Street.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Star Trek: First Contact.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Jingle All the Way.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (505-CINE#593) *Bitter Sugar; The Proprietor.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (505-CINE#596) *Big Night.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Bitter Sugar; Mother Night; Shine; Swingers.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Jingle All the Way; Set It Off; Space Jam.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *101 Dalmatians.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Secrets & Lies.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Ransom.*

Embassy 2–4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *First Wives Club; High School High; Ransom.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *101 Dalmatians.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#590) *D3: The Mighty Ducks; Rich Man's Wife; That Thing You Do!.*

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *Romeo and Juliet; The Chamber.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Surviving Picasso.*

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *Big Night; Hype!; Sleepers; The Long Kiss Goodnight.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Ransom.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Independence Day; Jude; Last Man Standing; That Thing You Do!; The Glimmer Man; Two Days in the Valley.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *The Mirror Has Two Faces.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Ridicule.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Jingle All the Way.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *101 Dalmatians; Ransom.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Michael Collins.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Romeo and Juliet; Space Jam; Star Trek: First Contact.*

Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *First Wives Club; The Mirror Has Two Faces.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *The English Patient.*

Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Romeo and Juliet; Set It Off; Sleepers; Space Jam; The Mirror Has Two Faces; The War at Home.*

Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Sleepers.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Star Trek: First Contact.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Swingers.*

84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Jingle All the Way; Ransom; Romeo and Juliet; Star Trek: First Contact.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Big Night; Looking for Richard; Ridicule; Secrets & Lies; Sling Blade; The Garden of the Finzi-Continis.*

Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *101 Dalmatians; Shine; Space Jam; The Crucible; The English Patient; The Mirror Has Two Faces.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *101 Dalmatians; Star Trek: First Contact.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *101 Dalmatians; Jingle All the Way; Space Jam; Star Trek: First Contact.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *101 Dalmatians; Jingle All the Way; Space Jam.*

Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Space Jam; Jingle All the Way.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Twelfth Night.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *101 Dalmatians; Jingle All the Way; Ransom; Set It Off; Space Jam; Star Trek: First Contact; The Mirror Has Two Faces.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *101 Dalmatians; High School High; Jingle All the Way; Ransom; Set It Off; Space Jam; Star Trek: First Contact.*

Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *The Mirror Has Two Faces; Space Jam.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *101 Dalmatians; Jingle All the Way; Ransom; Set It Off; Space Jam; Star Trek: First Contact; The Mirror Has Two Faces.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *101 Dalmatians; Jingle All the Way; Space Jam; The Mirror Has Two Faces.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Jingle All the Way; Star Trek: First Contact.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *101 Dalmatians; Jingle All the Way; Space Jam.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *101 Dalmatians; Ransom; Space Jam; The English Patient; The Mirror Has Two Faces.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Ransom; Set It Off; Star Trek: First Contact.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Jingle All the Way; Ransom; Set It Off; Space Jam.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *101 Dalmatians; Jingle All the Way; Space Jam.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *101 Dalmatians; Set It Off; Space Jam.*

Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Jingle All the Way; Ransom; Star Trek: First Contact; The Mirror Has Two Faces.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Jingle All the Way; Ransom; Space Jam; The Mirror Has Two Faces.*

Pavilion/Windsor—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *101 Dalmatians; Jingle All the Way; Ransom; Space Jam; Star Trek: First Contact.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Set It Off; Space Jam.*

Ridgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *101 Dalmatians; Jingle All the Way; Ransom; Space Jam; Star Trek: First Contact.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *101 Dalmatians; Jingle All the Way; Ransom; Romeo and Juliet; Space Jam; Star Trek: First Contact; The English Patient; The Mirror Has Two Faces.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Jingle All the Way; Ransom; Set It Off; Space Jam; Star Trek: First Contact; The Mirror Has Two Faces.*

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *101 Dalmatians; Ransom; Space Jam; The English Patient.*

Cinema 5—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *101 Dalmatians; Set It Off; Space Jam; The English Patient.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *101 Dalmatians; Star Trek: First Contact.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Romeo and Juliet; Sleepers; The English Patient.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Ransom; Set It Off; Star Trek: First Contact.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *101 Dalmatians; Jingle All the Way; Space Jam; The Mirror Has Two Faces.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *101 Dalmatians; Star Trek: First Contact.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *The Mirror Has Two Faces.*

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Fresh Meadows—190–02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Jingle All the Way; Ransom; Star Trek: First Contact; The Mirror Has Two Faces.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Jingle All the Way; Ransom; Space Jam.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Jingle All the Way; Space Jam.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *101 Dalmatians; Jingle All the Way; Ransom; Space Jam; Star Trek: First Contact; The Mirror Has Two Faces.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Secrets & Lies; Surviving Picasso.*

Plaza —103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *101 Dalmatians; Space Jam.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Ransom; Set It Off; Space Jam.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Jingle All the Way; Star Trek: First Contact; The Mirror Has Two Faces.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *Ransom.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *101 Dalmatians; Jingle All the Way; Ransom; Space Jam; Star Trek: First Contact; The Mirror Has Two Faces.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *101 Dalmatians; Jingle All the Way; Ransom; Space Jam; Star Trek: First Contact.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *101 Dalmatians; Jingle All the Way; Ransom; Romeo and Juliet; Set It Off; Space Jam; Star Trek: First Contact; The English Patient; The Mirror Has Two Faces.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Tim Burton's Nightmares and Dreams." 12/8: *Beetlejuice* (1988) and *Ed Wood* (1994). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $7.

Anthology Film Archives—"Jacques Rivette." 12/2-12/8: *Joan the Maiden* (1993). 12/2 and 12/3: *L'Amour par Terre* (1983). 12/3 and 12/5: *Jean Renoir, Le Patron* (1967) and *Le Point du Nord* (1980). 12/4 and 12/5: *Duelle* (1976). 12/8: *Divertimento* (1994). "A Tribute to Gena Rowlands." 12/6: *Opening Night* (1977). 12/7: *The High Cost of Loving* (1958). 12/8: *Another Woman* (1988) and *Faces* (1968). Also, 12/6–12/8: Premiere of Abraham Ravett's *Forgotten Tenor* (1994). And 12/6–12/8: *Those Loved by God* (1992) and *The Bed Queen* (1994). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); $7.

Cinema Village 12th St—Through 12/15: "The 4th Annual Contemporary African Diaspora Film Festival." Call for program info. 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363); $8.

A Different Light—12/8: *The Parent Trap* (1961). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Donnell Media Center—12/4: *Arsenic and Old Lace* (1944). 12/5: *The Wonderful, Horrible Life of Leni Riefenstahl* (1993). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Forum—"Kazan." 12/3 and 12/4: *Gentleman's Agreement* (1947) and *Pinky* (1949). 12/5: *Blues in the Night* (1941) and *City for Conquest* (1940). 12/6–12/8: *A Streetcar Named Desire* (1951). Through 12/9: "The Silent City: New York in the Movies, 1898–1929." 12/2: *Humoresque* (1920) and *Gretchen the Greenhorn* (1916). 12/9: *The Cameraman* (1928) and *When the Clouds Roll By* (1919). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—"The Centennial of Arab Cinema." 12/3 and 12/4: *Knight of the City* (1992) and *Playing with the Big Guys* (1991). 12/5: *Haifa* (1995) and *Our Heedless Wars* (1995) with *Countdown* (1995). "Spanish Cinema Now!" 12/6 and 12/7: *Earth* (1996). 12/6 and 12/8: *Hi, Are You Alone?* (1995). 12/7 and 12/8: *Ecstasy* (1995). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); $8.

French Institute—12/3: *Le Fils du requin* (1993). 12/10: *Belle de jour* (1969). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7, seniors, $5.50.

Japan Society—"New Films From Japan 1996." 12/6: *Okaeri* (1995) and *The Video Answering Machine* (1989). 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $7.50.

Knitting Factory—12/7: Bill Gordh's *Watermelon Patch.* 74 Leonard St. (219-3006); $8.50.

Museum of Modern Art—"Three Korean Master Filmmakers." 12/2 and 12/5: *Adada* (1987). 12/2 and 12/6: *The Cruel Destiny of the Women of the Yi Dynasty* (1969). 12/3: *The Son of Man* (1980). 12/5 and 12/6: *Ticket* (1986). 12/6: *Rainy Days* (1979). "Recent Films from Germany." 12/6 and 12/7: *Warshots* (1996), *Embers of Love* (1996), and *Three Days in April* (1995). 12/8: *Workaholic* (1996). "A Miscellany of Artists." 12/2: "Two by Laura Mulvey and Peter Wollen." 12/7: *Blind Husbands* (1919) and *Foolish Wives* (1922). 12/8: *Greed* (1925) and *Hello, Sister!* (1933). 11/29 and 12/1: *I Do Not Know What It Is I Am Like* (1986). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

Museum of Television & Radio—Through 12/8: "The Return of the Man in the Porkpie Hat: Buster Keaton on Television, 1949–1966." Through 1/5: "All Shook Up: Elvis Presley on Television." 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6710); $6.

Symphony Space—"The Best Films of Our Lives, Part III." 12/3: "The Apu Trilogy." *Pather Panchali* (1955), *Aparajito* (1956), and *The World of Apu* (1959). 2537 Broadway (864-5400); $8.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"No Wave Cinema: 1978-87." 12/4–12/8: *New York Hip Hop Convention* (1980) and *Wild Style* (1982). 12/4 and 12/6–8: *Space Party* (1985), *Made for TV* (1984), and *The Bubble People* (1982). 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (717-0723); $8.

Opening

The Big Picture

At the end of his life, Orson Welles was killing time by hosting stuff like HBO's hysterically apocalyptic *Nostradamus* special—which left even acolytes convinced that the dark genius had truly become an artistic basket case. *Orson Welles: The One Man Band*—a new documentary cobbled together from over two tons of never-before-seen archival footage—refutes that regrettable final impression, we are happy to say, once and for all. At Film Forum, beginning December 11.

Photograph courtesy of Film Forum.

art

Jonathan Seliger...Mitch Epstein...Knoedler

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Ronald Bladen—A retrospective of drawings and sculptural models by this artist (1918–1988) who made his name as a sculptor during the Minimalist movement of the sixties but began his career as a painter in the mid-forties; through 12/21. Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. (879-3500).

Jean-Baptiste-Camille Corot/Robert De Niro, Sr.—A selection of the French landscapist's paintings from the 1840s through the 1870s; 12/5–1/13/97/Charcoal and pen-and-ink portraits, interiors, and still lifes; through 12/28. Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (879-6606).

Suzan Frecon—Recent abstract watercolors; 12/5–1/11/97. Hirschl & Adler Modern, 21 E. 70th St. (535-8810).

Jörg Immendorff—"The Rake's Progress," a series of paintings begun by the artist in 1994 following a commission to design the sets for the Igor Stravinsky opera in Salzburg, in which he depicts himself as William Hogarth's parody of John Bunyan's exemplary Christian; through 1/11/97. Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (988-1623).

José Clemente Orozco—A selection of paintings, drawings, and prints by the Mexican muralist; through 12/21. Martin, 23 E. 73rd St. (288-2213).

William Trost Richards—Marine and landscape oils, drawings, and watercolors; through 1/11/97. Beacon Hill, 980 Madison Ave. (734-3636).

57th Street Area

Peter Alexander—New paintings and works on paper depicting palm trees and scenes from erotic films; through 1/4/97. McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. (956-3366).

Joe Andoe—Recent paintings that distill landscapes to their essence; through 12/14. Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (245-2888).

Robert Bordo/Elizabeth Bishop—Abstract paintings inspired by memory and nature/Rare works on paper by the poet (1911–1979), of landscapes and interiors executed during her years in New York, Key West, and Brazil; 12/5–1/4/97. De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave. (262-5050).

Irene Buszko—Paintings of landscapes in the foothills of the Catskill Mountains; through 12/28. Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (664-0907).

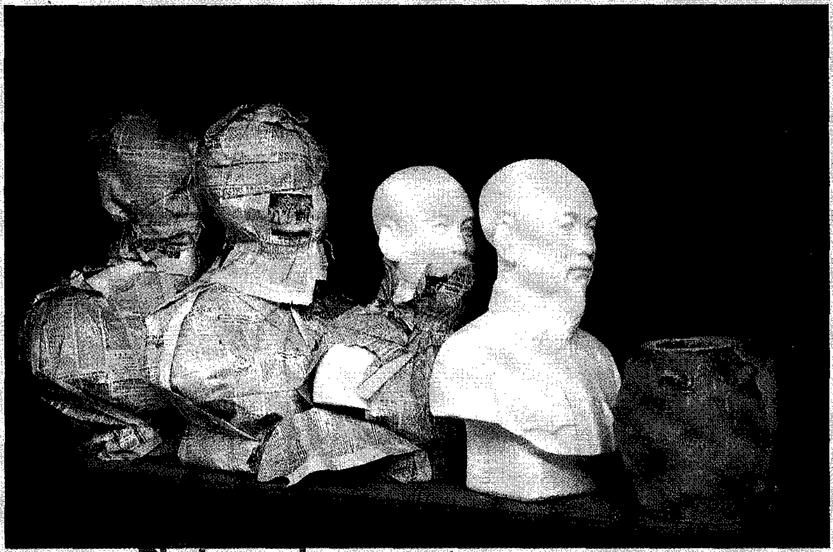
Chuck Close—A selection of large-scale prints, personal photographs, memorabilia, reviews, articles, and exhibition catalogues; through 1/6/97. Archives of American Art, 1285 Sixth Ave. (399-5015), Mon.–Fri. 9:30–5.

Jim Dine—Nine large mixed-media paintings from the series "North" that depict crows, hearts, owls, and skulls; 12/5–1/11/97. PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Eric Fischl—New paintings whose somber images of statues and figures in the interiors of Baroque churches were inspired by the artist's trip to Rome last year following the death of his father; through 12/26. Boone, 745 Fifth Ave. (752-2929).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.



Photography

Good Morning, Vietnam

For his latest book, *Vietnam: A Book of Changes* (DoubleTake/ W. W. Norton & Co., $35), photographer Mitch Epstein traveled to a country whose ancient past, colonial era, and war years are hauntingly visible in its present, and came away with these poetic images. The prints are currently on exhibit at Wooster Gardens, 558 Broadway, through December 28.

Photograph by Mitch Epstein.

Andy Goldsworthy—Drawings, photographs, and installations that evoke winter and cold, among them a series of "snowball" drawings paired with photographs in order to show the site from which he gathered the snow; through 1/4/97. Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (315-0470).

Alex Katz—Recent small-scale portraits painted on metal cutouts; through 1/4/97. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

Man Ray—Drawings, collages, cliché-verres, paintings, photographs, and other works made by the artist in his studio on rue Férou in Paris, where he lived and worked from 1951 until his death in 1976; through 1/4/97. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (752-1223).

Reginald Marsh—Paintings, drawings, and prints chronicling New York of the thirties and forties; through 12/28. Moore, 724 Fifth Ave. (688-5951).

George Nick/Glenn Holland—Paintings of architectural exteriors/Still-life paintings that depict a small singular image such as a strand of pearls, a group of cherries, or a chestnut. Through 12/21. Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (759-2345).

Alfonso Ossorio/Federico Castellon—The artist's Surrealist paintings and works on paper from 1939 to 1949/Surrealist drawings from the thirties. Through 1/18/97. Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St. (247-0082).

Leon Polk Smith—Paintings from the nineties that continue the artist's exploration of line and color; through 1/31/97. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).

Paula Rego/Guillermo Roux—Paintings inspired by the artist's lifelong fascination with classic Disney animation films; through 1/4/97/Still-life and figurative images in watercolors, charcoal, tempera with casein, and egg tempera; through 12/28. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

Arnaldo Roche—New paintings; through 12/21. Adams, 41 W. 57th St. (644-5665).

Gretchen Dow Simpson—Recent paintings and prints; through 1/4/97. Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (397-0669).

Susana Solano—Recent large-scale steel sculptures by a Spanish artist; though 1/14/97. McKee, 745 Fifth Ave. (688-5951).

Adam Straus/Keith Milow—New paintings/Paintings of artists' names on aluminum panels; through 12/23. Haime, 41 E. 57th St. (888-3550).

Zao Wou-Ki—An exhibition of the artist's abstract ink paintings from 1982 to the present, honoring his friendship with the art dealer Pierre Matisse; through 1/20/97. Krugier, 41 E. 57th St. (755-7288).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Michele Basora/Vik Muniz—New paintings/Photographs of images made with sugar on black paper that are the artist's meditations on the legacy of the Africans who were brought to the Caribbean to work on sugar plantations in the eighteenth century. Through 12/21. Grand Salon, 83 Grand St. (226-1861).

Ellen Berkenblit/Tony Feher—Paintings whose compositions of disparate shapes—a hand, a woman's profile, or a lion—suggest the result of a chain reaction/A sculpture installation. Through 12/21. Boesky & Callery, 51 Greene St. (941-9888).

Sharon Butler—Paintings that mix fragments of landscape with monochromatic fields of color; through 1/12/97. Z, 70 Greene St. (966-8836).

Deborah Butterfield—Recent life-size sculptures of horses in unique bronze or found metal; through 1/18/97. Thorp, 103 Prince St. (431-6880).

Robert Colescott—Paintings on paper and large-scale charcoal drawings on the theme of racial and sexual stereotyping; through 1/4/97. Kind, 136 Greene St. (925-1200).

Robert Feintuch—Paintings on aluminum honeycomb panels or canvas that depict such singular images as a suit of armor or the back of a stretched canvas and use a palette restricted to black, white, and grays; through 12/21. CRG, 93 Grand St. (966-4360).

Cornelia Foss—Paintings of shorelines that create ambiguous perceptions of space and distance; 12/4–1/4/97. Fotouhi Cramer, 560 Broadway (431-1304).

Luz Maria Gordilla—Works that use photography, objects, and text to explore issues of gender and identity, and that draw on the Mexican artist's experience of living in a Mafia-run, nomadic whorehouse that operates along Mexico's Caribbean coast; through 12/31. Stellweg, 87 E. Houston St. (431-5556).

Robert Heckes/Maciej Wisniewski—Paintings on and constructed from the backs of playing cards/A slot machine of Internet sites in which the address designation (com, edu, mil, gov, net, etc.) can line up. Through 12/21. Postmasters, 80 Greene St. (941-5711).

Leslie Lerner—Mixed-media paintings that are the artist's meditations on the life of a fictional character in France; through 1/4. Rosenberg + Kaufman, 115 Wooster St. (431-4838).

Michael Lucero/Martin Mull—Recent ceramic sculptures that unite glazed and fired clay with discarded objects and ceramic-vessel forms, by this artist whose work is the subject of a retrospective at the American Craft Museum (see "Museums")/New watercolors. Through 12/21. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

Joseph Marioni—Monochromatic paintings that use color to elicit visual intimacy and emotional immediacy; through 12/30. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Jason Martin/Ligorano-Reese—Paintings by a London-based artist that are created from one continuous brushstroke/A video installation titled *Steel Nipples* that addresses the politics of care and compassion in American society. Through 1/11. Cristinerose, 395 Broadway (431-1862).

Mat Collishaw—New work; through 1/11. Bonakdar, 130 Prince St. (925-8035).

Gerald Monroe—The first New York exhibition of this scholar and retired studio art professor's lyrical abstract paintings; through 12/21. Donahue/Sosinski, 560 Broadway (226-1111).

Yasumasa Morimura—Photographs of the artist that depict him in the costumes and postures of Hollywood's most celebrated "golden age" actresses but in distinctly Japanese settings; though 1/4/97. Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St. (219-9600).

Sarah Morris—New drawings; through 12/21. Kern, 558 Broadway (965-1706).

Bruce Nauman—New video installations and bronze sculptures of hands and thumbs; through 12/14. At Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (431-3685) and Castelli, 420 W. Broadway (431-5160).

John Olsen—Large-scale sculptures based on natural forms, such as an armadillo's shell, and charcoal drawings made in the sauna; through 1/11. DCA, 420 W. Broadway (334-3331).

Trisha Orr/Steven Katz—Still-life paintings that depict vases of flowers set against elaborate backdrops/Paintings of New York cityscapes. Through 12/31. Perlow, 560 Broadway (941-1220).

Richard Pettibone—New paintings and sculptures, including appropriations of Mondrian, Duchamp, and other artists; through 12/21. Marcus, 578 Broadway (226-3200).

Peter Plagens—Recent abstract paintings and collages from the seventies to the present; 12/4–1/11/97. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

Lara Schnitger—Sculptures, videos, and photographs by a Dutch artist; through 12/21. Kern, 558 Broadway (965-1706).

Jonathan Seliger—Paintings on canvas that is folded and glued to take the forms of recognizable objects; through 12/21. Bravin Post Lee, 80 Mercer St. (966-2676).

Josephine Sloet/Gerard Verdijk—Abstract paintings that refer to movement in nature, from windblown vegetation to running water/Recent paintings. Through 1/4/97. Taylor, 584 Broadway (274-8569).

Seton Smith/Adrian Piper—Large-format color photographs that continue the artist's exploration of people's psychological and emotional relationships to "place"/New photographs and recent publications from M.I.T. Press. Through 12/21. Weber, 142 Greene St. (966-6115).

Peter Soriano—New cast-resin sculptures that expand the artist's vocabulary of hybrid organic and mechanical forms; through 12/21. Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway (941-0012).

Sergio Vega—An installation titled *Holy Parrot* on the subject of parrots and their iconology; through 1/11/97. Basilico, 26 Wooster St. (966-1831).

Leslie Wayne—Paintings whose built-up surfaces and colors serve as records of their making; through 12/21. Shainman, 560 Broadway (966-3866).

X-Art Foundation—An installation, *blast5drama*, that consists of stage sets, video cameras, computer projections, and sound and narrates a story taking place in a fictional town, a location that consists of real (train tracks) and virtual (Internet addresses) locales; through 1/4/97. Gering, 476 Broome St. (226-8195).

Other

Ellen Cantor—A large site-specific wall drawing and a video work; through 1/12/97. XL, 504 W. 22nd St. (462-4111).

Gary Hill—Three new video-installation works; through 12/21. Gladstone, 515 W. 24th St. (206-9300).

Ulf Rollof/John Schabel—A sculpture in which a Swedish pine log is coated in sap-derived soap and mechanically rotated on a steel pipe so that the runoff sap and soap gather on paper positioned beneath the log/Photographs that depict people traveling in airplanes as seen through windows from the outside; through 1/12. Morris Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753).

William Wood—Black-and-white paintings whose grisaille effects evoke early photographs; through 1/31/97. Kirkland, 504 W. 22nd St. (627-3930), Wed.–Sat. 11–6, Sun. 12–5.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Graham—1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767). Portraits by Close, Katz, Warhol, others; through 12/21.

Hirschl & Adler—21 E. 70th St. (772-7237). American neoclassical sculpture, with works in marble by Calder, Di Suvero, Serra, and Smith; through 12/21.

Knoedler—19 E. 70th St. (794-0550). "The Rise of the Art World in America: Knoedler at 150," with works by Braque, Cezanne, Manet, others; 12/5–1/12.

Leff—19 E. 71st St. (288-4030). "Visual Jazz," spontaneous, improvisational paintings created by several artists at once, including Evans, Ramsey, and Stone; through 12/14.

Ubu—16 E. 78th St. (794-4444). "The Subverted Object," with works by artists continuing the Dadaist and Surrealist legacy, including Ray, Oppenheim, Westermann, others; through 1/4/97.

57th Street Area

Equitable—787 Seventh Ave. (554-4818). Ten African-American women sculptors, including Catlett-Mora, Chase-Riboud, and Lewis; through 1/11/97.

Galerie St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (245-6734). Drawings, posters, and objects by Hoppe, Klimt, Mosher, others; through 1/4/97.

Miller—41 E. 57th St. (980-5454). Works by contemporary Latin American artists; through 1/4/97.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Alexander—59 Wooster St. (925-4338). Artists' books by Attie, Beuys, Twombly, others; through 1/11/97.

Apex—291 Church St. (431-5270). Works dealing with ad packaging, by Eggelston, Hartley, Stoll, others; through 1/4/97.

Art in General—79 Walker St. (219-0473). Works by Darrel Ellis in the sixth-floor gallery, through 2/25/97; a distillery installation by Dan Mihaltianu, through 1/1/97.

Printed Matter—77 Wooster St. (925-0325). Shop for politically and culturally conscious holiday gifts at "Giftland V: Demo$racy," with hundreds of affordable works by Kruger, Ringgold, Spero, others; through 12/23.

TZ'Art—28 Wooster St. (966-9059). Five young British artists, including works by Fairhurst, Ofili, Quinn, others; through 1/11/97.

Other

Marks—523 W. 24th St. (243-0200). Seventy works on paper and photographs from 1815 to the present, by Arbus, Degas, Gober, Kahlo, Stieglitz, others; through 12/28.

New York Studio School—8 W. 8th St. (673-6466). Paintings by faculty artists, including Lees, Nickson, Robb, others; through 12/16.

Photography

Ansel Adams—Vintage prints; through 1/11/97. Danziger, 130 Prince St. (226-0056).

Juan Carlos Alom—Photographs of human hands, heads, and bodies, which symbolize the Cuban-born photographer's search for human value within the superstitious and ritualistic subject matter of Cuban culture; through 2/1/97. Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (223-1059).

Diane Arbus—Vintage and estate prints; through 1/4/97. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

Petah Coyne—Best-known for her wax sculptures, Coyne here shows images taken in Japan and Mexico and at a New York street fair; through 12/28. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

Lynn Davis—Images taken in Syria, Jordan, Turkey, and Yemen; through 1/4/97. Houk Friedman, 851 Madison Ave. (628-5300).

Ellen Carey—Minimalist photographs using highly saturated color; through 12/21. Ricco/Maresca, 152 Wooster St. (780-0071).

Mitch Epstein/Vera Lutter—Photographs of Vietnam taken between 1992 and 1995 that appear in the photographer's recent book, *Vietnam: A Book of Changes*/Pinhole photographs of New York City. Through 12/28. Wooster Gardens, 558 Broadway (941-6210).

Jill Freedman—415 W. Broadway (925-5510). Black-and-white photographs of the circus, police, and Ireland; through 1/11/97.

Lynn Geesaman—Landscapes taken in the South of France, Southern California, and the southeastern U.S.; through 1/11/97. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-1255).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777). Works by Clarence White's students, including Bourke-White, Lange, Gilpin, others; photographs of Hong Kong by Masahiko Yamashita; through 1/12/97.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave. (768-4682). Liverpool photographed by Tom Wood, and road trips chronicled by Linda McCartney; photographs by Adams, Michals, Siskind, others, celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Light Gallery; through 2/9/97.

Jean Kallina—Photographs of interiors; 12/5–1/19/97. Benrubi. 52 E. 76th St. (517-3766).

Christina Lessa—Large-scale portraits, pictures of exotic animals, and other organic material; through 12/29. Rice, 325 W. 11th St. (366-6660).

Martin Liebscher—"Xing," color photographs; through 1/4/97. Stux, 535 W. 20th St. (352-1600).

PaceWildensteinMacGill—32 E. 57th St. (759-7999). Photographs by Lisette Model and Diane Arbus; through 1/11/97.

Martin Parr—Photographs of fast food, seen up close; through 12/31. Janet Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

Margaret Watkins—Still-life compositions, portraits, nude studies, landscapes, and commercial works; through 1/4/97. Mann, 42 E. 76th St. (570-1223).

Museums

Alternative Museum—"The Luminous Image: An Exhibition of Illuminated Photography." Works by 21 photographers, among them Dennis Adams, James Casebere, Alfredo Jaar, Doug & Mike Starn, and Ted Victoria; through 1/4/97. 594 Broadway (966-4444), Tues.–Sat. 11–6, contribution suggested.

American Craft Museum—"Michael Lucero: Sculpture 1976–1995." A survey of the artist's whimsical sculptures, many of which combine ceramic elements with found objects; through 2/16/97. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $5, $2.50 seniors and students.

American Museum of Natural History—"Leonardo's Codex Leicester: A Masterpiece of Science." On loan from William H. Gates III, the only manuscript by Leonard da Vinci still in private hands combines drawings and text to explain the whole of nature; through 1/1/97. . . . "Okavango: Africa's Last Eden." Large-format color photographs taken in the Okavango Delta of Botswana, Africa, by wildlife photographer Frans Lanting; through 1/5/97. . . . "Purposeful Traveler: Titian Ramsay Peale (1799–1885)"; through 2/28/97. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $7 suggested contribution, $5 students and seniors, $4 children.

Asia Society—"Contemporary Art in Asia: Traditions/Tensions." A survey of works by contemporary artists from India, Indonesia, the Philippines, South Korea, and Thailand organized by the Asia Society and presented simultaneously at the Queens Museum of Art and the Grey Art Gallery & Study Center; through 1/5/97. . . . "The Grand Tour: Photographs by Guy Weill"; through 1/26/97. 725 Park Ave. (288-6400), Tues., Wed., Fri., and Sat. 11–8, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1 students and seniors, free Thurs. 6–8.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"The Brilliance of Swedish Glass, 1918–1939: An Alliance of Art and Industry." A survey focusing on the leading artists of the period between the world wars and the aesthetic and technical innovations that established the Swedish glass industry; through 2/2/97. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 seniors and students.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Artist in the Marketplace Benefit Exhibition." Works by more than 100 artists who have exhibited in the museum's annual Artist in Marketplace shows over the past fifteen years; through 12/7. . . . "Artist in the Marketplace: Sixteenth Annual Exhibition." Works by 36 emerging artists living in the New York metropolitan area; through 2/16/97. . . . "Petrona Morrison and Veronica Ryan: Sculptural Works"; through 2/16/97. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; suggested donation $3, $2 students, $1 seniors.

Brooklyn Museum—"In the Light of Italy: Corot and Open-Air Painting." An exhibition of landscape paintings by 48 European artists who worked in Italy between 1780 and 1840, among them nineteen paintings by Jean-Baptiste Corot (1796–1875) made during his first visit to Italy; through 1/12/97. . . . "Mine: Grand Lobby Installation by Rona Pondick"; through 1/4/98. . . . "Latin American Photography: A Spiritual Journey." Photographs depicting different aspects of Latin American culture by artists who are native to Central or South America, or have spent a significant part of their lives there; through 1/19/97. . . . "The Evidence of Things Not Seen: Drawings by Glenn Ligon"; through 2/9/97. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum—"Mixing Messages: Graphic Design in Contemporary Culture." Works by various graphic designers, among them Fabien Baron, Art Chantry, April Greiman, Chip Kidd, and Paula Scher; through 2/16/97. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6868), Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 seniors and students.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Juan Muñoz: *A Place Called Abroad*." An installation of a streetlike environment occupied by groups of figures; through 6/29/97. . . . "Hanne Darboven: Kulturgeschicte 1880–1983"; through 6/29/97. . . . "Fred Sandback: Sculpture"; through 6/29/97. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $3 suggested contribution.

Drawing Center—"Plains Indian Drawings 1865–1935: Pages From a Visual History." The first extensive survey of late-nineteenth and early-twentieth-century Plains Indian drawings, known as ledger drawings, from those of the Lakota on the northern plains to the Kiowa in the south; through 12/21. 35 Wooster St. (219-2166), Tues., Thurs., Fri. 10–6, Wed. 10–8, Sat. 11–6; donation suggested.

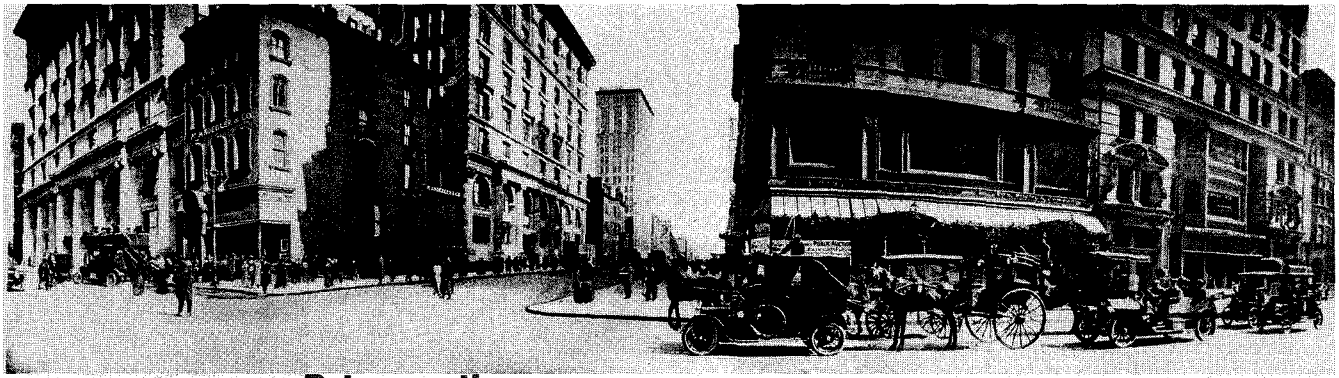
El Museo del Barrio—"Contemporanea: An Installation by Maria Elena Gonzalez." A site-specific installation by the Cuban-born artist that uses curved, backlit wooden panels covered with black rubber to transform the gallery into a quiet, dimly lit arena intended for the contemplation of the loss of loves ones to AIDS; through 4/13/97. . . . "The Liberated Print: The Portfolio in Puerto Rican Graphics"; through 1/12/97. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery & Study Center—"Contemporary Art in Asia: Traditions/Tensions." A survey of works by contemporary artists from India, Indonesia, the Philippines, South Korea, and Thailand organized by the Asia Society and presented simultaneously at the Asia Society and the Queens Museum of Art; through 12/23. New York University, 100 Washington Square East (998-6780), Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8:30, Sat. 11–5; $2.50 suggested donation.

Guggenheim Museum—"Ellsworth Kelly: A Retrospective." The most comprehensive survey ever presented of the artist's paintings, drawings, and sculptures; through 1/15/97. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $10, $5 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"1996: The Hugo Boss Prize." Works by the six artists nominated for the Hugo Boss Prize, among them Laurie Anderson, Janine Antoni, Matthew Barney, Stan Douglas, Yasumasa Morimura, and Cai Guo Qiang; through 1/19/97. . . . "Max Beckmann in Exile." The first exhibition to examine the German Expressionist's work made during his years as an expatriate in Holland and the United States; through 1/5/97. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8, Sun. 11–6; $6, $4 students and seniors.



Retrospective

Survival of the Fittest

That any gallery can manage to stay afloat more than a decade is something of a miracle; that Knoedler & Co. has made it through 150 years in nine locations (above, a view of the gallery at 34th Street and Fifth Avenue, circa 1909) is testament to its ability to change with the times. Though Knoedler is only the second-oldest art gallery in America (Vose Galleries of Boston, founded in Providence in 1841, holds the record), its history is inseparable from the beginnings of art-dealing and -collecting in America.

That fact has given rise to Knoedler's fascinating new exhibition "The Rise of the Art World in America: Knoedler at 150," which chronicles the gallery's early activities, not only through actual artworks purveyed by the gallery from the 1860s to the 1960s (beginning with an 1864 William Trost Richards landscape sold in 1865 and ending with a 1921–22 Georges Braque sold in 1961) but through the gallery's own archival materials, spanning the years between 1848—shortly after Michael Knoedler (1823–1878) came to New York from France in 1846 to act as a representative for the French engraving firm Goupil—and 1979. These include illustrated letters from Winslow Homer, who was represented by the gallery from 1896 until his death in 1910, and documents pertaining to Knoedler's 1931 sale of works from the Hermitage Museum to Andrew Mellon. More than anything, the show underscores the gallery's enduring presence over fifteen decades of shifting tastes.

EDITH NEWHALL

Institute for Contemporary Art—108 Leonard St. (233-1096). A holiday installation by Hein, Seng, and Watson; 12/6–24.

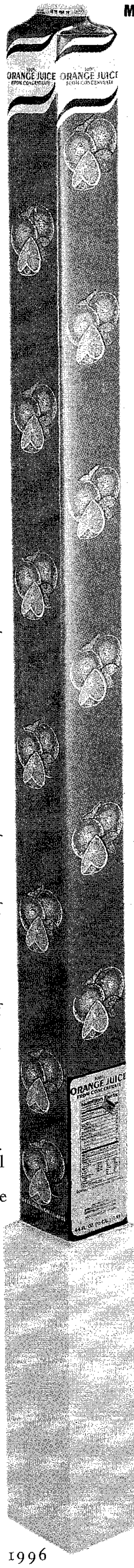
Jewish Museum—"Holidays! Jewish Seasons and Celebrations"; through 4/19/97. . . . "Louis Kahn Drawings: Travel Sketches and Synagogue Projects." A survey of the architect's drawings and models for synagogues; through 12/15. . . . "From Court Jews to the Rothschilds: Art, Patronage, and Power." The first exhibit to examine the cultural life of court Jews in Germanic lands; through 1/19/97. . . . "The Illegal Camera: Photography in the Netherlands During the German Occupation, 1940–1945"; through 12/15. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5, free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Charles Rennie Mackintosh." A survey featuring approximately 250 works by the celebrated Scottish architect and designer (1868–1928); through 2/16/97. . . . "Corot." The first American retrospective of the French artist's work in 35 years gathers some 150 paintings from public and private collections; through 1/19/97. . . . "Masterpieces in Little: Portrait Miniatures From the Collection of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II"; through 1/5/97. . . . "Eugène Cuvelier, Photographer in the Circle of Corot." A selection of prints by this French photographer who made studies of the Forest of Fontainebleau in the late 1850s and early 1860s, in close association with Corot, Millet, Rousseau, and other painters of the Barbizon school; through 1/12/97. . . . "Annual Christmas Tree and Neapolitan Baroque Crèche"; through 1/5/97. . . . "No Ordinary Mortals: The Human (and Not-So-Human) Figure in Japanese Art"; through 10/5/97. . . . "City and Country: Four New York Quilts"; through 2/23/97. . . . "Images of Women: Nineteenth-Century American Drawings and Watercolors"; through 2/2/97. . . . "Queen Nefertiti and the Royal Women: Images of Beauty from Ancient Egypt"; through 2/2/97. . . . "Enduring Rhythms: African Musical Instruments and the Americas"; through 3/30/97. . . . "Artists for Victory." A commemoration of the historic juried exhibition of contemporary art "Artists for Victory," held at the Metropolitan Museum in 1942–43"; through 1/12/97. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September).

Museum at F.I.T.—"Moon Over Pearls: Gene Moore's Tiffany Windows and Beyond." A survey of the designer's window installations for Tiffany & Co. from 1955 to 1994; through 1/4/97. . . . "From Printed Line to Woven Flower, Exploring Textile Patterns"; through 1/11/97. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (760-7642), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

Museum for African Art—"The Art of the Baga: A Drama of Cultural Reinvention"; through 1/5/97. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 children, seniors, and students.

Museum of American Folk Art—"A Place for Us: Vernacular Architecture in American Folk Art"; through 1/5/97. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533); Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.



Museum of Modern Art—"Jasper Johns: A Retrospective." The first in-depth survey of the artist's work in nearly twenty years; through 1/21/97. . . . "New Photography 12: Richard Billingham, Thomas Demand, Osamu Kanemura, Sophie Ristelhueber, Georgina Starr, Wolfgang Tillmans"; through 2/4/97. . . . "Antonin Artaud: Works on Paper." An exhibition of the drawings of the writer, critic, film actor, stage director, and poet, including approximately 70 works dating from 1937 to 1948 and a small selection of photographs, first editions, and letters; through 1/7/97. . . . "Projects: General Idea"; through 1/7/97. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed.; $8, $5 students and seniors (Thurs. and Fri. 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish).

Museum of the City of New York—"Back in the Days: East Harlem Old and Young"; through 3/23/97. . . . "The Art of Politics: Cartoons by Cassel, Kirby & Arlt"; through 4/6/97. . . . "A Museum for a New Century: The Museum of the City of New York in the 21st Century"; through 6/29/97. . . . "Revisiting the Scene: New Evidence, New Discoveries." Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings of scenes of New York from the museum's collection; through 1/12/97. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"Powerful Expressions: Recent American Drawings"; through 1/5/97. . . . "The Artist's Eye: Jacob Lawrence Selects Paintings From the Permanent Collection"; through 1/12/97. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (Fri. till 8); $5, $3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

National Museum of the American Indian Smithsonian Institution—"Woven by the Grandmothers: Nineteenth-Century Navajo Textiles From the National Museum of the American Indian"; through 1/8/97. . . . "Contemporary Navajo Weaving: The Gloria F. Ross Collection of the Denver Art Museum"; through 1/8/97. George Gustav Heye Center, 1 Bowling Green (825-6700), 10–5 daily, Thurs. to 8; free.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Carolee Schneeman: Up To and Including Her Limits." The first museum exhibit in the United States devoted to the work of this artist, a key figure since the sixties in the development of performance and body-based art; through 1/26/97. . . . "Enclosures: New Site-Specific Installations by Nedko Solakov, Teresita Fernandez, and Hale Tenger; through 1/26. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed., Thurs., Fri., and Sun. noon–6, Sat. noon–8 (6–8 free); $4, $3 artists, students, and seniors.

New York Public Library—"A History of Women Photographers." A historical survey of women's contributions to the field of photography; through 1/4/97. . . . "The Romance of the Stone: Lithography, 1796–1825"; through 1/11/97. . . . "Artful Interiors: Rooms With a View." A survey of architectural and design publications covering the period 1750 to 1950; through 3/29/97. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

Talent **When they're faithful reproductions, Jonathan Seliger's three-dimensional paintings of familiar objects refer most obviously to Pop art, as in Warhol's Brillo box. But there are other, more subtle nods, such as his elongated Stewart's orange-juice carton, which evokes Brancusi's *Bird in Space*. At Bravin Post Lee, 80 Mercer Street; through December 21.**

New-York Historical Society—"Robert Fulton: An American Leonardo?" Letters, sketches, and paintings by the eighteenth-centuryAmerican painter- inventor; through 1/5/97. . . . "Scaasi: The Joy of Dressing Up." A retrospective of works by the designer; through 1/5/97. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"A Fine Line: Rembrandt as Etcher"; through 1/5/97. . . . "Seventeenth-Century Dutch Drawings in the Pierpont Morgan Library"; through 1/5/97. . . . "Seeking the 'Splendid Misery': Presidential Races From Washington to Truman"; through 1/5/97. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—"Contemporary Art in Asia: Traditions/Tensions." A survey of works by contemporary artists from India, Thailand, the Philippines, South Korea, and Indonesia organized by the Asia Society and presented simultaneously at the Asia Society and the Grey Art Gallery & Study Center; through 1/5/97. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3 suggested donation, $1.50 seniors and children.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Making Mischief: Dada Invades New York." A survey of works by Marcel Duchamp, Francis Picabia, Man Ray, and other artists associated with New York Dada; through 2/23/97. . . . "Views From Abroad: European Perspectives on American Art 2." An exhibition of works culled from the museum's collection curated by Jean-Christophe Ammann, director of the Museum für Moderne Kunst in Frankfurt, Germany; through 1/5/97. . . . "Nan Goldin: 'I'll Be Your Mirror.' " The first retrospective of works by this photographer known for her gritty images of the sexual and cultural urban underground of the past two decades; through 1/5/97. . . . "Collection in Context: Breuer's Whitney—An Anniversary Exhibition"; through 12/8. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Beverly Semmes: She Moves." An installation by this artist who uses monumental scale to comment on clothing as a form of cultural and personal expression; through 1/4/97. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (570-3633), Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. to 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). 12/4 at 10 and 2: "American Paintings." On view from 11/30. 12/5 at 10: "American Indian Art." On view from 11/30. 12/5 at 10: "American Indian Art." On view from 11/30. 12/7 at at 10 and 2: "Wine." On view from 12/30. 12/9 at 10:30 and 2:30: "Jewelry." On view from 12/7.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 12/4 at 10 and 2: "American Paintings." On view from 11/29. 12/5 at 2: "Books and Autographs." On view from 11/30. 12/10 at 10 and 2: "Silver." On view from 12/7.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 12/4 at 10: "Important Estate Jewelry." On view from 11/30. 12/4 at 6: "Annual Christmas Gifts Auction." On view from 11/30. 12/5 at 10: "Important Estate Jewelry." On view from 11/30.

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 12/4 at 10:15: "Books." On view from 11/29. 12/5 at 10:15 and 2: "American Paintings." On view from 11/30. 12/5 at 2 and 12/6 at 10:15: "Arcade Art Deco." On view from 12/1. 12/7 at 10:15 and 2: "20th-Century Works of Art." On view from 12/1. 12/9 at 10:15 and 2: "Arcade Jewelry." On view from 12/3. 12/10 at 10:15 and 2: "Jewelry." On view from 12/5.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 12/5 at 10:30 and 2: "Maps and Atlases and Decorative Graphics." On view from 11/30.

Photograph by John Bessler.

theater

Hollywood Babylon...The Magic Man

Onstage Plague Years

Robert Lepage's latest theatrical collage, *The Seven Streams of the River Ota,* follows the mythic wanderings of Everywoman, a Holocaust survivor, through twenties Prague, thirties Germany, forties Japan, fifties Sweden, and seventies New York, until she finally retreats to the site of another World War II horror, Hiroshima. Part I: December 1, 7, and 14 at 3; December 3, 5, 10, and 12 at 8. Part II: December 1, 4, 6, 7, 11, 13, and 14 at 8. BAM Majestic Theater, 651 Fulton Street, Brooklyn (718-636-4100).

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Dreams & Nightmares—Magician David Copperfield makes his Broadway debut, in a show scripted by David Ives. $20–$67.50. Tues. and Thurs. at 5:30 and 8, Wed., Fri., Sat. at 1:30, 5, and 8:30, Sun. at 1, 4:30, and 8. Opening 12/5. *Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Once Upon a Mattress—Sarah Jessica Parker plays the oversensitive royal in this musical version of Hans Christian Andersen's *The Princess and the Pea.* For insomniac luxury-lovers of all ages. $40–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Thanksgiving week: Tues. at 8, Wed., Fri., and Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 12/18 opening. *Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Kerry Butler plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30.Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—Miss it at the Public earlier this year? George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning meditation on the pre-Hollywood ethnic roots of tap dancing has transferred uptown. $20–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. Ann Reinking is suavely slinky with a demureness that oozes sex; Bebe Neuwirth does a scissors kick or two while maintaining her comehither brand of snootiness. And James Naughton doles out dearly bought legal strategy like alms to an importunate beggar. Minimalism prevails. All is concise, calibrated, calculated, but nothing is stinted on. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. If Chicago in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean Athens. (Simon: 12/2/96) $47.50–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Cocoanuts—In their early days, the Marx Brothers formed the habit of touring their farcical vaudevilles as live stage shows before committing them to film. Chelsea's American Jewish Theater, after successfully dusting off Irving Berlin and George S. Kaufman's original (1925) script for a knockabout farce about the Florida land boom—the basis for the movie that introduced the Marxes to Hollywood—and giving it its first professional New York revival in 61 years, moved the funny stuff uptown. $45 Tues.–Thurs., $47.50 Fri.– Sun. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. $47.50. Wed.– Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 5. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (228-3626, or just dial CAVEMAN). 1 hr. 40 mins.*

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—A new revival of the 1962 musical, featuring Nathan Lane as that sly guy Pseudolus. $60–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Thanksgiving week: Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Fri., and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 20 mins.*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With Sheena Easton as Rizzo. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

An Ideal Husband—His contemporary George Bernard Shaw excoriated the hypocrisies of Victorian England with bitingly logical wit, but the similarly minded Oscar Wilde occasionally found emotional empathy a more apt tool. Sir Peter Hall's acclaimed West End revival of this 1895 play, which uses a conventional plot of unmasked adultery to condemn soul-stifling British intolerance and self-deception, now has an American cast, which includes Stephanie Beacham, Kim Hunter, James Warwick, and Nicky Henson. $30–$55. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

It's a Slippery Slope—Part five of Spalding Gray's peripatetic performance autobiography glides swiftly past the breakup of his marriage and attacks of claustrophobia, dwelling instead on after-50 fatherhood and the Zen-like beauty of an afternoon on the slopes. $30–$35. Sun. and Mon. at 7:30. *Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center (239-6200).*

Photograph by Dan Rest.

Juan Darién, A Carnival Mass—Julie Taymor and Elliott Goldenthal's vivid puppet pageant, retelling an Uruguayan folktale of a jaguar that is turned into a boy, and back again. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/24/96. *Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center (239-6200).*

Julia Sweeney's "God Said, 'Ha!' "—The *Saturday Night Live* alum's one-woman show, telling what happens when life is going too well. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/19/96. *Lyceum Theatre, 149 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

The King and I—Along with Lincoln Center's recent *Carousel* and the recent Broadway production of *State Fair,* the Rodgers and Hammerstein renaissance continues apace with their famous musical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the King of Siam,* featuring contemporary heartthrob Lou Diamond Phillips (un-bald) in the role created by Yul Brynner. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its tenth year on Broadway, recently became the fourth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Love Thy Neighbor—Jackie Mason, back on Broadway with a new one-man show of stand-up comedy. $37.50–$49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Booth, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Master Class—In the early seventies, opera star Maria Callas took her diva persona from stage to classroom with a celebrated series of tutorials for young hopefuls. Slightly fictionalized, they're the subject of Terrence McNally's newest play, starring Patti LuPone (*Evita*) as the great *monstre sacrée* herself. $32.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon has just celebrated its fifth anniversary on Broadway. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—In its ninth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,200-performance mark recently and edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Present Laughter—A clever fellow, this Scott Elliott, but now he has gone too far. The director has taken Noel Coward's sleek, sophisticated comedy and staged it as the crassest farce. Garry Essendine, the fey, egocentric, matinee-idol hero, is doubtless modeled on the author himself, but Coward never fully emerged from the closet. It is not for Elliott to out one of his plays. Here the women are made shriller, sillier, or more predatory than called for, the men more effete, narcissistic, overtly homosexual. Frank Langella does ample justice to Elliott's Essendine: One wonders what he could have done with Coward's. (Simon: 12/2/96) $15–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/18/96. *Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

The Rehearsal—As so often in Anouilh, this play's story is that of a pure young girl threatened or destroyed, of virtue betrayed by vice, and of vice getting it in the neck as well. The play is both a comedy full of witty lines and a drama bearing grave truths. So much turns on perfect direction, which Nicolas Martin doesn't manage here. Everything about this production misfires, starting with the performances of Roger Rees and David Threlfall. Then take Robert Brill's design, which turns a French chateau into a stable, and the miscasting of five actors out of seven. The play's French subtitle, "Love Punished," might seem to refer to the Roundabout's enthusiasm being punished by fate. (Simon:12/2/96) $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Opened 11/21/96. *Roundabout, 1530 Broadway (869-8400).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary young and hip types living in the East Village. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

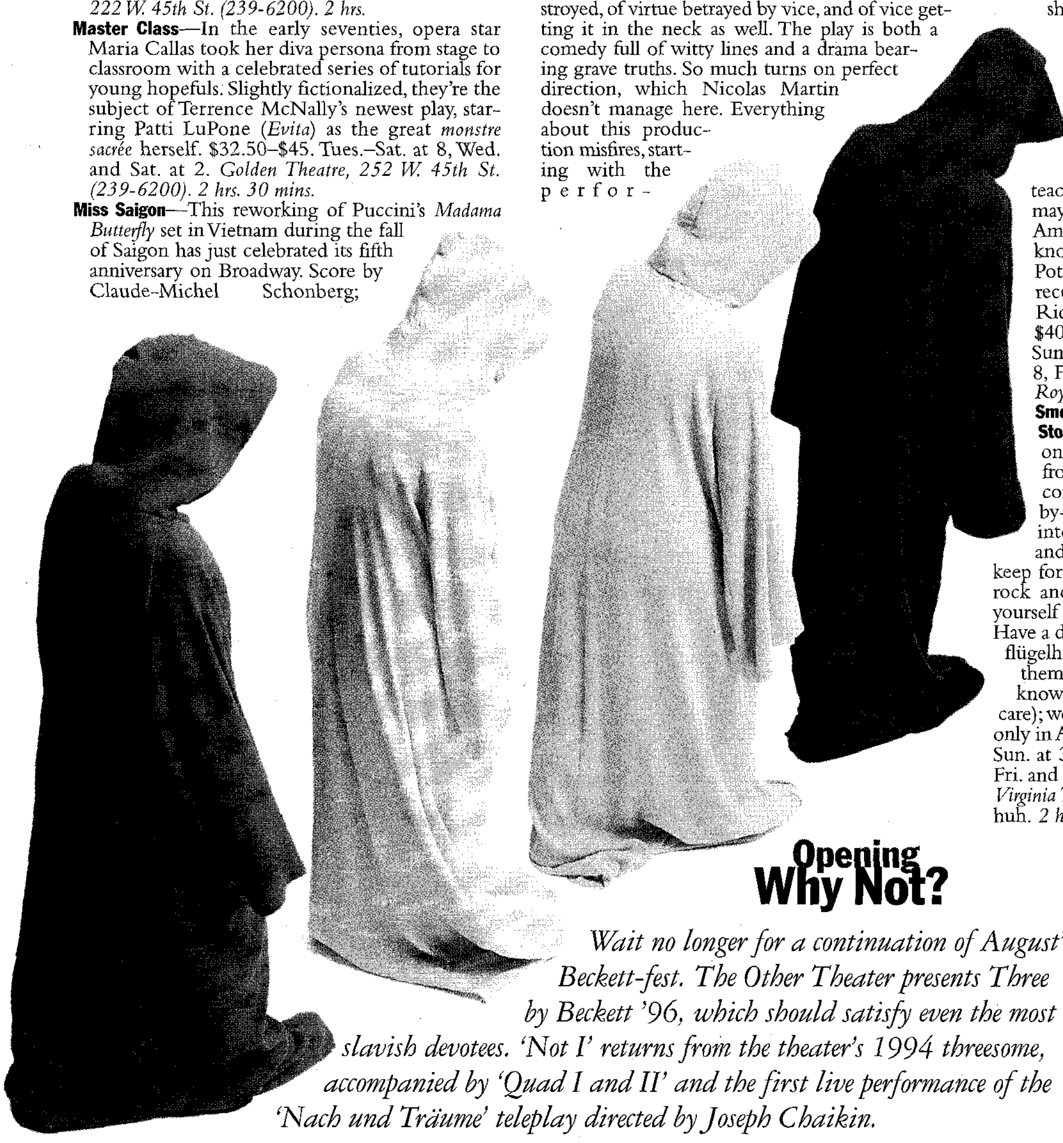
Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involvedly that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94.) $40–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/2/94. Through 1/5/97. *Gershwin Theater, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.*

Skylight—New York last saw that fine playwright David Hare in December, when Lincoln Center's short-lived production of *Racing Demon,* a drama about the current crisis of faith in the Church of England, seems to have proved somewhat too parochially British for American audiences. They shouldn't have that problem with this less polemical, more inward drama focusing on the reunion, after three years, of a wealthy restaurateur and a schoolteacher, discussing a love affair that may or may not have run its course. Don't miss the American stage debut of Michael Gambon, known to TV audiences here from Dennis Potter's *The Singing Detective* and the more recent PBS show *Maigret*—and to Sir Ralph Richardson simply as "the Great Gambon." $40–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Thanksgiving week: Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 3 and 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Royale, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heartbreakin' nights, only in America. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Thanksgiving week: Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. $35–$70. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Sunset Boulevard—Andrew Lloyd Webber's (mega-) musical adaptation of the Billy Wilder film masterpiece about a deranged Hollywood dinosaur and her reluctant boy toy. London's Elaine Paige (*Evita, Cats*) recently took over from Betty Buckley as Norma Desmond. $25–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Taking Sides—Ed Harris stars as an American Nazi-war-crimes investigator, sparring with suspect conduc-



Opening
Why Not?

Wait no longer for a continuation of August's Beckett-fest. The Other Theater presents Three by Beckett '96, which should satisfy even the most slavish devotees. 'Not I' returns from the theater's 1994 threesome, accompanied by 'Quad I and II' and the first live performance of the 'Nach und Träume' teleplay directed by Joseph Chaikin.

Photography by Stephen Sullivan.

tor Wilhelm Furtwangler (Daniel Massey) over the question *Is art neutral?* $32.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/17/96. *Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. (307-4100).*

Victor/Victoria—Reprising her title role in husband Blake Edwards's 1982 film, Julie Andrews—returning to the Broadway stage for the first time since the early sixties and Camelot—struts her stuff in (the late) Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse's musical adaptation of Mr. Edwards's comedy of sexual manners. "One way or another, *Victor/Victoria* will make history. Like a karaoke record, it's got everything minus one: a true star, a solid cast and ensemble, savvy staging and choreography, lush scenery and costumes and lighting, a funny (or at least doggedly farcical) book—everything but one really good song. This will be the test: Can a Broadway musical make it without a score? Julie Andrews has a look, voice, and personality that live in perfect harmony with one another, whether she is singing, dancing, acting, or just being. But there is—or rather, isn't—the unrelievedly second-rate music of the late Henry Mancini, augmented by three songs from Frank Wildhorn, which blend in seamlessly, alas. All the lyrics are by the once capable Leslie Bricusse, now given to such stuff as 'Paris is so sexy/ Riding in a taxi [texi?]/ Gives you apoplexy.' Still, *Victor/Victoria* may be the best unmusical musical you are ever going to see." (Simon; 11/6/95.) With Tony Roberts, Michael Nouri, and Rachel York; written and directed by Mr. Edwards. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis, 1535 Broadway (382-0100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Waste Land—Fiona Shaw makes her American stage debut in this theatrical adaptation of T. S. Eliot's 1922 masterwork—"a pile of broken images." $35. Wed.–Sat. at 7:30 and 9, Sun. at 5 and 6:30. Through 12/15. *Liberty, 234 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Godspell—The first all-black production of Stephen Schwartz's 1971 rock opera. $25. Thurs. and Fri. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 12/13 opening. *Victoria Theatre, 235 W. 125th St. (769-8183).*

Henry VI, Parts 1, 2, and 3—Shakespeare's first history runs in two parts, "The Edged Sword" and "Black Storm," in repertory, directed by Arden Party founder Karin Coonrod. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. In previews for a 12/18 opening. Through 12/29. *The Public/Martinson Hall, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

Insurrection: Holding History—The world premiere of Robert O'Hara's hip-hop comedy, a getting-in-touch-with-your-roots, time-travel tale, featuring a guest appearance by Nat Turner. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. through 12/22. *The Public/LuEsther Hall, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

Tooth of Crime (Second Dance)—Vincent D'Onofrio stars in this revamped version of Sam Shepard's 1972 *The Tooth of Crime*, impersonating Shepard's leather-clad rock recluse for the nineties. Music by T-Bone Burnett. $37.50–$45. Tues., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 7, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for an 12/15 opening. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Warp—A multimedia science-fiction epic, featuring every fantasy you've ever had about ruling the fifth dimension. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 1/5. *Theatre at St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. (279-4200).*

Now Playing

Americana—$20. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 9, Sun. at 7. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-9090).*

Andrew Carnegie Presents The Jew of Malta—Christopher Marlowe's farce has undergone a textual collision with an improvised take on the 1892 strike at industrialist Carnegie's Homestead steel mill. $15 Wed.–Thurs., $22.50 Fri. and Sat. All performances at 8. Through 12/21. *Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 9th St. (633-1292).*

Anne Frank and Me—A modern teenager encounters the real Anne Frank. Cherie Bennett's play kicks off the American Jewish Theatre's season. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Through 12/15. *American Jewish Theatre, 307 West 26th St. (633-9797).*

Beat: A Subway Cop's Comedy—Comic reminiscence of ten years on the beat, by John DiResta, who remains a New York City Transit cop. $20–$25. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Kaufman Theatre, 534 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $35–$45. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Born to Sing!—It's dueling-divas time, ambitious-newcomer division, when a singing superstar has to choose between her own daughter and (gasp) a brash interloper to accompany her on the road in this new high-octane musical about backstage passions from the creators of 1983's pop-and-gospel-inflected *Mama, I Want to Sing.* $15–$35. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun at 7. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (505-0700).*

A Brief History of White Music—A new musical looking at white pop music from swing to the seventies. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:15, Sun. at 3:15 and 7:15. *The Village Gate, 240 W. 52nd St. (307-5252).*

Cakewalk—I knew Lillian Hellman somewhat less than slightly, but enough to find her inwardly as well as outwardly of staggering undesirability. Why the genuinely appealing, 25-years-younger Peter Feibleman would have fallen in love with Lillian Hellman—even if he did know her since he was 10—is, frankly, beyond me. Still, in his well-written memoir *Lilly*, he makes this love affair that lasted till Hellman's death more credible than in his own stage version, *Cakewalk*, a fragmented, thin-textured piece. (Simon: 11/25/96) $40–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Variety Arts, 110 Third Ave. (239-6200).*

Cowgirls—What happens when a classical-music trio gets booked by mistake into a country-music palace and races frantically to accommodate its longhair style to a room where crewcuts predominate? About what you *A Night at the Opera* fans would imagine, probably. Mary Murfitt and Betsy Howie's new musical comedy of errors is directed by Eleanor Reissa. $29.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta La. (420-8000).*

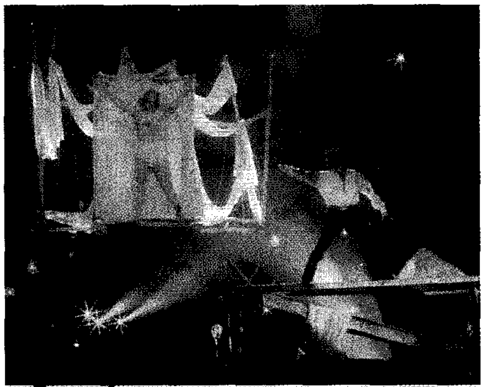
Evolution—A multidisciplinary rock-music extravaganza. $30; $10 student rush tickets available one hour before curtain for all performances. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2. *Tribeca Performing Arts Center, 199 Chambers St. (346-8510).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Family Values—A he said/she said comedy about a middle-aged Manhattan couple's mid-life breakup. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. (358-5174).*

Flying Karamazov Brothers—"Sharp Flats and Accidentals" brings slapstick, pratfalls, and the usual circus atmosphere to the Brothers' annual show. $10–$25. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. at 2. Through 1/1. *New Victory Theater, 209 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Some titles say it all, and Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way couldn't arrive in town at a more—well,



Opening

The Eyes Have It

Only a magician could have his life flash before him three times a day, and live. Or only a very, very famous one. David Copperfield, who made the Statue of Liberty disappear and Claudia Schiffer levitate (into an engagement ring), started performing *Dreams & Nightmares*, his "intimate evening of grand illusion"—a loose autobiography of masterful tricks—on November 26. The virtually sold-out run, 77 performances in five weeks, is a Christmas gift of sorts—*literal* escapism. At 1:30, 5, and 8:30, audiences can watch New Jersey's David Kotkin, a boy who "saw the second acts of thousands of Broadway shows," transform himself into David Copperfield, the man who has performed seven times for U.S. presidents. Scripted by the intelligentsia's favorite funnyman, David Ives, "the show has a lot of new illusions," Copperfield says. "We've wrapped it in the story of my life, very, very lightly." But, he hastens to add, "it is not a play." The poster seems like the best indicator of the evening's tone: a remarkably *Cats*-like pair of heavy-browed eyes, almost mesmeric.

The lobby of the Martin Beck Theatre is a mini–magic museum, including his latest trophy: the elegant *Times Mirror* handcuffs, which Houdini had to be cut out of after an hour. Has Copperfield tried them? "Not yet," he says. Pause. "I might not want to get out." Beating Houdini on his own turf is not the grand illusion he has planned. But his idea of autobiography is illuminating. For starters, he plans to levitate aunts and uncles chosen from the audience—"You can be Aunt Ida," he tells a shapely *E!* reporter, punctuating the innuendo with a crook of his animatronic eyebrow. Another segment, called "The Voyeur," is, like making your relatives disappear, pure wish-fulfillment. "It's two ladies and me in kind of an intimate situation. It's one of the dreams," Copperfield says. The nightmares are more old-school: He has "to escape from perilous situations." The New York theater critics may be his greatest peril yet. ALEXANDRA LANGE let's be kind and say propitious time. $35–$40. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 7:30, Sat. at 10, Sun. at 3; food and drink available/optional. *Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

Full Gallop—Following its successful run at Manhattan Theatre Club last fall, Mary Louise Wilson's one-woman show about *Vogue's* Diana Vreeland, the woman who invented both contemporary fashion and—to hear her disciples tell it—the color red, is back on Off Broadway for a return engagement. $37.50–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Golden Child—David Henry Hwang's new drama, set in twenties China, about cultural upheaval inside and outside the family unit. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. Through 12/8. *The Public/Newman Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding,* written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $37.50–$57.50, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. and Thurs. at 2, Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—One of this year's more melancholy theater trends is the posthumous musical. Like *Rent* composer Jonathan Larsen, costumer and musical "conceiver" Howard Crabtree passed away in June, days after completing work on his latest backstage-comedy revue. But the show, as developed by Mr. Crabtree with Dick Gallagher and Mark Waldrop, goes on. $40. Mon.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10. Thanksgiving week: Mon.–Wed. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

The Importance of Being Earnest—Oscar Wilde's best-known and most giggle-generating farce gets a glamorous revival, with Eric Stoltz and Melissa Errico starring as the quip-crossed cousins, and Nancy Marchand as resident battle-ax Lady Bracknell. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 12/22. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

Late Night Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $25–$32.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. (279-4200).*

The Lucky Chance—Jean Cocteau Rep performs Aphra Behn's Restoration comedy, twisting marriage and commerce into a seemingly hopeless tangle. $24. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 2/9. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery at Bond St. (677-0060).*

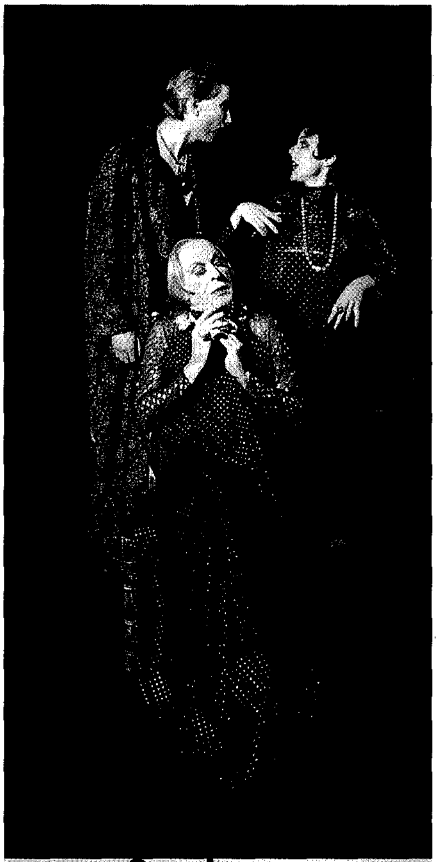
Magic on Broadway—Like it says, performed by illusionist and prestidigitator Joseph Gabriel. $30–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (997-1780).*

Matty—A one-man show about baseball star Christy Mathewson, written and performed by Eddie Frierson. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

The New Bozena—A "slacker vaudeville," or grunge clowns. $25–$27.50. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (239-6200).*

Nine Armenians—An intimate portrait of three generations of an Armenian family by Leslie Ayvazian. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7. Through 1/12. *Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Old Wicked Songs—Jon Marans's Pulitzer Prize–nominated play about an emotionally frozen young pianist and the old master who thaws him out. $42.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th Street (580-1313).*



Opening

Movie Martyrdom

Edward Kinchley Evans's play *Joan of Hollywood* covers prime Bob Dole territory: L.A.'s loose morals and even looser distinction between life and art, as the country-bumpkin heroine finds film stars eager to relieve her of her beauty-pageant crown. December 5 to 15 at La MaMa E.T.C., 74A East 4th Street (475-7710).

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

The Queen of Bingo—The bingo hall as a metaphor for life (or at least gambling, love, and weight loss), plus a chance for audience members to try their luck. $20. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 5. *Greenwich House Theatre, 27 Barrow St. (239-6200).*

Radio Gals—A comic musical about an Arkansas music teacher who, in defense of freedom of the airwaves, the First Amendment, and other American stuff, defies the big broadcasting boys by operating a radio station out of her living room. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Red Devil Battery Sign—The New York premiere of one of Tennessee Williams's final works, starring Elizabeth Ashley and James Victor. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).*

The SantaLand Diaries—David Sedaris's decidedly un-Christmas-spirited tale. $37.50. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Opened 11/7. *Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

Six Characters in Search of an Author—Pirandello's revolutionary work, revived by the Jean Cocteau Repertory. $24. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 33 Bowery (677-0060).*

The Springhill Singing Disaster—Karen Trott's comic solo play with music, an autobiographical survey of the life of an accident-prone folksinger. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *47th St. Theater, 304 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $29.50–$42.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.,* then a reception at *147 Waverly Pl.,* with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(279-4200).*

What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?—Contemporary sociopolitical commentary in revue format, including songs like "Everybody Ought to Have a Gun," and "Hard to Be a Liberal." If only the latter were no longer true. . . . $25. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 1/5. *Theatre Row Theatre, 412 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

When the World Was Green/Chicago—The Signature Theatre Company's Sam Shepard season opens with these two one-act plays. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Through 12/15. *The Public/Susan Stein Shiva Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

Off-Off Broadway

Beyond Born to Rhumba!—A musical set in the sinful Rivioli nightclub in pre-Castro Havana. $25. Thurs. and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7, Sun. at 3. *Duo Theatre, 62 E. 4th St. (598-4320).*

Every Beat Face Ain't Beautiful—A new musical written and performed by homeless people living with AIDS. $15. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 3. Through 12/21. *Chelsea Playhouse, 125 W. 22nd St. (279-4200).*

Hunting Humans—Richard Thompson's modern comedy about four guys, Atlantic City, and a funeral. $15. Thurs.–Mon. at 8. Through 12/22. *Curcan, 154 W. 29th St. (736-2533).*

Innocent Diversions—A Christmas theatrical based on Jane Austen's juvenilia. $12. 12/6 and 12/7, 12/13 and 12/14 at 8, 12/15 at 7. *Theatre Ten Ten, 1010 Park Ave. at 85th St. (879-7669).*

Julius Caesar: The Fall and Rise of a Wall Street Star—As an African-American corporate executive at Rome, Inc. $30. Wed. at 8, Thurs.–Sat. at 6:30 and 9, Sun. at 1. Through 12/22. *Samuel Beckett Theatre, 410 W. 42nd St. (688-1377).*

Making Porn—A play about the gay porn industry starring real-life porn stars Blue Blake and Johnny Hanson. $30–$35. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. South (239-6200).*

Mind, Body, and Spirit—Three short plays by Timothy Nolan. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8., Sun. at 3. Through 12/8. *Synchronicity Space, 55 Mercer St. (343-1181).*

Permanent Brain Damage: (Risk It! Risk It!)—Richard Foreman's new comedy. $10–$15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Ontological Theater, 131 10th St., at Second Ave. (533-4650).*

Skirts—A blue-collar *First Wives Club.* $20. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 12/21. *Grove St. Playhouse, 39 Grove St. (1-888-4SKIRTS).*

Thoughts Modern—A festival of short plays by Gilbert Girion, Matt Ames, Shawn B. Hirabayashi, and others. $10, $20 for the festival. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 1/5. *One Dream, 232 W. Broadway, at N. Moore St. (274-1450).*

Three by Beckett '96—$12. Tues.–Sun. at 8. Through 12/22. *Judith Anderson Theater, 422 W. 42nd St. (332-0967).*

Photography by William D. Wade.

restaurants

Crevette's New Chef...Times Square Soul

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Baluchi's—Indian fare served in a cozy, comfortable atmosphere in the center of SoHo. *193 Spring St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan Sts. (226-2828). Also, 1565 Second Ave., nr. 81st St. (288-4810). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

Can—This elegant SoHo canteen for the hip and the stylish excels in Asian seafood concoctions like hot-pot salmon, South Sea prawns, and seafood paradise, a mélange of lobster, clams, and scallops with a mild black-bean sauce. *482 W. Broadway (533-6333). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Chanterelle—Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

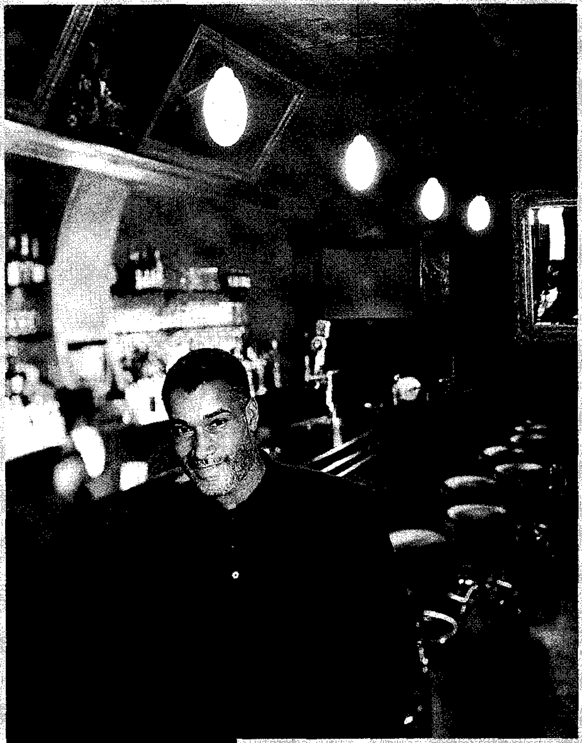
The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE only.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very charming narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

F.illi Ponte Ristorante—A former longshoremen's hotel, newly renovated with a spectacular view of the Hudson River and New Jersey beyond. Join the throng—made men and gawking hangers-on—for fine Italian fare. *39 Desbrosses St. (226-4621). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Félix—Parisian bistro conveniently situated on SoHo's version of the Champs-Élysées, serving escargot and other Gallic standards. The atmosphere, as in most territory south of Houston, is stylishly casual. *340 W. Broadway (431-0021). (M) AE, TM.*

Gigino Trattoria—The rustic Italian fare in this barnlike TriBeCa trattoria ranges from brick-oven pizza and calzones to salmon with broccoli rabe. The casual atmosphere and fresh, inventive peasant food have already gained a loyal neighborhood following. *323 Greenwich St. (431-1112). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*



ASK GAEL

What's new and soulful?

Soul Cafe, opening on the cusp of the Times Square rebirth, is already drawing the same fashion, film, music, and political shakers that have made a legend of B. Smith's and the Shark Bar. Opening night, we chilled on the sidewalk as the doorman bowed to a pride of basketball players. Inside, waiters wafting Louisiana gumbo and coconut fried shrimp navigated the crowds, four deep at the bar, magnified by see-all tilted mirrors. It's not about the food—not yet. But if you must, go for fried chicken with garlic mashed potatoes or ribs on macaroni (entrées, $12.95 to $23.95). (444 West 42nd Street.)

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. The emphasis is on Hudson River valley farmers and their produce. *4 World Financial Center (786-1500). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Pescadou—This innovative Provençal bistro serves fresh seafood enhanced by a variety of infused oils. Oyster fans will find a wide variety of fresh ones. *18 King St., at Sixth Ave. (924-3434). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

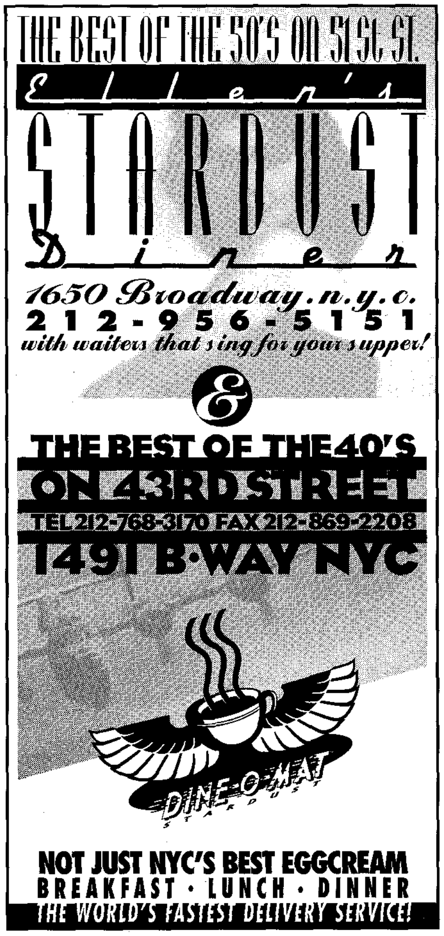
Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted two Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—An 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken and ribs that you're not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Photograph by Bernd Auers.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Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Zeppole at the TriBakery—TriBakery, the downtown bakery that morphs into a cozy Italian restaurant for lunch and dinner, has already won a loyal following with its fresh, tasty antipasti, delicious breads, and delectable pastas. Zeppoles, served in a paper bag, are a house specialty. *186 Franklin St. (431-1114). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

South Street Seaport

North Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. *93 South St. (509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sequoia—Comfort food amid the thematic collegiate yacht-club ambience. If only there were scull races in the East River, this would be the perfect vantage point. *Pier 17, 111 John St. (732-9090). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Asti—This 70-year-old Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the singing waiter. Professional opera singers perform arias and show tunes while waiters manage to carry a tune *and* serve orders of seafood fra diavolo, Maine lobsters, and Black Angus steak. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Casanis—A shrine to French barroom bric-a-brac in the basement. A bistro that is as Paris was in the sixties. Yes, that was Jean-Paul Belmondo. *54 E. 1st St. (777-1589). (M) ($).*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the Sixth Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale decor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse with vintage items on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomics and history. *33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Miracle Grill—This is what Bobby Flay did before Mesa Grill, and some regulars still prefer the low-key, casual atmosphere and the lively garden out back. The grilled vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Below 14th Street, West

Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Hog Pit—This country-roadhouse-esque joint in the middle of the meat market serves, aptly enough, pork ribs, pulled-pork sandwiches, and all manner of barbecued meat. Plus fried catfish, a pool table, country tunes, and cheap beer. *22 Ninth Ave. (604-0092). (M) ($).*

Lips—It had to happen eventually: a drag-themed restaurant (dress optional) with "prestigious drag memorabilia," entertainment, and, somehow, a clientele ranging from professionals to families. The Continental menu includes stuffed mushrooms, veal chops with fried leeks, and steak-frites. *2 Bank St. (675-7710). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rose Cafe—This quiet and casual American bistro draws a diverse crowd. One of the only places where you can go and sit on Fifth Avenue and not break the bank. *24 Fifth Ave., at 9th St. (260-4118). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Sazerac House—There's a lot of history in this eighteenth-century landmark building. A Village hangout for 30 years, the Saz specializes in Cajun-inspired American food, like Louisiana crab cakes, jambalaya, and pan-seared salmon. *533 Hudson St., at Charles St. (989-0313). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. *69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has *three* working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. *16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Bambou—There's a new flavor on East 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean cuisine, like ackee-and-callaloo tart with scotch-bonnet-and-tomato salsa, and coconut-curry lobster with banana-lentil salad. The relaxing, tropical dining room and bar have already attracted such boldfaced names and beautiful faces as Harry Belafonte, Marisa Tomei, Iman, and Roshumba. *243 E. 14th St. (358-0012). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bobby O's City Bites—Patrick Swayze's second restaurant (with partner Bobby Ochs) specializes in casual American fare like steak, sandwiches, pizzas, and soup. The laid-back atmosphere and affordable food draw a young neighborhood crowd that mingles and eats surrounded by enormous photos of celebrities taking—you guessed it—big bites. *560 Third Ave., at 37th St. (681-0400). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like baby clams in green onion broth as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Late Show With David Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . .? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Strausman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American newcomer doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Heartland Brewery—A rollicking brewpub with a lively outdoor café and a menu as American as its Thomas Hart Benton–ish murals. Accompany your choice of microbrew with comfort food like meat loaf with buttermilk smashed potatoes, grilled Black Angus sirloin, and—for adventurers—buffalo burgers. The beer-weary can sample among the city's largest selection of single-malt scotches and tequilas. *35 Union Square W. (645-3400). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Mendy's—This kosher midtown deli proudly claims to be New York's only Jewish sports bar and serves hearty American fare like soups, salads, steaks, and chops. *61 E. 34th St. (576-1010). Also, 208 W. 70th St. (877-6787). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in Brooklyn. Really. And Ariel Lacayo may be the coolest maître d' in town. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Piccolino—A country-style Italian restaurant in midtown offering homemade pastas and thin-crust pizzas in a peach stucco duplex. (The building is a century old.) Worth trying are the risotto pescatore, shrimp-pesto pizza, and veal quattroformagio. *8 E. 36th St. (683-6444). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Cafe Americanstyle—An ideal rest stop for Lord & Taylor shoppers, whether they're simply grabbing a bite or resting their weary feet for hours. American fare in a simple setting. A welcome respite from the unruly retail throng. *424 Fifth Ave., nr. 39th St. (391-3344). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Opening
Young Man and the Sea

After introducing Upper West Siders to unorthodox seafood preparations at Mad Fish, chef Keith Rennie sets up (tackle) shop this week at Star Fish, where the centerpiece raw bar flaunts just-off-the-boat Alaskan shellfish and house-made seafood charcuterie like striped-bass-and-smoked-ham sausages. (1294 Third Avenue, near 74th Street.)

Photograph by Steffen Thalemann.

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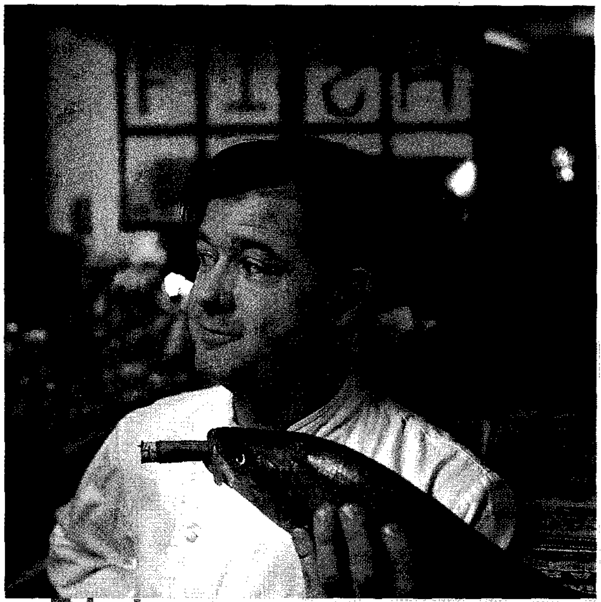
Flowers—A fashionable Flatiron restaurant with surprisingly tasty and innovative food and a lively atmosphere. Sample the chef's modern renderings of shrimp rolls, baby lamb chops, and baked Alaska. *21 W. 17th St. (691-8888). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Intermezzo—This colorful Chelsea Italian restaurant has local art—and a hand-painted mural—on the walls, and a menu offering mozzarella saporita, tagliolini al peperone, and pollo alla griglia. *202 Eighth Ave., nr. 20th St. (929-3433). (I–M) AE.*

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately-priced Northern Italian restaurant offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and tirami su. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sushi Works—A casual spot frequented mostly by garment-center workers, popular for takeout sushi and assorted Japanese dishes like teriyaki chicken, seared tuna sashimi, and guacamole tuna. Also a handy spot for made-to-order platters and custom catering. *526 Seventh Ave., nr. 38th St. (921-7767). (I) ($).*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*



Talent

Manhattan Transfer

Big-name chef Alan Harding has resurfaced at Petite Crevette, the fish shop–cum–takeout store–cum–eat-in canteen at 127 Atlantic Avenue in brownstone Brooklyn. Though it does not yet have the fine dining amenities that Harding's Manhattan following encountered at Nosmo King and 9 Jones, the food is original and delicious. Smoked-bluefish salad, sturgeon à la king, spicy black-bean-and-papaya soup stand out on an evolving menu. SRO diners that crowd the sidewalk at neighboring La Bouillabaisse (same ownership) have a worthy alternative. PETER KAMINSKY

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

BlackFinn Bar & Restaurant—A place boasting all the elements to satisfy overtaxed office workers: happy hour, TVs, a fireplace, and a friendly attitude toward cigar smoke. The Cajun menu offers spicy fare like chicken-and-sausage jambalaya and blackened shrimp po'boys. On Sundays, there's live reggae and a raw bar. *994 Second Ave., nr. 52nd St. (355-6993). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Charlton's—A traditional American steakhouse with dark wood, white tablecloths, and all the expected accoutrements. Besides beef, there are crabcakes, lamb chops, and homemade soups, plus an extensive list of wine and beer. *922 Third Ave., nr. 55th St. (688-4646). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Coldwaters—Lots of fresh, simply prepared seafood: steamers, soft-shell crabs, lobsters, and grilled shrimp and scallops in a casual atmosphere. *988 Second Ave., at 52nd St. (888-2122). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Denim & Diamonds—This southwestern grill and upscale nightclub is midtown's best place for country dancing in a corporate atmosphere. *511 Lexington Ave., nr. 48th St. (371-1600). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can unwind. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. *244 E. 51st St. (319-9463). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Fresh Basil's Trattoria—This casual midtown Italian restaurant prides itself on its friendly service and contemporary atmosphere. Try the gnocchi Aurora, the seafood pescatore, or the grilled veal chop with portobello mushrooms. *663 Lexington Ave., nr. 55th St. (888-4292). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $46 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (753-4500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reins to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Paparazzi—Informal Italian restaurant offering family-style dining. Separate rooms for smokers and non-smokers. *964 Second Ave., at 51st St. (759-7676). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—Authentic Japanese cuisine, including tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, served in elegant surroundings. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). Also, Shinbashi-an, 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American-influenced French cuisine. Executive chef Michel Bourdeaux has gussied up the menu with dishes like Caribbean-style grilled swordfish on spinach, and cabbage stuffed with mushroom and roasted squab. During the more sedate lunch hour, dine to the background music of harp or a classical trio. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Typhoon Brewery—A brewpub with a twist: This midtown high-tech duplex features an upscale Thai restaurant upstairs and a buzzing, business-crowd bar scene downstairs. Fresh beer on tap, an elaborate wine list, and spicy fare like wok-charred Manila clams with chili jam and spicy beef salad with siracha dressing are the reasons to frequent this newcomer. *22 E. 54th St. (754-9006). (M–E) AE.*

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue–by–way–of–Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. *200 E. 54th St. (486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.*

Wylie's Rib & Steak Joint—And a true "joint" it is, with messy finger food like baby back ribs, plus steak and barbecued chicken. *891 First Ave., at 50th St. (751-0700). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Zaro's Bread Basket—Most famous for its baked goods, this quick-service midtown shop is also handy for takeout sandwich and salad lunches. *466 Lexington Ave., at 46th St. (292-0175). (I) AE, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bombay Palace—This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent selection of Indian breads. *30 W. 52nd St. (541-7777). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Century Cafe—Theater-district cafe popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix-fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. *132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castlelike setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. *63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ellen's Stardust Diner—A tribute to that archetype of mid-century American gastronomy, this themey diner serves up iconic nourishment, from "Mom's meatloaf platter" to

Photograph by Steve Wisbauer.

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Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Java Shop—A full-service coffee shop, offering take-out and waiter service. The American menu includes Belgian waffles, oven-baked fried chicken, salads, and breakfast served all day long. Charles Morris Mount created a sleek, contemporary design, with a java-influenced color scheme. *1611 Broadway, at 49th St. (246-1960). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

JUdson Grill—Bustling space in midtown office tower with surprisingly inventive American grill food and a bar scene to rival most. *152 W. 52nd St. (582-5252). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Côte Basque—Jean-Jacques Rachou's transplanted shrine to French cooking has preserved the Basque murals and the coddled atmosphere of the original location one block east. Modernized, with a menu more "American with a French accent," and with the accomplished Lincoln Carson replacing pastry chef Richard Leach, the old-world institution has been successfully reborn. *60 W. 55th St. (688-6525). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro: reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. *340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and posttheater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Palio—Stylish midtown duplex restaurant, with a famous muraled bar and elegant preparations of sophisticated Northern Italian dishes like rabbit with prosciutto di Parma and lobster salad with cannellini beans. *151 W. 51st St. (245-4850). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like lemon drops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic, with a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Opening

Republic Republic

To call something "the Starbucks" of its particular market niche implies a slightly soulless, cookie-cutter omnipresence. But Jonathan Nahmias, on the verge of opening the second of seven local Republic noodle houses—the New York phase of a global expansion plan—is impervious to that vibe. He refers to that Seattle megabrand often as he outlines his scheme to ride the contemporaneous pan-Asian and soup trends into an international noodles-with-an-attitude franchise—one staffed by an assortment of hip black-clad beauties he calls his "Benetton staff." The trend awareness comes no doubt from Nahmias's tenure at Brian McNally's 44, where he met current partner Michael Callahan, who, with third partner and chef Hui Le, played a crucial part in resuscitating once-and-again-hot Indochine. Le's just-exotic-enough recipes are inspired by the cuisines of Laos, Malaysia, Thailand, Japan, and China—not to mention his native Vietnam—and are lighter, prettified, upscale versions of the udon and glass noodles dished up all over Chinatown. (Just *try* to find a lemongrass-ginger-dressed watercress salad or chicken with black rice on Bayard Street.) The Union Square flagship's minimalist design, communal seating, and almost-instantaneous service conspire to turn tables in 30 to 45 minutes, a fast-food formula that explains how Republic averages 900 covers a day. The second outpost opens this week on the Upper West Side (2290 Broadway, near 82nd Street), a precinct already glutted with Monsoons, Empire Szechuans, Ollie'ses, and myriad other cheap-noodle sources. But Nahmias is resting easy. After all, Starbucks wasn't the first coffee shop on Columbus, either.

ROBIN RAISFELD

Le, Nahmias, and Callahan outside the new Republic.

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Sullivan's Restaurant & Broadcast Lounge—This restaurant's nostalgic location in the landmark Ed Sullivan Theater informs its classic style, with "Hollywood" booths, 30-foot ceilings, and mahogany bars. The American menu features such diverse selections as surf-and-turf and pan-seared scallops with truffle mashed potatoes. Try the pretheater prix fixe, or stop in for a late bite. Live jazz Wednesday nights. *1697 Broadway, nr. 53rd St. (541-1697). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

T.G.I. Friday's—When you crave the familiar, this casual American chain provides predictably decent grub like burgers, steaks, pastas and potato skins. *761 Seventh Ave., at 50th St. (767-8350). Also, seven other Manhattan locations. (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—Until the fall, this is as close to Cuba as you can get—at least in this neighborhood. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Central Park South—A newcomer to the Central Park South strip of hotels and restaurants, specializing in globally inspired American food like tuna tartare with curry oil, lotus-root chips, grilled veal chops, and Arctic char with sautéed vegetables. Jacket required, unless you eat in the bar, which has its own, more casual menu. *150 Central Park So. (765-1444). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Motown Cafe—Motor City music, live and memorialized in showbiz displays, keeps the crowds lining up. So do the down-home midtown versions of barbecue, fried chicken, meatloaf, and crab cakes. *104 W. 57th St. (581-8030). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern, situated amid a cluster of movie theatres, and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. *206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Arlo's—There aren't many restaurants of this caliber on this somewhat barren strip of York Avenue; chef Christian Caiazzo's New American menu, informed by his stint under Wolfgang Puck at Postrio, shows creativity and verve. Try the grilled salmon with lemon couscous, wild-mushroom risotto, or grilled lamb chops with tapioca-curried rice and cucumber-yogurt sauce. *1394 York Ave., at 74th St. (327-0870). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Baraonda—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was George Michael. *1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) ($).*

Cafe Nosidam—Italian-American fare, and a people-watchers' paradise. When the weather warms up, dine on lobster ravioli and grilled American lamb chops in the sidewalk café. *768 Madison Ave., nr. 66th St. (717-5633). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Campagnola—Country-style Italian fare for the neighborhood—the whole neighborhood. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Hurricane Island—This American restaurant named for an island off the coast of Maine specializes, of course, in fresh lobster and seafood, and offers a better-than-average selection of microbrews with selections from Belgium and Germany. *1303 Third Ave., at 75th St. (717-6600). (M) AE, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Letizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. The food is drawn from all regions; the red snapper with fresh vegetables is a standout, as are the homemade desserts, and the wine list has won awards. Live piano music nightly. *1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Restaurant at the Stanhope—You're standing on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, parched, exhausted, and in search of that perfect watering

Solutions to last week's puzzles

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MIREZI
Pan-Asian Bistro & Grill
"...The four of us vow to come back..."
Gael Greene, New York Magazine

Unique Pan-Asian Cuisine
with a classic French touch

Executive Chef
Anita Lo

Lunch
Monday-Saturday 12:00 to 3:00

Dinner
Monday-Thursday 6:00 to 11:00
Friday-Saturday 6:00 to 12:00

Sake Bar & Lounge
Full Banquet Facilities

59 Fifth Ave. - 242-9710
(between 12th & 13th Sts.)

hole. The Stanhope is back, serving tasty American fare. *995 Fifth Ave., at 81st St. (288-5800). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Toraya—A Japanese teahouse offering an enticing assortment of confections, green teas, and desserts. *17 E. 71st St. (861-1700). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Wilkinson's Seafood Restaurant—This elegant seafood restaurant in Yorkville features fresh renditions of favorites like Maryland crab cakes with black-bean-and-corn salad, and sautéed red snapper with roasted-garlic-and-rosemary sauce. Late-night complimentary cheese buffet, plus a large selection of vintage ports and cognacs. *1573 York Ave., nr. 83rd St. (535-5454). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel—*and* a completely au courant sushi bar. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provide a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Iridium Jazz Club—The American food in this subterranean jazz club will satisfy high and low cravings for everything from lobster to fried chicken. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Merlot Bar and Grill—The overwrought, fantastic architecture of what was formerly Iridium restaurant has been converted into this toned-down homage to the grape Merlot, of which there are 50 varieties. Representative French-American menu items include Brie en croute and salmon with lobster potatoes. *48 W. 63rd St. (363-7568). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ottoman Cuisine—This offshoot of a restaurant in Istanbul serves authentic Turkish fare like creamy tarama, fresh dolma, savory lamb and chicken kebabs, and lamb shank with eggplant and tomato. *413 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (799-6363). (I–M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Sfuzzi—The Manhattan branches of this national chain offer upscale pasta and pizza, in a casual, festive atmosphere. Popular among the drink-after-the-market-closes crowd, and other Upper West Siders heading home after a long day on Wall Street. *58 W. 65th St. (873-3700). Also, 2 World Financial Center (385-8080). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Lundy Bros.—A restored Brooklyn landmark serving a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializing in fresh seafood. Don't miss the raw bar or the reconstructed shore dinner.011 *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Queens

Water's Edge—Every table has a view of Manhattan. A quiet and elegant space to partake of fancy American fare like roasted-chestnut soup and red snapper poached in orange-saffron infusion with baby fennel and chervil. Jacket required. *44th Dr. at the East River (718-482-0033). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

France *continued from page 33*

came the diarrhea, which sent him to the bathroom ten or more times a day and wreaked such havoc on his lower intestines that he required surgery. His suffering produced no silver lining: By summer, his laboratory values, which had been improving, crashed back to where they had been before the odyssey. Today, on a different protease inhibitor, he has been able to better manage the side effects. But his blood virus level is as high as it's ever been, a paradoxical and bleak development.

The one hope he holds on to is that his virus hasn't developed a multiple-cross-resistance mutation. Once that happens, the three protease formulations on the market and the several others in development are likely to be ineffective. "I'm at square one again," says Cox. "Worst case scenario is that I may have basically untreatable HIV infection. Something analogous to drug-resistant TB."

Such mutations can occur naturally. But they can also occur if patients skip even as few as several doses a week. Given the side effects, it's hard enough to stick to the regimen, but the pills must also be taken on a punishing schedule: some with food, some on an empty stomach. With the usual cocktail including other drugs, some patients must take up to 40 pills a day. Compliance is becoming a major problem. New York doctor Doug Dieterich has watched more than 20 percent of his patients develop protease resistance because of missed pills. How soon, clinicians worry, before a virulent strain rises up and renders protease inhibitors universally useless?

Since a mutation test is not currently available commercially, patients simply endure the painful effects of new drugs in succession. It is the only way to learn which ones will work and which ones won't. These drugs represent the biggest step forward in AIDS research; that cannot be overemphasized. But to label them something they are not is more than misleading—it's cruel. "The pills are just tools," says David Barr, the director of treatment education at Gay Men's Health Crisis. "We shouldn't create some symbolic meaning for them. They're *medicine*. Beyond that, nobody knows."

That is not to argue against optimism. But those people who have been left stranded by the new drugs, people whose hopes have tumbled from such artificial heights, are having to combat a new despair. "I'm scared as hell," Spencer Cox admits. "I have cycled through every drug available. You had hope for a few minutes, you know? And then it went away." ■

Turner *continued from page 41*

Time Warner, of course, denies that it ever had a deal with News Corp. to break. In their denials, Time Warner executives paint a strikingly different picture of Turner's influence at their company. "I don't believe that Rupert really believes Ted had anything to do with it," says Parsons. Parsons was at the ranch with Turner and Levin over Labor Day—the point at which News Corp. alleged the pair conspired to shut Murdoch out of Time Warner's cable systems. Turner and Levin never mentioned Fox News, Parsons insists. They talked about integrating the two companies, says Parsons, and "we talked about bison." Turner is famously building a herd of thousands of bison on his various western properties. "They are multiplying at an enormous rate," says Parsons. "Ted was spending a lot of time educating the two of us into the ways of bison and the economics of bison farming, but the subject of Fox, MSNBC, and carriage in New York never came up."

Today, Murdoch's lawyer, Arthur Siskind, admits that News Corp. may be off by "a couple of weeks" on the meeting in question, but has this retort: "To say that Ted Turner was an innocent is taking a very simplistic view of the world." If this case is not settled before it gets to court next spring, it will be another messy, public fight. But judging by what happened in the city's legal wrangle with Time Warner, Turner, at least, will be hard to pin down. Asked by a city lawyer during a deposition in October to explain his position at Time Warner, Turner responded that he wasn't sure, but he thought it was vice-chairman. He went on to say that he offered his suggestions on how to deal with MSNBC and Fox, but that no one at Time Warner listened to him: "I clearly have no influence over what their decisions are," he said. "Even though I would like to have." He portrayed himself as unsure of many things, including when he would get a seat on Time Warner's board.

When the questions got pointed, he several times claimed to be hard of hearing. "This is like Perry Mason, for God's sake, the O.J. trial," he exclaimed at one juncture. He even turned to questioning the lawyers himself, telling Time Warner's attorney to stop threatening to call in the judge to rule on a disagreement: "The judge doesn't care. You sit back." He informed the lawyers that he was a member of the hunters' group Ducks Unlimited. "They are trying to save the ducks, you know," he said, making everyone laugh. Which is, of course, what Turner wanted them to do. ■

nightlife

Peyroux...Mock..."Jingle Ball" Rock

Performance

Gershwin A-go-go

A dozen stars, including Karen Akers, Chita Rivera, and Vic Damone, fête the late elder statesman of American lyricists in "Ira Gershwin at 100: A Celebration at Carnegie Hall" (December 6). The gala kicks off a 22-month Gershwin-athon, which culminates in George's centennial, in 1998.

Concerts

A Prairie Home Companion—Lake Wobegon comes to midtown, starring that whimsical and sonorous Minnesota raconteur Garrison Keillor. With musical guests the Hopeful Gospel Quartet and classical pianist Garrick Ohlsson. 12/7 at 5:45 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824). Sold out.*

Karen Akers—The cabaret diva performs *Dear Miss Akers*, which—unintentionally Joan Crawford–worthy title notwithstanding—is planned as an evening of her most-requested tunes. 12/7 at 7:30 P.M. and 10 P.M. *92nd St. Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. (996-1100). $25–$35.*

James Carr—Best remembered for such quietly soulful hits as "Dark End of the Street," Carr has kept a relatively low profile since the early seventies, when a depression-related mental disorder forced him into virtual retirement. His comeback attempts have been infrequent, so this is a rare opportunity to see the southern R&B legend. 12/7 at 8 P.M. *Arts at St. Ann's, 157 Montague St., Brooklyn Heights (718-858-2424). $17–$20.*

Cyrus Chestnut—The blazingly virtuosic young pianist recently left behind his usual sprightly, Count Basie–ish fare to release *Blessed Quietness*, a collection of spirituals and hymns like "Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child." Live, the combination of soul and stomp should prove unbeatable. 12/6 at 8 P.M. *Arts at St. Ann's. $17–$20.*

"Ira Gershwin at 100: A Celebration at Carnegie Hall"—An all-star cast—Rosemary Clooney, Vic Damone, Angie Dickinson, Maureen McGovern, the Smuin Ballet, the Carnegie Hall Theatre Orchestra, and others—pays respects to the elder Gershwin brother. In addition to the collaborative works of Ira and George, the exhaustive program features works the lyricist composed with Kurt Weill and Jerome Kern, and rare Gershwin home-movie footage. 12/6 at 7:30 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800). $30–$125.*

Malcolm Goldstein/Gustavo Matamoros—The experimental/improvisational composers, premiering four works. 12/4 at 8 P.M. *Merkin Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (545-7536). $10.*

Jerry Gonzales & the Fort Apache Band—12/6 at 8 P.M. *Jazz Cafe, Flushing Town Hall, 137–35 Northern Blvd., Flushing (718-463-7700). $20.*

Galt MacDermot's *The Thomas Hardy Songs*—The pianist—who also composed the positively Victorian rock opera *Hair*—and the New Pulse Jazz Band accompany three vocalists in musical renditions of Hardy's poetry. 12/7 at 8 P.M. *Carnegie Hall. $25.*

Bernadette Peters—The actress makes her solo debut in a benefit performance for Gay Men's Health Crisis. The second act promises to be full of Steven Sondheim numbers, from *Mack & Mabel* and other shows. 12/9 at 8 P.M. *Carnegie Hall. $40–$150. "Benefit level" seating (includes post-concert party with Peters): $250–$500. Boxes: $2,500–$15,000, available from GMHC. 337-1913.*

Rejoicensemble!—Sacred jazz under the direction of Carl MaultsBy. 12/8 at 3 P.M. *St. Marks Church in the Bowery, E. 10th St. at Second Ave. $12 with donation of toys or children's clothing, $15 without.*

Rusted Root—With songs that attempt to graft a sixties jam-rock sensibility onto contemporary concerns (sample title: "Virtual Reality"), this hippy-dippy, coed Pittsburgh quintet is perhaps the least appealing of the many unappealing bands vying for the Next Grateful Dead mantle. With frat-boy blues rappers G. Love and Special Sauce. 12/10–12/12 at 8 P.M. *Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. (307-7100). Sold out.*

"Z100 Jingle Ball: Girls Rule the Yule"—A five-hour FM hit-fest by all-female (or female-fronted) bands, including Jewel, Sarah McLachlan, Tracy Chapman, Sheryl Crow, Susanna Hoffs, Shawn Colvin, and No Doubt. Even if these aren't exactly the "girls" you want presiding over your family's holiday festivities, the show has a seasonably charitable angle going for it: Proceeds will be split between the Ronald McDonald House charities and SHARE, a self-help organization for women with breast and ovarian cancer. 12/5 at 7 P.M. *Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. (307-7171). Sold out.*

Clubland

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 12/3: Peter Himmelman; Once Blue. 12/5: Disappear Fear. *115 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Brownie's—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. Shows nightly at 9. 12/3: Jake. 12/4: Paleface; Everything. 12/7: Upper Crust. 12/10: Season To Risk; Sweet Diesel; King Can. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flyer-strewn pit—in a good way. 12/4: ASCAP showcase, with Shake Appeal; Daisy; Walk on Water; Sorry About Your Daughter; Laughing Sam's Breakdown. 12/5: Republica; Thin Lizard Dawn; Love in Reverse. 12/7: Guitarists Thurston Moore and Lee Ranaldo, both of Sonic Youth; John Fahey. 12/8: Hard-core media martyrs Sick of It All. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 12/6–12/7: Son Seals. Every Sunday, it's the Open Blues Jam. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—Around a decade ago, long before "punk pop" had congealed into a full-blown concept, the Descendents were giving tuneful, anarchic, politically incorrect vent to that most ubiquitous of eighties pop-culture frustrations, suburban anomie. The quartet eventually broke up, and should probably have stayed that way: Like so many such endeavors, their recent comeback attempt, *Everything Sucks*, lives up to its title all too well. They try their hand at old favorites and new material 12/10, with the made-for-each-other opening bands Bouncing Souls and Swinging Utters. 12/5: Drill. *15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).*

Continental Divide—A dark, grimy, shotgun shack of a rock club, hosting some of New York's hardest-working rock bands and attended by scroungy hipsters and willful low-lifes—basically St. Marks

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Photograph by UPI/Corbis-Bettmann.

under a roof. Look for cameos by D Generation and Joey Ramone, who lives in the nabe. *25 Third Ave., at St. Marks Pl. (529-6924).*

The Cooler—The meatpacking district's subterranean, steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. A sleekly refurbished meat locker with black light, moody atmosphere, and a Patti Smith photo. Every Tuesday, it's the electro-funk rotating-D.J. showcase party Analog. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Don Hill's—South and west enough to scare away the rabble, this inconspicuous bar hosts sophisto rockers, club kids, and vinyl gourmets—all of whom groove to some of the best D.J.'s in the city. Fridays, the gay bacchanalia SqueezeBox takes over. *511 Greenwich St. (219-2850). $.*

Fez—The first three Wednesdays in December belong to Madeleine Peyroux, a 22-year-old New Yorker by way of Paris by way of New York. The singer recently released her fantastic debut, *Dreamland,* on which she gives fresh yet faithful renditions of songs by Patsy Cline ("Walkin' After Midnight") and Edith Piaf ("La Vie en Rose"), among others. For such a young woman, she has a remarkable gift for emulating and building on the work of the artists to whom she pays homage. Live, with a trio backing her, Peyroux makes good on the promise her album offers. Thursdays, the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house. 12/3: Mayfield, featuring Kurt Smith of Tears for Fears. 12/6–12/7: "Loser's Lounge: Tribute to Elton John." 12/10: Professor & Maryann. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 12/6: Long-suffering southern popsters BoDeans, with Holly Palmer. 12/10: Hard and heavy sounds, courtesy of S.O.D.; Biohazard; Unsane; Korzus. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells, here for ladies' night. 12/3: Second Step. 12/4: Milo Z. 12/30: Duke Robillard. *1558 Third Ave., bet. 87th and 88th Sts. (369-BLUE).*

Maxwell's—Hoboken's indie-rock central or CBGB West, the site of many of rock's recent groundswells. 12/6: Robyn Hitchcock. 12/7: The Gefkens. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-798-4064).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more *au courant* time slots of MTV. 12/2–12/3: Wilco, who look like escapees from the Partridge Family but sound like escapees from Uncle Tupelo (which they are). 12/4: Alex Chilton sang in the Box Tops, led the legendary seventies power-pop quartet Big Star, and was immortalized in a song by the Replacements. Now he plays the Mercury solo. With Ben Vaughn and Alan Vega. 12/5: Nil Lara; subway singer Kathleen Mock (see essay); Joe Arthur. 12/7–12/8: X frontman John Doe; Massachusetts post-country band Scud Mountain Boys. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Paddy Reilly's—The home of the rollicking hip-hop-accented Irish band Black 47 on Saturdays and the punkishly feisty Rogue's March on Sundays. *519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210).*

Rodeo Bar—A surprisingly untacky honky-tonk in Kips Bay—with gas-station signs, mounted longhorns, and peanuts in the shells. Its urban rockabillies tend to be pierced and dyed, and its stage occasionally hosts greats like Austin legend Ronnie Dawson, Joe Ely, and Otis Blackwell, all past visitors. Monday nights, the ten-piece country band Western Caravan swings high and lonesome. *375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (683-6500).*

Sidewalk Cafe—The back-room Fort is the latest home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists, with the occasional Beat refugee. 12/3: Koco Philipeo; Is; Violet; Oren; Dan Zweben; Clem Snide. 12/6: Mike Rimbaud and the Subway Sun; Little Shining Man. *94 Ave. A (473-7373).*

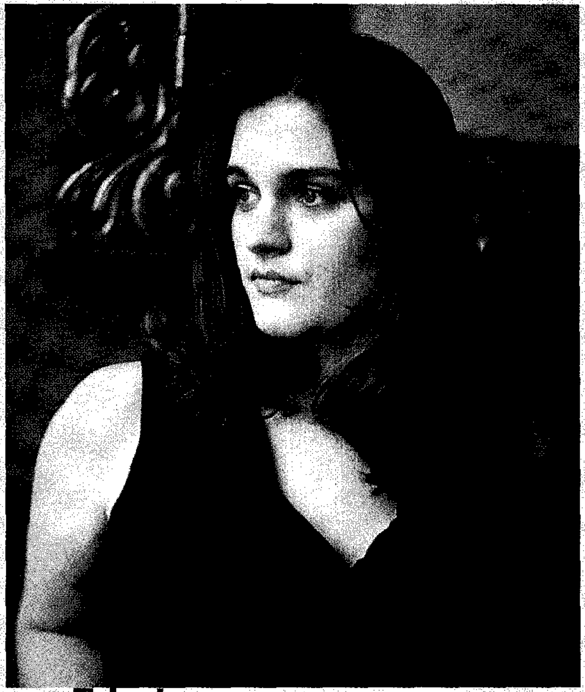
Sounds of Brazil—Dub poet Mutabaruka is one of the most gifted storytellers alive. Whether he's accompanied by his band or reciting his work solo, Mutabaruka's commentaries on the follies of modern life and mores combine pathos and humor to peerless effect—often in the same breath. He casts his spell (with band in tow) 12/3. 12/6: Zin. 12/7: Juliana Aquino. 12/9: Yomo Toro & His Funky Jibaro. 12/10: The Abyssinians. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. 12/8: Folksinger (recently) turned blues diva Tracy Chapman. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column by getting there early. 12/5: Slash's Blues Ball, the erstwhile Guns N' Roses axman's strictly-for-fun blues quintet. 12/6–12/7: The Funky Meters; Brooklyn Funk Essentials; Beau Jocque. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Westbeth Theatre—The West Side's midsize, mid-priced rock venue, which makes up for some unfortunately placed columns with the pleasant addition of a sultry bar and lounge. 12/6: Cake. *151 Bank St. (691-2272).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. 12/5: The Nields. 12/6: The Scofflaws. 12/7: The Why Store. 12/8: The Descendents (see Coney Island High listing). *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*



Talent

Dream Weaver

On her remarkable debut, 'Dreamland,' French-American chanteuse Madeleine Peyroux (Fez, December 4, 11, and 18) blends Billie Holiday's sexy wit, Patsy Cline's un-maudlin wistfulness, and Bessie Smith's soul-wrenching power.

Photograph by Charlie Pizzarello.

Jazz

Birdland—A roomy bandstand overlooking a classy boîte as suggestive of Big Band–era elegance as the club's name. The jazz restaurant is recently relocated from its uptown outpost. 12/3–12/5 Gary Bartz Quartet. 12/6–12/7: Sherrie Marickle and Diva: No Man's Band. 12/8: Nancy Banks Orchestra. 12/9: James Weidman Trio. 12/11: Violinist Regina Carter. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—While it can be the city's highest-ticket jazz spot, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. 12/3–12/8: The legendary Betty Carter and her trio. 12/10–12/15: Dianne Reeves. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Iridium Room—The artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center hosts some formidable jazz comers in its cozy—or is that claustrophobic?—basement, along with the occasional legend. One of the latter, the great guitar innovator Les Paul, moved his Monday-night office hours here after the closing of his longtime haunt, Fat Tuesday's. Intimacy with talent has its downsides, though: On weekends, be prepared for an outdoor wait of up to an hour, even with a reservation. 12/3–12/8: Tito Puente Jazz Ensemble. 12/10–12/15: Billy Stritch Trio, with guests Lanie Kazan, Anne Hampton-Calloway, and Margaret Whiting. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30 P.M. Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars, and some of the biggest names in now music. 12/6–12/12: John Zorn's Masada. Mondays, tenor saxophonist David Murray's big band the Next Legacy Orchestra holds forth. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Match—Smart and trendy, this slick SoHo hang grabs some *gravitas* on Monday nights, when vocalist Laurel Watson presides. *160 Mercer St. (343-0020).*

Red Blazer Too—Early Friday evening is the time to catch Lew Anderson's crack big band, before its members head off to their more lucrative gigs in Broadway's orchestra pits. *349 W. 46th St. (262-3112).*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Thurs.–Sun., shows start at 10 P.M. 12/5: Myron Walden Quartet. 12/6–12/7: Tim Armacost Quintet. 12/11: Sam Yahel Organ Quartet feauring Eroc Alexander. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M., with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is still a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars, and a scant $4 cover on Mondays. Also new to Mondays is "Amanda on the Green," a series of performances by young singing, songwriting, and comedy talent presented by Amanda Green. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Gate—Jazz and swing dancing nightly, from 10 P.M. to 2:30 A.M. 11/19–11/23: Peter Ecklund Quartet. 12/3–12/7: Warren Vache Quartet. 12/10–12/14: Roy Gerson Quartet. *240 W. 52nd St. (307-5252).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 12/3–12/8: The Jim Hall Trio, with nightly guests Kenny Barron, Scott Hampton, Greg Osby, and others. 12/10–12/15: The Jackie McLean Sextet. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Visiones—Spanish food and avant-ish jazz guests, along with some funkified post-boppers. Every Monday, Gil Evans protégée and composer Maria Schneider leads her excellent seventeen-piece orchestra at 9 and 11 P.M. Every Sunday, it's the Gust. W. Tsilis Quartet. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M., with extra shows Fri. and Sat. at 1 A.M. *125 MacDougal St. (673-5576).*

Zinno—A pretty Italian restaurant with a tiny piano on its awning, Zinno is more dining spot than jazz club, though its musical guests are often pleasant surprises. 12/2–12/7: Pianist John Bunch, bassist Jay Leonhart, and guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Wednesdays, Risa Barash hosts Women of Comedy Nights. Thursdays, it's Chupacabra Night with Arnold Acevedo. Shows are at 9:30 P.M. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Caroline's Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show. 11/20: T. K. Kirkland. 11/21–11/23: Mark Curry. 11/21: "Scared Scriptless." 11/24: Joy Behar. 11/27–12/1: Darrell Hammond. 12/3: "Ward and Wheeler's Open House." *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Catch a Rising Star—Recently reborn, this variety showplace now smells of big money. Visitors to the Catch Bar & Grill will view "The Loft," a stage set as an N.Y.C. apartment, where stand-up, sketch, and alternative comedians—along with musicians, cabaret artists, and others—will perform. Shows Tues.–Thurs. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 11 P.M. *253 W. 28th St. (244-3005).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Ray Romano; Tony Woods; Greer Barnes; John Joseph; Lewis Sheffer. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 9 and 10:45 P.M. and 12:30 A.M.; and Sun–Thurs. at 9 P.M. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Through 12/1: Gabe Abelson; Rich Ramirez; Matt Burke. Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 and 10:30 P.M. and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is $15 Fri.–Sat.; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and, at 3,300 square feet, palatial new comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Sun., Mon., and Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Thurs. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; Fri. at 9 and 11:30 P.M.; Sat. at 9:30 P.M. and midnight. Cover is $12 plus two-drink minimum Fri.–Sat., $8 on weeknights. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Luna Lounge—Mondays, it's "The Show Formerly Known As Rebar," where hip, alternative-minded comedians from MTV's *The State* and elsewhere try out their riskier, stranger material. Shows at 8. *171 Ludlow St. (260-2323).*

New York Comedy Club—Every Friday, the NYCC presents "New York's Best African-American and Latino comics." Every Wed. and Thurs., there's sketch comedy at 7 P.M. Shows Mon.–Fri. at 9 P.M., with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45 P.M. *241 E. 24th St. (696-5233).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. 12/4: "Funniest Teacher Contest." 12/6–12/7: Keither Robinson; Gregg Rogelle; Patrice O'Neal. Sun.–Thurs. at 9 P.M.; Fri. at 9 and 11:30 p.m.; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30 P.M. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850). $7–$12.*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Through December, Tennie Leonard's "Isn't It Romantic." 12/8–12/9; performances benefit the Memorial Sloan Kettering Cancer Center's pediatric playroom. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 (dinner at 6:30); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $20; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Arcimboldo—On Sunday evenings, this stylish trattoria in the U.N. neighborhood offers "Opera With Taste," a series of programs featuring selected arias performed by a rotating ensemble of up-and-coming young stars from the Metropolitan Opera, at 7 and 8:30. The prix fixe dinner menu (seatings at 6:15 and 7:45) is $40; no music charge. *220 E. 46th St. (972-4646).*

Bemelmans Bar—Michael Devine plays Tuesdays through Saturdays, 5:30–8 P.M. Through 12/31: Barbara Carroll plays 9:45 P.M.–12:45 A.M. $10 music charge; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Carlyle—No less a personage than Bobby Short comes home to roost, occupying his favorite haunt through 12/31. Tues.–Sat. at 8:45 and 10:45. $45; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel.*

Cafe Pierre—Stop by for the dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings from 8:30 P.M. to 12:30 A.M., backed up by the romantic stylings of singer-pianist Kathleen Landis and her trio. $15; jacket and tie required. *2 E. 61st St. (940-8185).*

Don't Tell Mama—In his drag act, "Queen of the World," James Beaman performs 15 Marlene Dietrich numbers Fridays at 8. Thursdays, it's Donna Coney Island's "From Here to Maternity." Sets at 6:30 P.M. $6–$12; two-drink minimum. *343 W. 46th St. (757-0788).*

The Edwardian Room—Though the Plaza has recently cut back on its cabaret offerings, this month it's home to Bob Anderson, a singing impressionist given to impersonations of Mel Torme, Perry Como, Al Jolson, and about 30 other well-known vocalists. From 12/4, Tues.–Sat. at 9:15 P.M. $25 minimum. *The Plaza, 59th St. and Fifth Ave. (759-3000).*

Maxim's—The legendary restaurant, newly reopened with live music. 12/6–12/7: Ann Hampton Calloway. $25 cover. *680 Madison Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (751-5111).*

Rainbow and Stars—Helen Reddy may be best remembered for "I Am Woman," but before that upbeat women's-lib anthem, she scored her first hit with "I Don't Know How to Love Him," Mary Magdalene's less-than-feminist, savior-serenading ballad from *Jesus Christ, Superstar.* Of late, she's returned to show music, in *Blood Brothers,* among others. Her four-week stand runs 12/10–1/4. $40 cover. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; dinner required at early shows. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Sardi's—The Joe Traina Quintet is in the second year of its wildly successful Friday-evening engagement in the Club Room here. 12/6, guest vocalist Charles Cermeli joins the Quintet for an assortment of jazz standards. Set at 10:30 P.M. No cover, no minimum. *234 W. 44th St. (221-8444).*

Windows on the World—The recently opened (and somewhat immodestly named, frankly—but, hey, this is New York) Greatest Bar on Earth hosts the Flying Neutrinos, 12/12–12/18. $5 per person at the bar; $10 at tables after 9 P.M. *One World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000).*

Talent

Subterranean Homesick Blues

"There's not a person in this city that doesn't have a musician that they know from the subway that they look forward to seeing," says singer-guitarist Kathleen Mock, who for ten years has made her living performing in Manhattan subway stations four days a week. December 5, Mock will test whether what works on the platform translates to the bandstand when she brings her earthy, full-throated folk stylings to Mercury Lounge. "It's a little more stressful," she says, comparing club dates with her usual venue. "You're up there for a whole hour, and you have the audience's undivided attention. You hope you do, anyway." (That's not the only difference: Unlike gigging in the city's notoriously stingy nightclubs, playing for tips in the subway is actually a viable way for a musician to support herself.) Joining Mock for a couple of numbers at her Mercury date will be her sometime collaborator Roger Ridley. The singers appear, separately and duetting, on two recent excellent and wildly eclectic compilations—*Subplay: Subway Musicians of New York* and *StreetDreams: Music From the Subways of New York.* An R&B belter with a delivery that matches Mock's in intensity and depth, but whose grittiness serves as a gravel-pit counterpoint to her frequently sweet tone, Ridley discovered the attractions of subterranean balladry when he began singing soul tunes for two hours a day on his way to his job as a maintenance-crew supervisor. The decision to quit the day job was pretty easy, says Ridley: "I was making more money on my way *to* work than I was *at* work." **ETHAN SMITH**

in concert

Bavarian Radio Symphony...Steve Reich's 60th

Classical Music

Tuesday, December 3

New York Philharmonic—Performs works by Vivaldi, Tubin, and Tchaikovsky; Kurt Masur, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$65.*

Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra—Performs Mahler's Ninth Symphony; Lorin Maazel, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 771 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $16–$60.*

Wednesday, December 4

Yefim Bronfman, Pianist—With guests violinists Joshua Bell and Isaac Stern, violist Laurence Dutton, and cellist Lynn Harrell, performing works by Schubert and Prokofiev. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $38.*

Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra—Performs works by Prokofiev and Maazel; Lorin Maazel, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 771 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $16–$60.*

St. Luke's Chamber Orchestra—Performs a tribute to Mendelssohn. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 771 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $15.*

Jeffrey Siegel, Pianist—"The Young Brahms." *92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $15.*

Thursday, December 5

New York Philharmonic—With violinist Frank Peter Zimmermann; Kurt Masur, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$65.*

Christophe Rousset, Harpsichordist—Performs works by Couperin, Froberger, and Forqueray. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 771 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $30.*

Friday, December 6

New York Philharmonic—See 12/5.

Eliot Fisk, Guitarist—Performs new arrangements of folk songs from Serbia, Croatia, and Catalonia by Andrés Segovia. *Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1000 Fifth Ave. (570-3949), at 8; $25.*

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Performs works by Ravel and Fauré with harpist Nancy Allen. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $22–$30.*

Brooklyn Philharmonic Orchestra—Performs "A to Z," works by Louis Andriessen, Frank Zappa, and John Adams; Robert Spano, conductor. *BAM Opera House, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-636-4100), at 8; $15–$35.*

Saturday, December 7

Chanticleer—A cappella carols and spirituals under the Met's Christmas tree. *Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1000 Fifth Ave. (570-3949), at 6:30 and 8:30; $35.*

New York Philharmonic—See 12/5.

I Giullari di Piazza—"The Shepherd's Cantata," the seventeenth-century Southern Italian Christmas show. *Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. and 112th St. (924-0077), at 8; $15.*

Hélène Grimaud, Pianist—Performs an all-Brahms recital. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$25.*

Brooklyn Philharmonic Orchestra—See 12/6.

Sunday, December 8

Ara Malikan, Violinist and Serouj Kradjian, Pianist—Perform works by Messiaen, Schumann, and Babajanian. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 771 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 2; $10–$30.*

I Giullari di Piazza—See 12/7, at 3.

New York Vocal Arts Ensemble—Perform works by Tchaikovsky, Schubert, and both Strausses. *Kosciuszko Foundation, 15 E. 65th St. (734-2130), at 3; $15.*

Baroquen Treasures—The Manhattan Virtuosi perform works by Bach, Vivaldi, and Corelli. *Great Hall, Cooper Union, 30 Cooper Sq.(866-2958), at 3; $10.*

Pamela Frank, Violinist, and Peter Serkin, Pianist—Perform works by Bach, Takemitsu, and Busoni. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 3; $15–$35.*

The Met Orchestra—Performs Verdi's *Messa da Requiem* with Luciano Pavarotti, and other Metropolitan Opera stars; James Levine, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 771 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 3; $30–$150.*

Orli Shaham, Pianist—Performs works by Bach, Scriabin, and Chopin. *92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 3; $20.*

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—See 12/6, at 5.

Taka Kigawa, Pianist—Performs works by Poulenc, Scriabin, and Chopin. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 771 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 5:30; $15.*

Chanticleer—See 12/7.

New York Choral Society—Christmas and Hanukkah songs with folkies Peter, Paul & Mary. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $25–$70.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Monday, December 9

Steve Reich 60th Birthday Celebration—With the Bang on a Can All-Stars. *Walter Reade Theater, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $25.*

New York Choral Society—See 12/8.

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—Britten's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, 12/2 at 8, 12/5 at 7:30; Mozart's *Così fan tutte*, 12/3 at 8, 12/6 at 8; Bizet's *Carmen*, 12/4 at 8, 12/7 at 1:30; Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'Amore*, 12/7 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $23–$250.*

Amato Opera—Puccini's *La Bohème*. 12/7 at 7:30, 12/8 at 2:30. *Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery (228-8200); $20.*

Dance

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater—The New York season opens on 12/4 at 7, with the season premieres of Jamison's *Sweet Release* and Ailey's *Night Creature*. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7:30. Through 12/31. *City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212); $20–$50.*

Ballet Hispanico—12/3 at 7:30, Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7:30. Through 12/15. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $30.*

Mary Anthony Dance Theatre—The company's fortieth anniversary season. 12/6 and 12/7 at 8. *Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 68th St. bet. Park and Lexington Aves. (772-4448); $15.*

National Dance Theatre Company of Jamaica—Five New York premieres, several set to reggae. 12/6 at 8, 12/7 at 2 and 8. *Walt Whitman Theatre, Brooklyn Center for the Performing Arts, one block from Flatbush and Nostrand Aves., Brooklyn (718-951-4500); $23–$28.*

Talent
Political Pas de Deux

Selena, Spanish dancing, and immigrant survival tactics are the subjects of Ballet Hispanico's three new dances, choreographed by George Faison, María Rovira, and David Roussève, premiering December 3 to 15 at the Joyce Theater.

Photograph by Bruce Laurance.

Hollywood Handbook . . . The Road to Fat

John Leonard's Television Notes

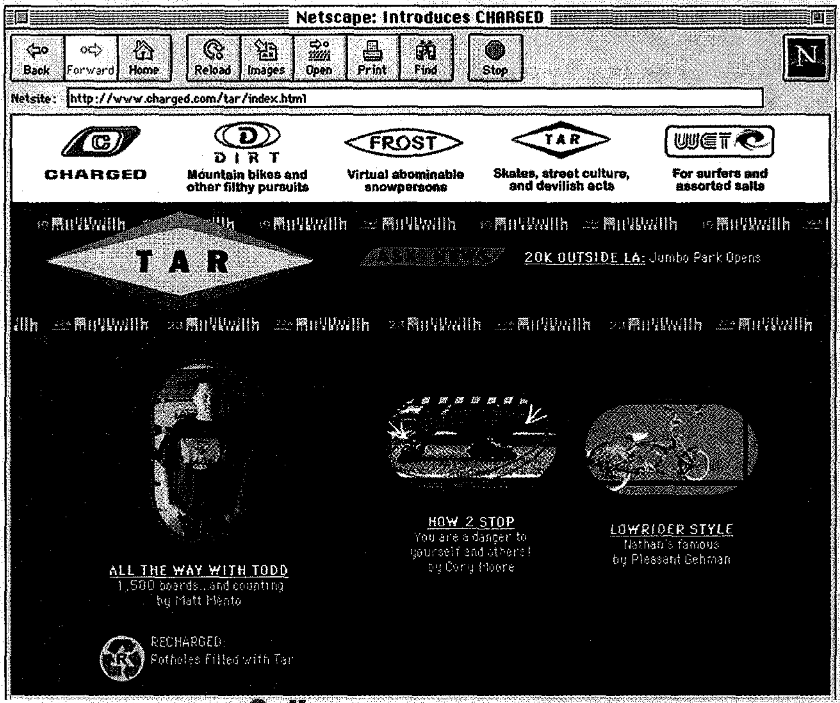
Code Name: Wolverine (12/3; 8 to 10 P.M.; Fox) sends Antonio Sabato Jr., a professor of criminology and ex-Navy SEAL, his wife, Traci Lind, a former Secret Service agent, and their son, Matthew Cox, who's never hurt anybody, on a vacation to Italy, where drug lords like Danny Quinn and intelligence agents like Richard Brooks do their best to get them killed, maybe because they can't act or don't want to, even for Frederick Forsyth, who wrote the book on which this rubbish is based.

Gone in a Heartbeat (12/3; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) gets Jill Eikenberry, recovering from a heart attack, and Michael Tucker off to the snowbound Colorado Rockies just in time for her to be kidnapped and for him to risk a heart attack of his own saving her from evil teens and for you to decide you don't care.

An Unexpected Family (12/4; 9 to 11 P.M.; USA) lukewarms the cockles of the heart with Stockard Channing as a career woman who finds herself stuck with Noah Fleiss and other kidlets, not to mention Stephen Collins, when her homebody sister unexpectedly buys the farm. Part of USA cable's intermittent effort to clean up its bad noir image.

Musicals Great Musicals: The Arthur Freed Unit at MGM (12/4; 9 to 10:30 P.M.; Channel 13) is more than worth the Great Performances chitchat just for the snippet of Fred Astaire and Cyd Charisse in *The Band Wagon*. But there are also *Singin' in the Rain, On the Town, Meet Me in St. Louis,* and too much, as usual, of *An American in Paris* (ballet! French Impressionism!), which Hollywood always includes to make itself feel better about its well-deserved cultural inferiority complex.

Critical Choices (12/8; 8 to 9:30 P.M.; Showtime) proves that at least on cable you can actually see a TV movie about abortion, but it will still insist on making you feel bad no matter what. In this case, Pamela Reed is against them, Diana Scarwid is for them, Betty Buckley performs them, Liisa Repo-Martel gets one, and somebody bombs the clinic, for which everybody will feel guilty except Brian Kerwin as the right-wing evangelist Bobby Ray Flood.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Potholes Filled with Tar

Online
Just Browse It

Picture an e-zine version of 'Outside' magazine, without the testosterone scent strips, and you've got the essence of 'Charged' (http://www.charged.com). Unlike its print competition, this new "extreme leisure" publication punctures the conceit that most of its readers actually will go four-wheeling in the Kalahari.

Radio Highlights

Symphony Hall—12/4: Haydn's Symphony No. 30 in C and Harty's Violin Concerto in D. 12/5: Geminiani's Concerto Grosso in A and Brahms's Symphony No. 3 in F. 12/6: Schubert's Overture in C and Mozart's Symphony No. 41 in C. 12/9 Haydn's Symphony No. 99 in E-flat and Turina's *Sinfonia Sevillana*. 12/10: Franck's *Les Eolides* and Symphony in D. 12/11: Berlioz's *Harold in Italy* and *Tristia*. Weeknights at 8. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

New York & Company—12/4: Jeffrey Trachtenberg, author of *The Rain on Macy's Parade*, gives his take on how greed and folly ruined America's greatest store, Edward Zwick talks about his work on "thirtysomething" and "Courage Under Fire," Mike Lupica on *Mad as Hell*, Claudia Roden on *The Book of Jewish Food*; 12/5: journalist John Hess, Chaim Herzog on Living History, Fiona Shaw on her one-woman show "The Waste Land"; 12/6: Alan Berlow on *Dead Season*, Robert Gottlieb on *Reading Jazz;* 12/9: Larry Flynt on *An Unseemly Man* and Margaret Atwood on *Alias Grace*; 12/11: Walter Cronkite on *A Reporter's Life* and Dr. Alan Cooper. Weekdays at noon. WNYC, 820 AM.

Americana Classics—12/5 at 1 P.M., Celtic fiddler Ashley McIsaac; at 8 P.M., folksinger Shawn Colvin's new album, *A Few Small Repairs*; at 9 P.M., Marshall Crenshaw. 12/12 at 6 A.M., great singers from Alison Kraus to Sarah Vaughn in honor of Sinatra's birthday; at 1 P.M., Frank Christian talks with Ben Soper; at 8 P.M., Ella Fitzgerald's *Ella in Berlin*; at 9 P.M., "September '67." WFUV, 90.7 FM.

In the Studio—12/9 at 8: Michelle Shocked talks with Rita Houston. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

Texaco-Metropolitan Opera—12/7 at 1:30: A preview of the Met's new season. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Sunday Night Opera House —12/8 at 8: Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro*. With Samuel Ramey, Lucia Popp, the London Opera Chorus, and the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Sir Georg Solti conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

The Written Word

Anthony Hecht and Donald Justice—12/2 at 8: Reading from their work, presented by the Academy of American Poets. 92nd St. Y's Kaufmann Concert Hall, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $10, $4 for Academy members.

Jenefer Shute—12/3 at 7: Reading from *Sex Crimes*. Limbo, 47 Ave. A. (477-5271); free.

Carole Maso—12/4 at 7: Reading from *Aureole*. A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Bill Moyers—12/4 at 7:30: Discussing the writers, theologians, and artists he interviewed for his PBS series on the book of Genesis, and reading from *Genesis: A Living Conversation*. Barnes & Noble at Union Square, 33 E. 17th. St. (253-0810); free.

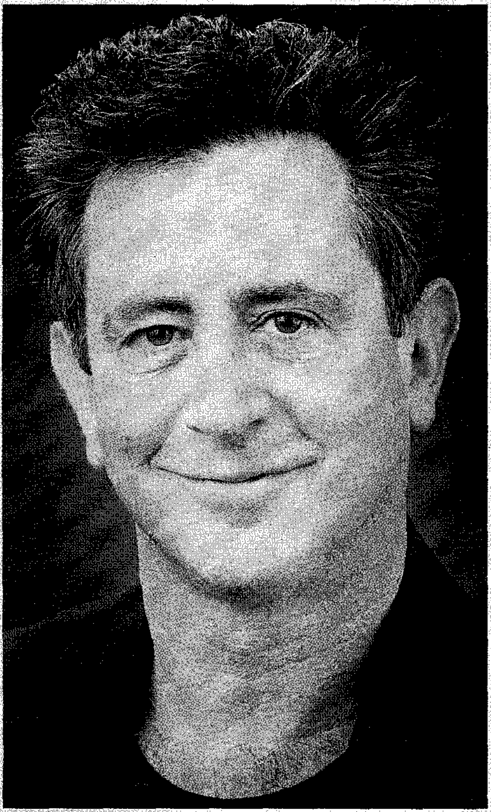
Candace Bushnell and William Norwich: The Twelve Sins of the Holidays—12/4 at 6: A reading and

Talent

Fat City

In 1992, Richard Klein, contrarian author of the acclaimed anti-diet book *Eat Fat* (Pantheon, $24), could not give away his work. A manuscript for *Cigarettes Are Sublime,* his literary take on the allure and attributes of smoking, made the rounds of 25 Manhattan publishers. Unceremoniously, it was turned down at each one. (Pantheon editor Erroll McDonald, who now gushes over Klein's "iconoclasm" and his "keen analysis of life-and-death issues," maintains that the manuscript never crossed his desk. "I'd have published it without blinking an eye," he insists.) Even the academic houses, clearly more accessible outlets for Klein, a tenured professor of French literature at Cornell University, expressed little interest. Duke University Press finally consented to publish the book, with an $8,000 subsidy from Cornell's Hull Memorial Fund and sans advance. What publishers missed, tastemakers embraced. Soon after the release of *Cigarettes, The New York Review of Books* gave it a rave review and *Harper's* ran an excerpt. Powerhouse agent Kimberly Witherspoon quickly scooped up Klein. "He has a worldview that most of us don't, and I was delighted to see that in an academic," she says. She believes that Klein's failure to sell the first book to a major publisher was rooted in a lack of vision throughout Manhattan's big houses. "Rather than just sitting back, kicking up their feet, and reveling in the text, they got too distracted by the sales [potential]," Witherspoon hypothesizes. "That's why they missed it. But this is not a science. If it were, we wouldn't publish so many bad books." Klein coolly insists that the breakaway popularity of *Cigarettes,* which placed him in the company of mass-market intellectuals like Camille Paglia and Naomi Wolf, came as less than a total surprise. "I wrote the book and calculated it to be likable," he says with a shrug, acknowledging that the timing of the pro-smoking book's release was fortuitous. "*MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour* had me on with an anti-smoker and a woman from the Tobacco Institute. I was able to offer a contrarian opinion about smoking without being a shill." At Cornell, the colleagues who once upbraided Klein for not publishing books with the frequency expected of a tenured academic now bad-mouth him for what's perceived as selling out. "I imagine that there is some jealousy," says Jonathan Culler, chairman of Cornell's English department and co-editor with Klein of the post-structuralist journal *Diacritics.* "Some of the professors here regard the first book as a fluke. But there's been a decline of public intellectuals, people who make serious pronouncements on the big issues of the day. And Richard is doing cultural studies in a public way that is simultaneously thought-provoking and amusing." David Shipley—then executive editor at *The New Republic,* now a speechwriter for Bill Clinton—read *Cigarettes* and agreed, promptly phoning the pre-Pantheon author with a plum assignment. "Do you think about fat?" Shipley asked. "Every twenty minutes," Klein replied. The article was the genesis of Klein's "postmodern diet book," with language so accessible that second serial rights to *Eat Fat* were purchased by the New York *Post.* Plump with mainstream attention, Klein is as unlikely to make a full-time return to the Ivy League as Whoppers are to appear on a Weight Watchers menu. "Look," he says, "I'm 56. I feel that I have about five more years of lucidity in me, so I just want to keep writing books." He hesitates for a beat. "And eating fat."

MICHAEL KAPLAN



Photograph by Jon Reis/Photolink.

signing of Bushnell's *Sex in the City* and Norwich's *Learning to Drive.* Troy, 138 Greene St (966-8203); free.

An Evening of Italian Poetry—12/10 at 6:30: A reading by the recipients of the first Raziss/de Palc Awards for the translation of modern Italian poetry. The Italian Cultural Institute, 686 Park Ave (274-0343); free.

Ken Foster—12/10 at 7: A reading from *"The Circuit."* Limbo, 47 Ave. A. (477-5271); free.

Toni Morrison and Friends—12/12 at 7:30: Reading from the work of Toni Cade Bambara. Barnes & Noble at Union Square, 33 E. 17th. St. (253-0810); free.

Lectures and Panels

God and Spirituality—12/4, 12/11, and 1/8 at 7:30: A three-part lecture examining the origin of our values with Dina Epstein, RJE. Stephen Wise Free Synagogue, 30 W. 68th St. (877-4050, ext.23); $20.

Investment Strategies for the Late Nineties—12/9 at 8:15: Abby Joseph Cohen is vice-president and co-chair of the investment policy committee at Goldman, Sachs & Co. She will review business and economic factors affecting the stock and bond markets, and offer suggestions about current investment opportunities. 92nd St.Y, at Lexington Ave. Call 996-1100 for tickets; $18.

Random House Literary Breakfast: The Writing of Ralph Ellison—12/5 at 11:30: A panel discussion exploring the writer's work and life. Barneys, 10 E. 61st St. (940-7476); $35.

Traditional Crafts of Kyoto and Vicinity—12/5 at 6:30: A lecture by Diane Durston, author of *Living Traditions of Old Kyoto.* The Japan Society's Lila Acheson Wallace Auditorium, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $10, $8 for members.

An Evening at the South African Consulate—12/11 at 6: Enjoy South African music, art, and culture in this slide/lecture presentation at the 92nd St.Y, at Lexington Ave. Call 996-1100 to register. $20.

The Reality of Legal Equality—12/11 at 6:30: Lawyer and women's rights activist Yukiko Tsunoda discusses the effects of Japan's Equal Employment Opportunity Law, drawing from her 20 years of experience handling women's rights cases. The Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $10, $8 for members.

Metropolitan Opera Guild Lecture Series: Carmen—12/7 at 11:30 A.M.: Bridget Paolucci interprets Franco Zeffirelli's new production of the Bizet opera at the Met. Kaplan Penthouse, 70 Lincoln Center Plaza (769-7028); $10 in advance, $12 at the door.

Tours

Beatles/John Lennon Walking Tour—12/7-8 at 12:30 P.M.: Discover the tunnel the Beatles used to escape their fans, the site of their first U.S. appearance, and the places they frequented. For (required) reservations and meeting place call 465-3331; $12.

Best Dressed Landmarks of the Holidays—12/4 at 10 A.M.: Discover New York's most elaborate and well-decorated buildings and plazas. Meet at the Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (935-3960); $10, $8 for Municipal Art Society members.

Inside City Hall—12/4 at 10 A.M.: See City Hall's collection of portraits, and view the ongoing restoration of the building itself. Take in the Public Hearing Chamber, the City Council Chambers, the Governor's Room, and the "museum" within City Hall (an area filled with esteemed portraits and furnishings dating back to 1812). Call 996-1100 to register; $18.

The Chelsea Hotel—12/8 at 1: Visit this Victorian Gothic hotel (the temporary home of Mark Twain, Willem de Kooning, Virgil Thomson, Arthur Miller, Thomas Wolfe, and Edie Sedgwick) and see the studios of some current occupants. Call 996-1100 to register; $25.

Events

Fifth Annual Poetry Publication Showcase—Through 12/12: An exhibition of all the new poetry books published in the United States during the past year. The showcase explores trends in poetry publication and poetry sales and includes commercial, independent, university, and micropress publications. For more information on the events, please call 431-7920. Poets House, 72 Spring St.

Exhibitions

The Treasures of the *San Diego*—Through 2/28/97. Sunken treasures from the 1600s. Among the artifacts on display: four cannons, navigational instruments, an ivory chess set, swords, helmets, and more. The Philippine Center, Fifth Ave. and 45th St. (922-3019); $4, $2 children over 12. *http://www.sva.com*

Sports

YMCA 6th Annual Sports Benefit Auction—12/3; Pay $250 and get two and a half hours with celebrities like Spike Lee and former Mets first-baseman Keith Hernandez, a buffet dinner, two auctions, and a seat for the Knicks/Miami game. Auction prizes include the chance to watch handlers fret when their clients meet the media at a taping of Diane Sawyer's PrimeTime Live and a walk-on guest spot on Fox's *New York Undercover*. Attend only the auctions for $150. *Call 630-9616 for tickets. Madison Square Garden.*

The Wedge—12/5 at 6:30 P.M.: Here's this month's opportunity to join a ragtag group of bikers and skaters for a one-hour ride through the village. Also referred to as "The Cube Ride." First Thursday of each month. *Meet at Astor Place Cube. Sponsored by Time's Up! (802-8222). Free.*

Hockey—12/3: Devils vs. Florida Panthers at 7:35 P.M., Continental Airlines Arena (Sportschannel); 12/4: Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers at 7:30 P.M., Madison Square Garden (MSG Network); 12/5: Devils vs. Calgary Flames at 7:35 P.M., Continental Airlines Arena (Sportschannel); 12/6: Rangers vs. Toronto Maple Leafs at 7:30 P.M., Madison Square Garden (MSG Network); 12/7: Devils vs. Phoenix Coyotes at 1:05 P.M., Continental Airlines Arena (Sportschannel); 12/9: Rangers vs. Phoenix Coyotes at 7:30 P.M., Madison Square Garden (MSG Network).

Basketball—12/3: Knicks vs. Miami Heat at 8 P.M., Madison Square Garden (TNT); 12/4: Nets vs. Knicks at 7:30 P.M., Continental Airlines Arena (Sportschannel); 12/7: Knicks vs. Los Angeles Clippers at 7:30 P.M., Madison Square Garden (MSG Network); 12/10: Knicks vs. Washington Bullets at 7:30 P.M., Madison Square Garden (MSG Network).

Online

Linda Blair—Known for her portrayal of the fourteen-year-old girl in the über-scary movie *The Exorcist*, Blair has since taken on a multitude of entertainment projects. This Friday she hosts *The Ryan White Youth Service Awards*, an AIDS benefit. On Prodigy in the Spotlight area: 12/2 at 9 P.M.

"Behind the Beat" with Lou Barlow of Sebadoh—David Sprague and Jon Wiederhorn will chat with Lou Barlow of the band Sebadoh for the debut of "Behind the Beat," a bi-weekly chat show associated with Daily Beat, Prodigy's music-news Website. Sebadoh's latest album, *Harmacy*, is the band's seventh release. On Prodigy in the Music area: 12/2 at 9 P.M.

"Aren't You Arnie Becker?"—Former *L.A. Law* star Corbin Bernsen is trying to make a TV comeback with his new one-hour dramatic series, *The Cape*. On Prodigy on the Spotlight area: 12/2 at 10 P.M.

Champagne Wishes and Caviar Dreams—Robin Leach, who hosted *Lifestyles of the Rich & Famous* for years, has an upcoming special, *Heroes America*, which airs 12/4 on the USA Network. On Prodigy in the Spotlight area: 12/3 at 10:30 P.M.

The Fonz—Versatile actor, director, and producer Henry Winkler is currently the executive producer of TV's *Sightings*, the paranormal and supernatural investigative program. On Prodigy in the Spotlight area: 12/4 at 9 P.M.

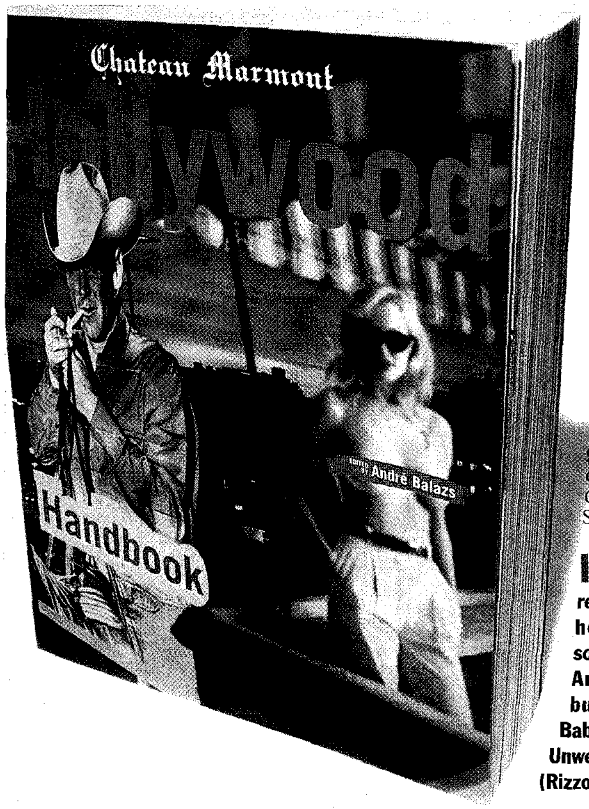
Author of *The Christmas Tree*—Julie Salamon will discuss her new book about an orphaned girl and the fir tree that becomes her closest companion. Salamon was inspired to write *The Christmas Tree* by the true story of the New Jersey nuns who donated a Norway spruce to be the official 1995 Rockefeller Center Christmas tree. On America Online in the Odeon: 12/4 at 10 P.M.

The Black Crowes—SonicNet presents an evening with The Black Crowes. The band talks about life on the road, Chris Robinson, and their new album, *Three Snakes and a Charm*. On Prodigy in the SonicNet Music area: 12/5 at 7:30 P.M.

Mr. Real World—Chat with Joe Patane, one of the stars of MTV's Miami edition of *The Real World*. Ask him about the conflicts that never made it to prime time. On Prodigy in the Spotlight area: 12/5 at 10 P.M.

Santa—Live from the North Pole. On CompuServe in the Conference Center: 12/7 at 11 A.M.

Send suggestions to runnette@dti.net



In Print **In 1990, André Balazs restored the Chateau Marmont. Now he's assembled the definitive scrapbook of new and old Hollywood. Among the contributors to the buoyant *Hollywood Handbook* are Babitz, Brodkey, Hockney, Ruscha, von Unwerth, Schulberg, and Rauschenberg. (Rizzoli, $25.)**

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

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kids

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Light...Origami...Train Tracks

Children's Events

Neapolitan Creche—The archangel Gabriel walks on stilts; the devil Pluto dispatches devils to intercede: I Giullari Di Piazza perform *La Cantata dei Pastori,* a traditional seventeenth-century Southern Italian play with all the trappings, including music of the period. 12/7 at 8 and 12/8 at 3. St. James Chapel of the **CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE,** 1047 Amsterdam Ave., at 112th St. (924-0077); $15; $10 seniors and students, $8 children.

Dinosaurs' Christmas—More than 1,000 beetles, meteorites, gorillas, and dinosaurs—all origami—festoon the holiday tree at **THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.** Add one (with the help of a volunteer). In *Star of Christmas,* astronomers, historians, linguists, and theologians weigh in on what might have happened that night 2,000 years ago. Call for sky-show schedule and to make a reservation; tickets are $12 adults, $8.50 children, and include admission to the museum. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5800). Regular admission is by donation: $8 suggested, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Sharps Flats & Accidentals—Improvisational humor and music collide—as do the tastes of the adults and the kids in the audience—with the Emmy Award–winning Brothers Karamazov. Audience members are invited to bring items—which should weigh less than ten pounds and be smaller than a bread box—that they consider "unjuggleable." Through 1/1/97. **NEW VICTORY THEATER,** 209 W. 42nd St. (239-6200); $10–$25.

Jewish Holiday Hurrah—Two original one-act musicals for children performed by the Poppy Seed Players: *Hanna the Joyful* and *Judy and the Maccabees.* 12/8 at 10 A.M. and 12/15 at 11 A.M. **MERKIN CONCERT HALL,** 129 W. 67th St. (501-3366); $10.

Nutcracker Variations—The New York City Ballet dances *George Ballanchine's The Nutcracker* at **LINCOLN CENTER.** Performances are 11/29 through 1/5/97; tickets are $18–$72 (870-5570). (The nearby Picholine restaurant offers a children's menu to coincide with the ballet's schedule. Call 724-8585 for details and to reserve.) Smaller-scale productions include *The Nutcracker Suite* at **LA GUARDIA COMMUNITY COLLEGE,** a distinctly Russian rendition of the classic, 12/6 at 7 and 12/7 at 2:30. Mainstage Theatre, 31-10 Thomson Ave., Long Island City (718-482-5151); $8 to $12. A one-hour, little-kid-friendly production of *The Nutcracker* is especially suitable for children ages 3 to 6, 12/21–29 at 1 and 3 daily. Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $12.50–$17.50. *A Colonial Nutcracker,* features a Revolutionary War Mouse King, 12/22 at 2. **BROOKLYN CENTER FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS** at Brooklyn College, one block from the junction of Flatbush and Nostrand Aves. in Brooklyn (718-951-4500); $12. And then there's Donald Byrd's *The Harlem Nutcracker,* complete with a gospel choir. 12/11–15. **BAM,** 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (636-4129); tickets are $15–$50.

Dancin' Feet—Forty children who have worked with the Jacques d'Amboises National Dance Institute at **SYMPHONY SPACE** stroll down to the **CHILDREN'S MUSEUM OF MANHATTAN** for workshops with the performers. The one-hour performance begins at 11, 12/7—at 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400). Workshops are at 1:30 and 3 at 212 W. 83rd St. (721-1234). Tickets are $6 for adults, $3 for kids; save your stubs and you save $2 on the regular $5 CMOM admission afterward.

Amahl and the Night Visitors— Menotti's musical miracle is at Lincoln Center's **AVERY FISHER HALL** (704-2100) 12/7 at 11, 1, and 3; $15–$32.

All Aboard—Model trains wend through a fantasy rustic landscape at the Holiday Garden Railways exhibit at the **NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN** through 1/5/97. 200th St. and Southern Blvd. Call for hours (718-817-8700). Admission is $3, $1 seniors, students, and children; free on Wed. and Sat. from 10 to noon.

A Christmas Carol—Tony Randall stars in Dickens's transformation of Ebenezer Scrooge in Victorian England. A musical chestnut topped off by a frothy snowfall that (look out!) blows onto the audience. 11/22–1/5/97. The Theater, **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN,** 32nd St. at Seventh Ave. (307-4111); $19 to $59.

cue

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All the World's a Stage

All over town at this time of year, halls are being decked with boughs of holly. The tree at Rockefeller Center is lit amid much pageantry and song on December 3. And at store windows around town, tableaux both surreal and comic signal that the season for spending has arrived. Herewith, a selective guide to what's behind the glass.

STORE	ON VIEW	DON'T MISS
SONY STYLE 550 Madison Avenue, between 55th and 56th Streets	Maurice Sendak envisions *Where the Wild Things Are* in New York City, peopled by local celebrities and landmarks.	Giuliani in a lifeboat; the Empire State Building as a lamp shade.
BARNEYS NEW YORK Madison Avenue at 61st Street	Homages to Martin Luther King, Frank Sinatra, notable blondes of this century (see photos above), and soul artists including Aretha Franklin.	Madonna's fur coat, suit, and shoes worn in *Evita;* live psychoanalysis in Freud window.
BERGDORF GOODMAN 754 Fifth Avenue, between 57th and 58th Streets	Fairy tales revisited: A Rumpelstiltskin pure-spun-gold room, princess and offending pea, Cinderella's stepsisters squeezing into glass footwear. . . .	Knockout red velvet dresses on Red Riding Hood and her mom; an eerily real Big Bad Wolf.
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE 611 Fifth Avenue, between 49th and 50th Streets	A little red wagon becomes an airborne vessel trailing bells, in scenes from Dean Morrissey's whimsical *Ship of Dreams.*	Recorded narration by Whoopi Goldberg.

Photographs by Jason Schmidt.

Travel

Winter Rentals

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Not A "Rules" Girl—Fun, fit, youthful, pretty Southern blond, Jewish, entrepreneur, 43, wants man (35-55) who genuinely wants a committed relationship, with character and integrity. Photo. 3760 ✉

Long-Legged Stunner—Lawyer, former model, 5'11", Jewish (nonreligious), sensitive, sincere, sensual, caring and romantic. Seeks single, white professional male, 6' plus, 45 plus, for romance and relationship. Note/photo/phone. 3930 ✉

NY Eve At The Harvard Club—Female MD, attractive, 40-something. Seeking a very intelligent, cultured, kind, witty Wasp male to share a fun evening of conversation, dining and dancing. 3901 ✉

Ivy Entrepreneur—43, handsome, athletic, ebony male, 5'11", who enjoys an excellent dinner, the arts, tennis, weekends by the sea and international travel, seeks an intelligent, provocative and imaginative female companion. Photo. 3880 ✉ ☎

Romantic Partnership—Sought by intelligent, attractive attorney, 40s, 6', 190 lbs, emotionally available and looking for loving, forever relationship filled with laughter and romance with warm, sensitive, intelligent and attractive woman. Note/photo/phone. 3937 ✉

Bakes Great Brownies—Loving, warm, blue-eyed, attractive, professional Jewish woman, 40 years old (looks 30). Enjoys tennis, rollerblading, Knicks and Rangers games. In excellent shape in body and mind. You are serious but sometimes silly, financially secure, nonsmoker. You're kind, Jewish-minded, a great friend, 36 plus. You make a good appearance and are honest to a fault. Note/photo/phone/business card if possible. 3913 ✉

Handsome, Trim Exec—Secure, kind, with style - seeks educated, slender, classy lady, early 50s. Note/photo. 3897 ✉

Good-Looking—Divorced, Jewish professional male, mid 40s, fit and athletic, enjoys winter and summer sports, wining and dining, theater, film, concerts (rock and jazz). Seeks beauty and brains, 30-39, slim - size 6 or less, with similar interests, comfortable in jeans. Manhattan, Bergen County, Westchester, Rockland. Recent photo/note. 3868 ✉

Share Dreams!—With a multifaceted, vibrant corporate president/inventor with passion, good looks, humor, 5'10", slim, 43. Seeks sincere, educated lady under 37. Reply requires phone/photo. 3943 ✉ ☎

"Oh, Pretty Woman!!"—Julia Roberts look-alike. Extremely pretty, vivacious, 28-year-old Italian-American sales professional is tall (5'8"), slim and shapely (115 lbs), with long auburn hair and brown eyes. Seeking a very handsome, tall professional, 27-28. Note/photo. 3795 ✉

Dynamite Dame—With brains, beauty, style and a 1000-watt smile. A youthful 62, 5'3", Jewish, divorced with grown children. Slim, elegant, refined, reflective, entertaining, enchanting and all that jazz. A former journalist, pursuing photography, progressive philanthropy and exotic travel. Crazy about Caneel Bay, Big Sur, Bora Bora, Bali and the backwaters of India. Looking to share such delights on journey of discovery with soul mate, best friend and dancing partner. Must be a distinguished man of sterling character and substantial means - brilliant, charming, kind, accomplished, wise, loving, and ready for a high-voltage relationship with lots of laughs. Note/photo please. 3900 ✉

Hungry?—Reservations for two at the best restaurants. Ravenous woman, please send bio. No photo, no food. 3860 ✉

Successful NYC Exec—46, 5'7", emotionally and financially secure, enjoys film noir, Gershwin, Vivaldi, cooking and downtown dining. Seeks compassionate, secure, intelligent female, 30-40, for long-term relationship. Note/photo. 3893 ✉

38 3/4-Year-Old—Healthy, in-shape vegetarian, nonsmoking woman with upbeat personality, seeks healthy, in-shape, liberated man, 33-43, for commitment. 3892 ✉ ☎

The "Eyes" Have It—Vivacious, attractive, 5'7", Jewish, nonreligious, attractive, well-educated widow with class - seeks widowed gentleman, 55-62, to experience all the joys life has to offer. Photo. 3853 ✉

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Ready For Real—Pretty, passionate, nonreligious Jewish child psychologist, 36. Looking for an intelligent, down-to-earth, genuine man who sings in the car, laughs out loud at a joke, cares about people and ideas, and is also ready for real. 3903 ✉ ☎

Hopelessly Romantic—Jewish-Italian, looking for that special guy, 55 plus. 3861 ✉

Intelligent, Passionate—Sophisticated female, 37, Wasp, divorced, no children, athletic, with many interests, likes to laugh, has a successful career. Seeking male, 35-45, with old-fashioned manners, education, bright eyes and a good sense of humor. Is this you? 3879 ✉

Hugs Teddy!—Pretty, slim, cute, Jewish North Shore gal, 53, seeks teddy substitute. Warm, vivacious, real. 3921 ✉ ☎

The Voice Of Your Eyes—Is deeper than all roses. I'm 41, shy, sensitive and sincere financial professional. I long for a relationship hopefully leading to marriage with a white Christian professional woman, 41 or younger. Please send me a recent photo and write to me. 3926 ✉

Mediterranean Woman—Beautiful inside and outside, 30s, 5'8", 126 lbs, dark hair, light eyes, athletic, very intelligent, well-educated, sensitive, (com)passionate, understanding, sultry, romantic, feminine, gentle, strong, playful, loving and faithful, spiritual and intuitive. Would love to meet tall gentleman, 30-50, high achiever, intellectual, with genius mind, desirable body and beautiful soul. You desire to have a family and a deep, loving, intimate relationship. Bio/photo/phone. 3934 ✉

Lifelong Romance—Sensitive, sincere, handsome, Jewish, 6', trim Ivy MBA seeks sexy best friend, 27-35, slim, voluptuous, to share long soulful talks, warm nights, marriage, kids. Photo. 3942 ✉ ☎

Elegant Merry Widow—5'10", late 50s, feminine, trim, vivacious, educated, fun! Dancing, bridge, Broadway, Gershwin, movies, travel, swimming, holding hands. Seeks upscale, upbeat, caring gentleman to share life's delights. Stamford. 3869 ✉

Feminine, Slim—Pretty, 42, seeks mensch. No-strings romance. 3878 ✉ ☎

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Beautiful, Sexy, Smart And Slim—35, 5'5", professional, vivacious, Jewish female Manhattanite seeks sincere, 32-42, handsome, successful, nonsmoker male to share laughs, movies, travel, the arts, sports and more. Note/photo. 3939 ✉

Whimsical Artist/Scholar—Discerning, effervescent, playful, petite, pretty Jewess desires eternal romance with cultured, frisky, over-40, cerebral man (tall/handsome a plus), for frolics, mutual pampering, love and ever. 3924 ✉ ☎

Beautiful, Blue-Eyed, Natural Blond—33, 5'6", sophisticated professional, great personality with body to match. Seeks good-looking, successful, athletic male. Photo, please. 3876 ✉

What Are You Doing—The rest of your life? Sensuous, creative, very attractive blond, slender yet curvaceous, early 40s, president of Park Avenue company, would like to meet a friend, companion, lover to be with always. My interests are varied and range from cerebral to culinary, esthetic to athletic. I prefer dialogue to cyber chat, Main Street to malls, content over form. I write poetry (published), paint, am naturally curious, love to explore museums, galleries, enjoy city nightlife as well as country wildlife. My counterpart should be involved as well as evolved, approach life with humor, passion and insight, 45-60, not afraid of romance, commitment. 3931 ✉ ☎

Successful Attorney—40, 6'1", fit, seeks beautiful woman, 28 and under, for mutually beneficial relationship to include travel. Photo and note a must. 3881 ✉

Attractive Professional Woman—36, seeking great guy, 35-50, with sense of humor, integrity, emotionally/financially secure. Nonsmoker. Note/photo. 3856✉☎

Jewish Beauty—Professional, 29, sweet, funny, smart, long blond hair, thin, shapely, seeks mensch, 28-40. 3911 ✉☎

Sparkling, Lovely—Slim, witty widow, seeks wry, well-bred Jewish male who is smart, secure, kind, loving and active. Interested in movies, travel, dancing and the world, 55-65. Letter/photo. 3857 ✉

Good-Looking—Athletic professional woman, 40s, seeks attractive, physically fit, tall, progressive male, 30s-40s. Photo a must. 3938 ✉

Ballerina—Turned corporate executive, 5'2", size two, gamine, a natural redhead and full of fire, Ivy educated, cultured, well-traveled, inquisitive and irresistible. I'm looking for a smart, kind guy, financially solid, 40-55, who is adventurous, irreverent and passionate. 3906 ✉

Grecian God—Wishes to meet attractive, slim, warm, healthy, educated, financially secure, family-oriented professional woman, 27-34, of Greek descent. I hardly qualify as God myself, but since I caught your attention, at minimum I am intelligent, handsome, sincere, warm, healthy, fun-loving, 35, professional. Please do include recent photo: POB 7315, FDR Station, NYC 10150

Gay White Media Executive—Looking to make my season bright but missing that special star. 37-year-old, happy, healthy, 5'10", 165-lb male, missing only Christmas gift that money can't buy: a partner and soul mate. I prefer the city to the suburbs and am convinced that Manhattan is the center of the universe. You must be a lover of theater, cozy penthouse dinners, hand-holding, and cuddling at home watching Nick at Nite or Cinema Paradiso. You are humorous, creative, gentle, passionate about your life and your life's work, and ready for a committed relationship, as I am. If you think we might be a perfect fit, let's get together and make sleigh bells ring! Note/photo. 3854 ✉

Head-Turning Brunette—40, curvaceous, slim, great legs, beautiful smile, easy to talk to, passionate, intelligent, world traveled, emotionally/financially secure, sophisticated, likes to care for her man. Seeking a 38-52, nonsmoking, trim, compassionate, high-integrity, confident, generous, honest, polished, emotionally/financially secure, professionally accomplished man with a tremendous desire to have a committed relationship. Recent photo and note please. 3925 ✉

Romantic, Sensitive, Passionate—33, 6', slim, handsome, charming, athletic build, Jewish (nonreligious) male surgeon, dark hair, dark eyes, live/work NYC, professional musician turned doctor. Seeking beautiful, sexy, intelligent, giving, affectionate female with warm heart, for love-lasting relationship/commitment/best friend. Letter and photo, please. 3894 ✉

Is My Significant Other—Reading this now? This professional, average-looking Jewish male, 36, 6'3", would like to think so. Interests: theater, dining out, cooking, hikes, beach and Rangers. Please be intelligent, 27-36 and Jewish. Photo. 3884 ✉ ☎

Clever And Creative Architect—Female, culturally Jewish, politically left, morally nonsmoker, told I'm not hard to look at. Enjoys theater, dancing, music and art, good food and wine, camping, caving, skiing, sailing, scuba diving...get the picture? Looking for smart, successful, witty man, 35-45, for whom the concept of starting a family is not an anathema. 3910 ✉

White Whoopee—Mid 50s, Latin lovely, reaching for healthy, travel-ready, late-blooming man, 50s-mid 60s. 3875 ✉ ☎

Phorget This—Unless you're phantastically handsome, phun and phunny, phully phive pheet eleven inches, phinancially phirm, filanthropic to Israel, phrankly past your phifties, fenomenally witty and phulfilled culturally - with a phormidable fysique. Phorgive me - I'm phussy (hope you are too). Phorward foto! 3916 ✉ ☎

Looking For An Unselfish Woman—Who is warm, affectionate, good-natured, attractive, single/divorced white female, religion is unimportant, 25-34, who is fit mentally and physically. I'm a single Jewish male, 36, professional, dark hair and green eyes, with a good sense of humor, who enjoys working out, travel, movies and quiet evenings at home. Interested in a relationship leading to marriage and children. Note/photo. 3896✉

Live In Ireland, Canada Or USA—Marriage-minded, single white male, 34, nonsmoker, no dependents, 5'9", blue eyes, sensitive, loyal, caring, employed professional, Irish and resident of Toronto, Canada. Seeks a single/widowed/divorced, very voluptuous, financially secure, nonsmoking, talkative, fashionable, caring, intelligent, good-hearted, classy lady, 30-55, to love, spoil and share life. Buzzwords: Calvin Klein "Escape", James Taylor, communication, chemistry, travel, God. Loves dogs. 3889✉

Exotic, Slender, Attractive—Jewish female, very young-looking 45, 5'8", dark hair, fit, soft, spirited, cultured, multilingual, passionate about music and dance. Seeks handsome, accomplished, warm, witty and wise partner, 40-55, who can both listen to the words and hear the music! Note/photo. 3929 ✉

Make Your/My Jewish Mother Happy—Single Jewish physician, 36, 5'9", never married, nonreligious, nonsmoker, good-looking and athletic - seeks professional Jewish female, 25-32, never married, extremely attractive and sexy, intelligent and fun-loving. Note/photo/phone, please. 3899 ✉

Smart, Funny, Spirited—Very attractive single woman, 37, 5'7", green eyes, seeks down-to-earth, witty, intelligent, attractive single man, 30-45. Passion for jazz a plus. 3895 ✉

Marriage-Minded Male—Has successful business, is generous, caring. Wishes to share all with warm, happy person. Serious response only. Photo/phone. 3887✉

45-Year-Old Hispanic Gentleman—Attractive, with good character, good heart, financially secure, well-traveled, looking for lady with similar characteristics, 34-38, to share a good life. Photo. 3866 ✉ ☎

Quality Woman—Tall, pretty professional, Italian descent, 37, wide range o interests. Seeks warm, smart, fun man foi life, love. Send note. 3909 ✉

Are You A Woman—In her late 30s oi early 40s, who is reasonably slim educated, productive and can scramble eggs? I'm an informal, tall, distinguished-looking older guy who is president of his own company. Likes classical music reading, sailing, horses; well-educated and well-traveled with NY and CT residences Needs someone to share his life. Hopes to hear from you with photo/phone. 3917✉

Cute, Cuddly Puppy—Seeks specia friend for my owner. She's 39, slim pretty, smart, witty, and is totally smothering me. Eligible male humans, please write and get her off my back Dogs lovers a plus. Tobacco-tolerant a must. Photo please. 3933 ✉

Turning 40—Want to help this dynamic woman celebrate? I like NY, Centra Park, travel, dinners out, evenings in, the theater, movies, good books and great friends. 5'10" or over. 3940 ✉ ☎

Hazel-Eyed MD—32, handsome, fit, 5'10", tan complexion, sincere, way kind and way cool. You are a slim, beautiful, alluring, intelligent, single white female, 24-32, with a playful side, seeking a long-term urban adventure. Photo/thoughtful note. 3855 ✉

LI Mermaid—Seeks sincere partner foi life, who will love and nurture her. 33, professional. Likes skiing, tennis, sailing, some piano, culture. Loves children. Of German heritage, Protestant. Send photo and note. 3890 ✉

Lawyer—46, 5'10", handsome, athletic, nice, seeks attractive brunette, 35-38, who is tolerant and comfortable with psychologically-oriented talk and interested in a baby and good times. 3935 ✉

Tall, Slim, Handsome—Jewish male, nonreligious, intelligent, sensuous, businessman, homeowner, youthful 59 - seeks pretty lady. All areas okay. Will travel anywhere when it's worth it. Recent picture please. 3874 ✉

Attractive Eligible Bachelor—34, athletic, investment professional seeks soul mate. I'm down-to-earth with a warm heart, sense of humor and varied interests. I enjoy romantic dinners, blading in the park, playing the piano and traveling. You are an attractive, fit and fun woman, 24-34. Note/photo. 3898 ✉

Black Beauty—Seeks companion. I'm 37, 5'4", 125 lbs, physically fit, very attractive. I love scuba diving, running, computers... Have eclectic tastes in restaurants, plays, movies. You are a successful male between 37 and 45, physically fit, with similar interests, who is kind, sensitive, honest, caring and looking for a long-term commitment. Nonsmoker preferred. Note/photo. 3768✉

Sexy, Smart, Sassy, Spirited Female—Upper 30s, with golden curls and killer baby blues, seeks slim, single white male, over 30/under 48, with looks, smarts, hair and wit. Photo/note/phone. 3914 ✉ ☎

Incurable Romantic—Let's fall in love for the last time. Recently retired, tall, blond, nurturing NJ beauty seeks strength, kindness and a New Year's Eve date with a fun-loving, warm Jewish man, 60-75, with panache. Let me light up your life. 3902 ✉

Let's Make Sundaes—Dynamic, handsome Italian professional, 40, seeks sweet, attractive, charismatic and shapely female for romance, love and life. No tattoos please. Note/photo. 3862 ✉

Charismatic CEO—36, 6', blond, very handsome, financially secure, outgoing, romantic, humorous, with passion for work and play. Enjoys tennis, skiing, dining, travel, friends and family. Seeks a natural, beautiful, easygoing, fit and sexy female for monogamous relationship. Note/photo/phone. 3923 ✉

Gay British Gentleman—35, smart, sophisticated. Enjoys art, music, all *things cultural.* Seeks similar gent for relationship, 35-48, who is well-bred and financially secure. Only the finest men should apply with letter, photo and suggestion for first date. Sense of humor essential. 3905 ✉

Gay, White Pretty Lady—Successful professional, savvy, feminine, 52, seeks feminine, refined, upbeat, pretty, fun-loving, healthy, sensitive mate. 3888 ✉☎

Looking For The Stars—Fine NYC novelist, PhD, athletic, secure, still handsome, 60, seeks truly pretty, cultured woman, 35-50, for love, bright nights. Note/recent photo. 3873 ✉

Gay Male—36, 5'4", successful professional - enjoys gardening, cooking and working out. Seeks holding hands at the movies, breakfast in bed and exploration *throughout the city with a relationship-*minded guy. Photo/note, please. 3883 ✉☎

Are You Tired—Of meeting the wrong type? Jewish male, 28, handsome, mature and athletic, seeks adventurous, attractive woman, 21-35, with a great sense of humor. Photo and phone a must. 3858 ✉

Stunning Brunette—Jewish, 5'7", 39, beautiful, athletic, fun! 1996 marathon finisher, equally adept on horseback or with chopsticks, can navigate black diamonds in the Rockies, tapas bars in Madrid and crystal-clear waters of the Caribbean. You are an established, single Jewish male, athletic and dynamic, who, like me, seeks a worthy complement to his life. 3920 ✉☎

Lovable And Huggable Male—Love is in the air. The holidays are coming. Let's fall in love this season and have great fun. Children are a plus. Nonsmoker. Looking for female, 35-45. Photo/phone. 3885 ✉

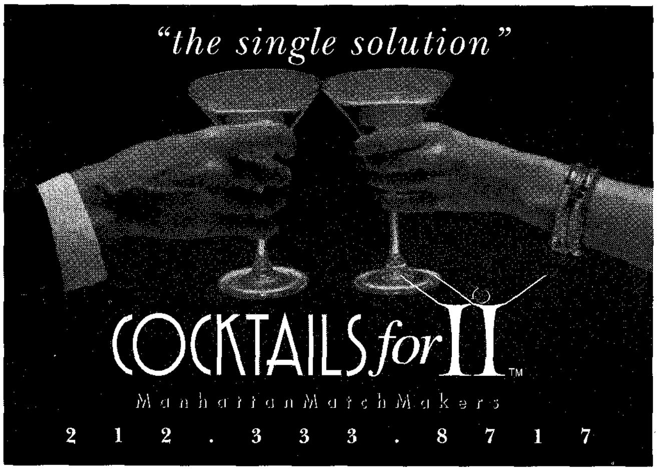
Dynamic, Sophisticated Professional—*Lady seeks gentleman, 50s, for serious* friendship, love and evolvement. 3864 ✉

This Holiday Season—*You need a tall,* dark, handsome, funny, successful, affectionate, down-to-earth, Jewish, 40s businessman. If you're marriage-minded, 30s, respond now. Photo/phone/note. 3872 ✉

Setting Sail For A Soul Mate—Warm and caring, Jewish (nonreligious), great-looking, very special female - loves sailing/racing, music (from '50s rock 'n' roll to opera), enjoys dancing and sharing the remote. If you are a fun-loving, caring nonsmoker, 50-63, who still has the wind in his sails and is ready to share a romantic, exciting relationship, let's meet and sail into the sunset. Note/photo. 3865 ✉

My Chanukah Wish—Is a loving, honest, active, nonsmoking quality man. *Me: slender, attractive,* 5'6", 50s (looks 40s), classy, affectionate gal. 3919 ✉☎

Handsome, 6'3", Affluent—*Business* president who finds it lonely at the top, late 40s, recently divorced, seeks slender, attractive, intelligent female under 45. Send note, photo and phone. 3886 ✉



Brainy Businessman—42, tall and caring, seeks intelligent Japanese lady for cultural exploration and friendship. Photo/note. 3928 ✉

Blue-Eyed Architect—Bright, cultured, successful, with great looks. Seeks same qualities in a NYC man between 36 and 47. If the theater, books, laughter and passion ring your chimes, send note and photo. 3908 ✉

Access My Heart—Very pretty, blue-eyed blond, 5'6", 40s, slim Jewish professional woman. I'm fun, creative, warm. You are a smart, handsome, fit, successful, kind, previously married man, to 55. 3927 ✉☎

Attractive, Funny, Fit TV Journalist—Seeks Jewish man who likes to laugh, loves to travel, enjoys the arts and NYC. If you love your job, are fit and between 45-55, I'm the woman for you. 3877 ✉

Alluring And Attractive Woman—Who almost has it all, seeks a warm, lovable, down-to-earth man to complete the picture, late 30s-40s. Photo/note. 3882 ✉☎

Sophisticated, 6', Jewish Blond—Widow, passionate, sexy, honest and sincere, with a zest for life. I love the beach, dancing, music, working out, travel and good conversations. Looking for a tall, fit, financially and emotionally secure, nonsmoking male, 35-50, who can make me laugh, enjoy the good times, be there for the bad. Note/photo. 3932 ✉

Curvaceous, Slim Executive—With zest for life, 5'8", blond, seeks intelligent, tall, successful, optimistic male, 50-60, for love match. Photo/note appreciated. 3941 ✉☎

Sweet, Sensitive—Single female, 32, financial analyst (yes, it's an oxymoron), seeks male counterpart, 30s. Likes hiking, auctions, art, cooking. Photo/note. 3936 ✉

Assortments

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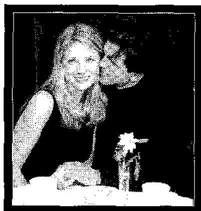

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MARY ANN MADDEN #868

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

paddock—veterinarian at Aqueduct.

penultimate—the second-to-last Mont Blanc.

puff pastry—snack served at staff meetings of *Us* magazine.

Above, Extractions from our Fractured Dictionary. Competitors are invited to invent the facetious definition for one existing word beginning with the letter P.

Results of Competition 865, in which you were asked for odd couples.

Report: Some of you took the road more traveled by. Among the couples we've encountered in earlier journeys: Rose Etta and Oliver Stone. Magda and Jimmy Carter. Alice Poor and Michael York. Ella and Allen Funt. Dawn Shirley and Enoch Light. Fiddle D. and Sandra Dee. Don and Heidi Ho. Auto da and Santa Fe. Newer: Bonnie Cashin and Jim Carrey. Chad O. and Ted Danson. Full many a same-sex marriage took place here. And not a moment too soon, you ask us.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

Ho and Moses Malone
Berthe Coulter, Milford, Conn.

Dee Bridges (of Madison) and Richard Conte
Paula Doherty, Tiverton, R.I.

Hernando S. and Anfernee Hardaway
Bill Harriman, Niantic, Conn.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

Saulette Gold and Jack Kerouac
Dave Rapp, New City, N.Y.

Anna Mary Kanin and Shimon Peres
Mark J. Warren, Cleveland Heights, Ohio

Christopher and Ted Mann Walken
Jack Westmoreland, Sterling, Va.

And Honorable Mention to:

Sunset and Meryl Streep
Scott Porter, Madison, N.J.

C. Wexhard Ford and Rebecca De Mornay
Dot Edwards, Forsyth, Mo.

A. Tennyson de Fessette and Hernando de Soto
Sarah Gay, Durham, N.C.

Claudio and pretty Maida Allen In Arrau
Bob Edwards, Forsyth, Mo.

Nan Compos and Sergio Mendes
Holly Thomis, Cambridge, Mass.

Bruce Wade and Elizabeth Shue
Linda Walsh, Denville, N.J.

Jill E. and Robert Donat
Alfred Cavuoto, Tuckahoe, N.Y.

Corinne Onna and Ty Cobb
Johanna Samuels, Santa Monica, Calif.

The Artist Formerly Known and Bayer Aspirins
Richard Fried, Brooklyn

Doidy and William Boyd
Karen Bracey, Burke, Va.

There Hugo and Paul Gauguin
Anthony Gray, Closter, N.J.

V. Haifa Problem and Whitney Houston
Mitchell A. Kopnick, Oak Park, Ill.

Gooden and Tito Puente
Wendy Gottlieb, New Haven, Conn.

F. I. Warren Carr and Harold Pinter
Alexa Geller, West Hartford, Conn.

P. King and Thomas Mann
Theodore G. Zavales, Bergenfield, N.J.

O. Salome and Sadaharu Oh
Carl Wolfson, Spring Valley, N.Y.

Hugo and Georgy Girl
Mike Olton, Los Angeles, Calif.

Sam Parfitt and Perry Ellis
Martha H. Berzon, Deerfield, Ill.

D. Butler Steele and Howard Da Silva
David McAneny, Paoli, Pa.

Cha and Bob Cousy
Tanner Foust, Boulder, Col.

St. Thomas and Beekman à Kempis
Rachel Gottlieb, St. Louis, Mo.

Lucille and Bela D. Ball
Joe McGonagle, Surfside, Fla.

Wynn Tawanda and Edwin P. Land
Anna Lambiase, Brooklyn

Hermione and B. Haven Baddeley
Denise Wempe, Kansas City, Mo.

Minnie and Tex E. Driver
L. M. Buczynski, Somerville, N.J.

D. Compleat and John Engler
Abigail Dobbs, Florence, Ala.

LaDonna A. and Mary Ann Mobley
Lars Pettygrove, Charlottesville, Va.

Mike Ingdum and Betty Furness
Marge Suozzo-Dillon, Menlo Park, Calif.

Beta and Keith Carradine
Louise Jackson, Somerset, Mass.

Angie O. and Phil Gramm
Laura Neal, Arlington, Va.

Juan Sapon A. Midnight and Alan Drury
Mary Kate Foley, Cranston, R.I.

Axel Dent and Eva Peron
Rachel Giordano, Florence, Ala.

Rae Member and Les Tremayne
Sonny Nickolaus, Mount Vernon, N.Y.

Cross and Fran Drescher
Kendall Pettygrove, Charlottesville, Va.

Thrill and Pete Seeger
Julie Sylvester, South Windsor, Conn.

Tess and Pontius Pilate
Joe Clonick, N.Y.C.

Baldy and Demi Moore
Emily McMillan, Orinda, Calif.

Watt Hathcott and Philip Roth
Murray Bromberg, Bellmore, N.Y.

Chi Stans and Sly Stallone
Dorothea Scher, N.Y.C.

Moishe and Brad Pitt
Miranda Bussell, Henderson, Nev.

S. Lipper Ashe and Tatum O'Neal
Linda Giordano, Florence, Ala.

B. Nana and Wiilliam Makepeace Thackeray
Robert J. Clonick, Chicago, Ill.

Animal and Gaius Gracchus
Emily Sylvester, South Windsor, Conn.

X. and Tippi Hedren
Pat Seeley, Silver Spring, Md.

Greta Ball and William Safire
David Chasman, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Cynna and Yo-yo Ma
Roger McMillan, Orinda, Calif.

Rhoda Mann and Keir Dullea
Bob Stager, Kent, Ohio

Ima Nirva and Max Schreck
Jeff Brawer, Brookline, Mass.

Anne Gina Peck and Edwin Torres
Ellen Burr, Truro, Mass.

Ariel Page and Kathleen Turner
Jan Streilein, Lansdale, Pa.

Watts N. and Greg Kinnear
Elaine Stallworth, Willow Grove, Pa.

Hyman Noël Coward and Judge Learned Hand
Howard W. Lederer, N.Y.C.

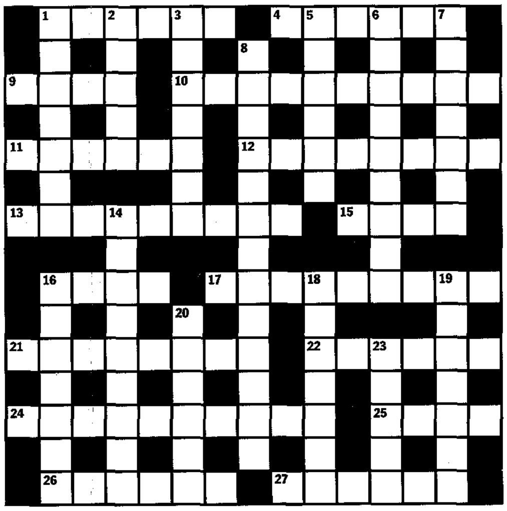
Honey Scott Key and Bruno Magli Pants
Janice Garvey, N.Y.C.;
Hy Komishane, Elizabeth, N.J.

Competition Rules: POSTCARDS, PLEASE, TYPEWRITTEN IF POSSIBLE. ONE ENTRY ONLY should be sent to Competition Number 868, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-6999, or e-mailed to 76711.2310@compuserve.com. It must be received by December 13. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York.* Results and winners' names will appear in the January 20 issue.

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

1 Look through specially designed arches. (6)
4 Personal support given with a certain hesitation. (6)
9 Beautiful stone work by a trainee. (4)
10 Remembers the right Oriental prayers. (10)
11 Study some tracks on the other side. (6)
12 Changing a lot in an inhabitant. (8)
13 A real treat for vegans! (9)
15 In good condition for spring. (4)
16 Wound, giving little quarter. (4)
17 Where flighty creatures may clean up! (9)
21 The French back new unit—trust that's humanitarian. (8)
22 Small enough for just a taste. (6)
24 The lovely signora can stretch the pupil. (10)
25 None will go into reverse for a top-up. (4)
26 Having a go, though it's irksome. (6)
27 Express contrition when put in prison again. (6)



DOWN

1 Fancy having a little drink with model. (7)
2 A levy raised and deal arranged. (5)
3 Box fitted under vehicle body. (7)
5 Serving men accompanied by prior set forth. (6)
6 Men hope an error can be found, but they're exceptional. (9)
7 Go on about a race coming to a beastly end. (3-4)
8 Moving work in the theatre never performed by thespians. (5-8)
14 Of course Alan truly reformed. (9)
16 Most imaginative and most satisfactory housing for the aged. (7)
18 Complaint made when seed is a dud. (7)
19 Last offer. (4,3)
20 Masked female embracing one—divine! (6)
23 Lake providing refuge for many a blackbird. (5)

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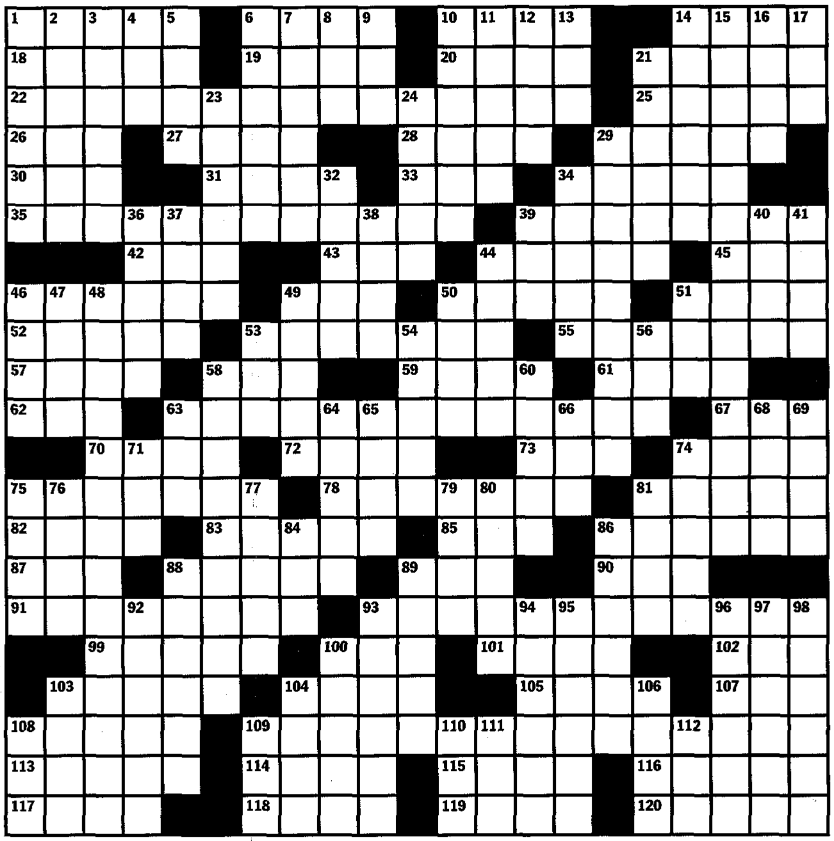
'Ignorance of the Law': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Muslim holy city
6 Dramatis personae
10 Portnoy's creator
14 Gossip-column tidbit
18 Standoffish
19 Durante's "—— Dinka Doo"
20 Poet Pound
21 Make confetti
22 Case against a chimney sweep?
25 Coin side
26 Puppeteer Baird
27 Kind of hygiene
28 Not filleted
29 Broad beans
30 Stop —— dime
31 Ending for chick
33 Miner's quest
34 Che's leader
35 Writ for material evidence?
39 Trustworthy
42 Scandinavian rug
43 Rogers of the range
44 Went —— (became a sailor)
45 Synonym and anagram of aye
46 Walk down the gangplank
49 Dearie
50 *Madonna statue*
51 Out of harmony
52 Avoid a formal wedding
53 Predict
55 Leading lady
57 Picasso period
58 Ending for win or sin
59 Align exactly
61 Movie-chain name
62 Paver's goo
63 Judge's question to a tailor?
67 Come to a conclusion
70 Car trunk, in Britain
72 Genesis locale
73 Street of a film "Nightmare"
74 VCR button
75 Incite
78 Application to ease swelling
81 Wait on table
82 A Turner
83 Eire-born
85 Exercise a choice
86 Didn't leave
87 Spanish gold
88 Emit flashes of light
89 Sound of sobbing, with 63-Down
90 Gumshoe
91 Flattened, as a balloon
93 Pre-nuptial agreement?
99 Capital on the Seine
100 Prosciutto
101 Small pie
102 Inventor Whitney
103 One of the Shaws
104 Wire-fence deterrent
105 Soccer move, most often
107 Put on, as clothing
108 Gin-fizz fruits
109 My motivation for this puzzle's theme
113 Carelessly spill
114 *Spumante city*
115 "Don't Throw Bouquets ——"
116 Unclouded
117 Breach
118 A question of time
119 Wild hog
120 Brazen woman

DOWN

1 Certain Latino dances
2 Tennyson's "Lily Maid"
3 Nab
4 Lawman
5 '60s hairstyle
6 Long-lived insect
7 Stag's pride
8 Go schussing
9 *Between tic and toe*
10 Vacation spot
11 Stratosphere layer
12 City in the "Iliad"
13 Abzug trademark
14 "—— little shadow . . ."
15 Being judged by personal effects?
16 Smorgasbord dish
17 "E.R." roles
21 Arenas
23 Guiana Indian
24 Dark furniture wood
29 Take a shellfish to court?
32 Misprint
34 Roman holiday
36 Raisin's ancestry
37 *Brontë girl*
38 Top-notch
39 Baseball's "Preacher"
40 Meadows
41 Dumbo's wings
44 Traffic jam
46 Financial obligation
47 Memorable Fitzgerald
48 D.A.'s problem at the bar?
49 Throng
50 Andes land
51 "Right you ——!"
53 Opposite of many
54 Blarney, e.g.
56 Preschooler
58 Scottish verdict?
60 Vote in
63 See 89-Across
64 Keats was one
65 Cry of revulsion
66 B.P.O.E. member
68 Church midsection
69 ——-in-the-wool
71 Eggs, to Caesar
74 Nobel Prize category
75 Trudge wearily
76 Steak order
77 Hurons' relatives
79 On welfare
80 *On the left of a ship*
81 Goblet feature
84 Neither Rep. nor Dem.
86 Knitter's unit
88 Blatantly showy
89 Fictional fawn
92 Hot off the presses
93 Rowan's "Laugh-In" partner
94 Washington city
95 More banal
96 Protruding shelves
97 Hilo hellos
98 Like December weather
100 Hurriedness
103 "—— Want for Christmas . . ."
104 Azalea, for one
106 Mayor before Dinkins
108 Russ. state, formerly
109 Where an uppercut is aimed
110 Curbside call
111 WW II area: abbr.
112 Director Grosbard

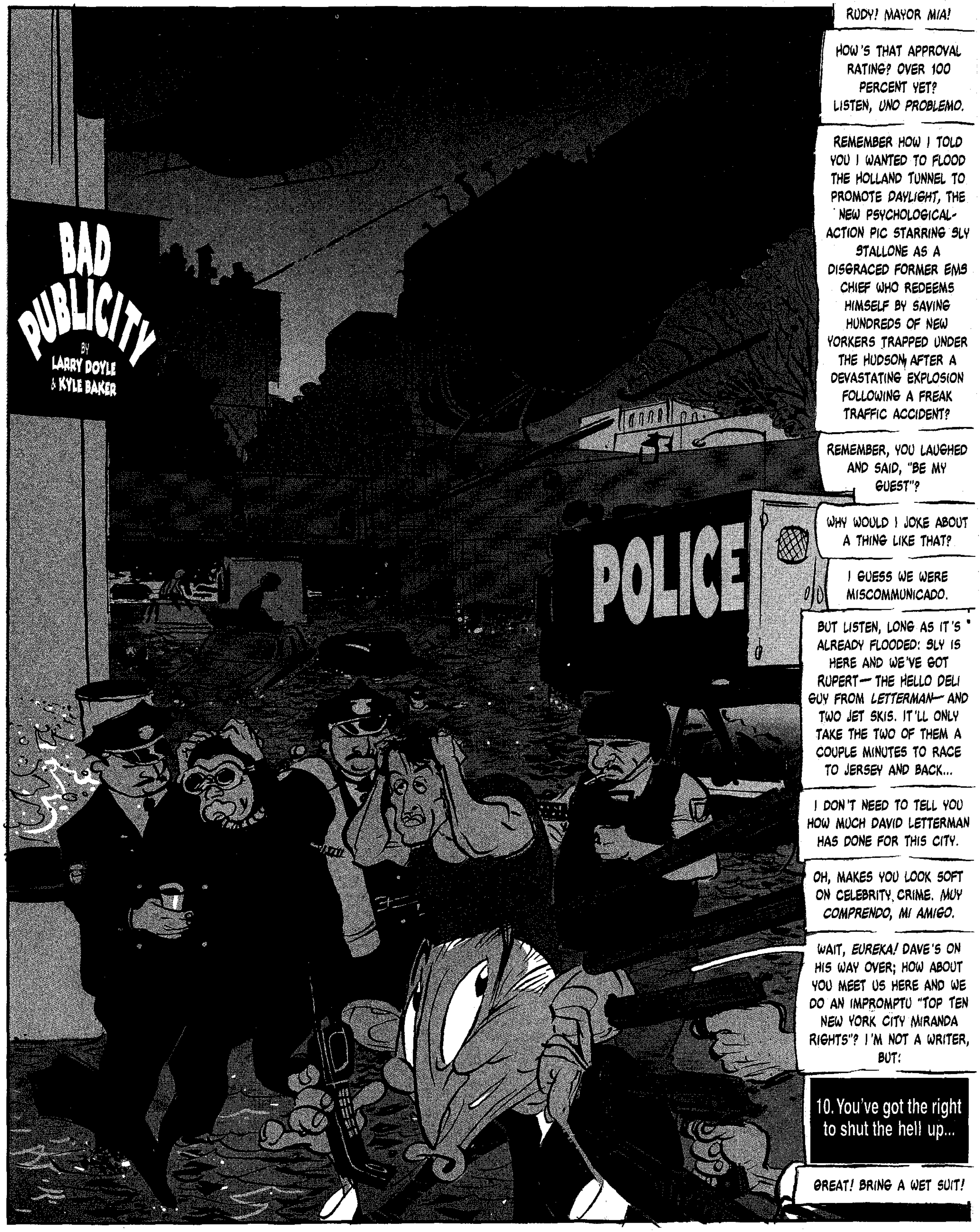


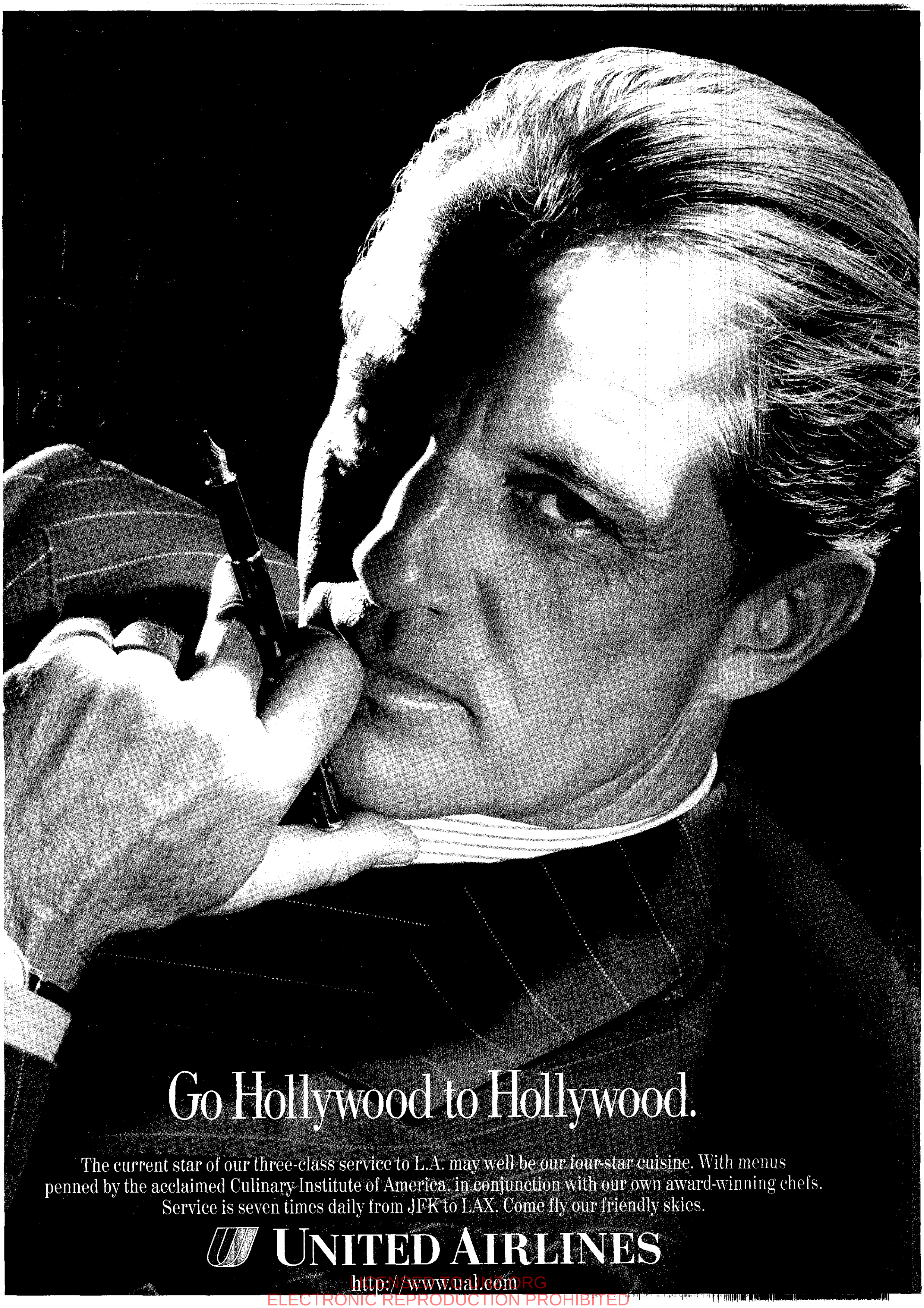
Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 115.

LATE HIT

Saving Daylights

Promoting Sylvester Stallone's new action flick, Sandy gets just a little carried away.


BAD PUBLICITY
BY LARRY DOYLE & KYLE BAKER
RUDY! MAYOR *MIA!*
HOW'S THAT APPROVAL RATING? OVER 100 PERCENT YET? LISTEN, *UNO PROBLEMO.*
REMEMBER HOW I TOLD YOU I WANTED TO FLOOD THE HOLLAND TUNNEL TO PROMOTE *DAYLIGHT*, THE NEW PSYCHOLOGICAL-ACTION PIC STARRING SLY STALLONE AS A DISGRACED FORMER EMS CHIEF WHO REDEEMS HIMSELF BY SAVING HUNDREDS OF NEW YORKERS TRAPPED UNDER THE HUDSON AFTER A DEVASTATING EXPLOSION FOLLOWING A FREAK TRAFFIC ACCIDENT?
REMEMBER, YOU LAUGHED AND SAID, "BE MY GUEST"?
WHY WOULD I JOKE ABOUT A THING LIKE THAT?
I GUESS WE WERE MISCOMMUNICADO.
BUT LISTEN, LONG AS IT'S ALREADY FLOODED: SLY IS HERE AND WE'VE GOT RUPERT—THE HELLO DELI GUY FROM *LETTERMAN*—AND TWO JET SKIS. IT'LL ONLY TAKE THE TWO OF THEM A COUPLE MINUTES TO RACE TO JERSEY AND BACK...
I DON'T NEED TO TELL YOU HOW MUCH DAVID LETTERMAN HAS DONE FOR THIS CITY.
OH, MAKES YOU LOOK SOFT ON CELEBRITY CRIME. *MUY COMPRENDO, MI AMIGO.*
WAIT, *EUREKA!* DAVE'S ON HIS WAY OVER; HOW ABOUT YOU MEET US HERE AND WE DO AN IMPROMPTU "TOP TEN NEW YORK CITY MIRANDA RIGHTS"? I'M NOT A WRITER, BUT:
10. You've got the right to shut the hell up...
GREAT! BRING A WET SUIT!
POLICE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